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MEMOIRS

OF

MADAME JUNOT

DUCHESSE D'ABRANTÈS

IN THREE VOLUMES

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WITH NUMEROUS PORTRAITS ON STEEL

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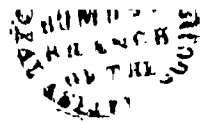

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MEMOIRS OF MADAME JUNOT

DUCHESS OF ABRANTES.

CHAPTER I.

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I HAD always passionately wished for a country residence. Junot, it is true, had given me Bièvre, but this house had become of very little use since his appointment as Governor of Paris. It was too far distant, and much too small besides, for our family, numerous not only by the increasing number of our children, but by the colony of relations it was Junot's pleasure to lodge. He said to me one morning: "You must dine at Raincy to-day; Ouvrard has given me leave to kill some deer there, and I wish you to hunt with me in a calash."

It was in the beginning of October, the weather was charming and the chase fortunate. I looked with delight upon the beautiful groves of Raincy. This *château*, notwithstanding the vandalism which had destroyed three-quarters of it, was still a noble piece of architecture, seated in the midst of fresh verdure, and surrounded by its pretty Russian cottage, its hunting-box, its clock-house, and its stabling; I admired the pretty village at the extremity of its fine alley of poplars, the orangery, and all the other objects which beautify the park. But within the house I found still greater cause for admiration. M. Ouvrard had made it a palace of enchantment. The

bathroom was charming. It contained two basins of vast dimensions, each formed of a single block of gray and black granite. Four pillars of the same material, and three curtains of white satin, enclosed each basin as in a cabinet. The floor was in large squares of black, white, and yellow marble; the chimney was of vert-antique, and the walls of stucco perfectly finished; round them stood an immense circular sofa of green velvet. The ceiling represented mythological subjects admirably executed. A valuable lamp was suspended from the centre. On entering this superb room, I could not forbear exclaiming: "What happiness it must be to possess such a place as this!"

Junot looked at me with a smile, and taking my hand, led me to the salon: an immense apartment, divided into three by pillars, between which stand statues holding candelabras. One extremity is the billiard, the other the music room; the centre is the reception-room. This was formerly the bedroom of the Duke of Orleans, and forms one of the front wings; its three sides looking upon the home park, reserved for the use of the family, and from which the deer are excluded. The character of this portion of the park is simple and beautiful: a large lawn is terminated by the river, bordered by an orangery and summer-house; on each side of this lawn a grove diverges from the house as far as the eye can reach, the part on the right composed of lilacs, that on the left of acacias. The view from the window was enchanting.

"How do you like this *château* and park?" said Junot. —"Oh! it is a fairyland."—"And if by a stroke of the wand you were to become mistress of it, what would you say?"—"I cannot tell, for that is sure not to happen." —"Do you wish that it should?"

I coloured at the mere thought that it might be; and looked at him with an expression which probably pleased him, for he took me in his arms and said: "It is yours."

There are certainly hours of bitterness in life, and no one has had more experience of them than myself; but there are also moments, fugitive in duration, but indelibly

engraven on the mind, which are equal to an eternity of happiness.

* * * * *

The fourth continental coalition, in which this time Austria dared not join, was now avowed. For nine years the Cabinet of Berlin had been professing neutrality, submission, and loyalty, in perpetual contrast with its warlike preparations; but the rapid advance of a Power at once martial, fortunate, and victorious, increased the terrors of King Frederick William to such a degree that he determined to take refuge under the protection of Russia. Nothing could be more burlesque than the alternations of hope and deception which agitated poor Prussia during Napoleon's first war with Russia. "Attention!" she cried; then "present!" and she was on the point of giving the word "fire!" but suddenly came the victories of Ulm and Austerlitz, and M. de Haugwitz is sent to Napoleon's bivouac with the King of Prussia's congratulations. Then followed the treaty of Presburg and the confederation of the Rhine; and Prussia contrived a counter-confederation of the north of Germany, or rather the north of Europe, in which Russia and Prussia were to form an embankment against the approaching torrent. A beautiful queen put on armour; and a young man, who, but for the most insensate profligacy and the debasing influence of ardent liquors, would have been a striking character, promised the Prussian army victory and conquest;[1] for with defence

[1] Prince Louis of Prussia, who exercised so great an influence over the events of 1806, and by their consequences over those of 1807, was not only finely formed and very handsome, a qualification always much esteemed in a royal personage, but he was the most agreeable prince in Europe. His education was excellent, but unfortunately it had fallen upon a period which rendered it nearly useless; maxims and precepts slid over the mind of a man of Prince Louis's age amongst the confusion occasioned by the overthrow of all established principles of morality, religion, and virtue; and the only good notion which he saved from the wreck was the resolution of becoming a well-informed man; to be a man of virtue did not seem absolutely necessary, and, as he was a prince, his governors and instructors took care not to compel him to anything against his inclinations. It was his pleasure, however, to learn, and of all that a man can be reasonably expected to know, the most abstract sciences, the most varied accomplishments, he chose to become master, and succeeded. I have seen letters of his, written in French, which

only in their mouths, the four Powers of the north, to which Sweden had united herself since a Frenchman directed her arms, have always dreamed of carrying the sword into France, to consummate the division of our fine provinces.

How powerful was the magic which Napoleon then exercised over those officers who had been long about his person! Amongst them I reckon Duroc, Junot, Bessières, Rapp, Lannes, Lemarois, Arrighi, Lacuée, Rovigo, Eugène, Caffarelli, and I may add Berthier and Marmont, one of whom, notwithstanding all that is said, I believe to be innocent, the other only erring; but whatever may be thought of their after-conduct they were at the time now under review amongst the faithful followers of the Emperor. The almost fantastic sway which Napoleon held over some of these men dates from a period far anterior to that of his splendour. Junot loved him to the extent of giving over to him, as I have before stated, the means sent by his family for his subsistence, and would willingly have given him his blood.

The campaign of 1806 is among those which have immortalised the Emperor's genius. His successes of later years were more disputed, and his forces were in greater number, but the battle of Jena was one of his most glorious days. It is singular that the Prussians have always called this battle after the village of Auerstadt, on the right of the Saale, between Naumberg and Dornberg. It was held by Marshal Davoust with thirty thousand

would have been no discredit to a Hamilton or a Sévigné. The prince was not a republican,—that would have been a proof of sound reasoning and acute anticipation; but a furious demagogue. He was not naturally evil disposed, but he was imprudent, and imprudence leads to injustice and all kinds of excess. His capacity, however, was indisputable, and his talents so varied and great that the first artists in Europe were not willing to compete with him. Dussek himself assured me that the prince surpassed him in improvisation; and that only a few days before the fatal battle of Saalfeld, at a country-house in company with the Baronne de Lichtenau, to whom the prince was greatly attached, and it is even believed married, he heard him play in a style superior to any other performer he had ever heard. It was to the division of Suchet that the prince was opposed at Saalfeld, the result of which engagement, so glorious to us, so fatal to the Prussians, was the premature death of the unfortunate prince, and the capture of one thousand prisoners and thirty pieces of cannon.

men, opposed by fifty thousand men of King Frederick William, with his beautiful Amazon queen. The victory, long disputed by Kalkreuth and Blucher, who, animated by the presence of the king, fought with admirable courage, was decided by the immovable firmness and resolution of Davoust in this perilous position. What I saw upon the maps and plans, on which Junot traced the march of the army, — not according to the bulletins, but by the letters of his friends, many of which I still possess, — proves beyond all doubt that the real glory of this day belongs to Marshal Davoust. The Emperor's head is encircled by laurels enough to enable him to spare some leaves to his lieutenants. These letters also speak in singular terms of the tardy march of the corps of General Bernadotte, which arrived very late on the Emperor's left at Jena. In recalling this fact I referred to the notes I possess in Junot's handwriting, and there find the same opinions expressed. From this period all who surrounded the Emperor felt convinced that Bernadotte did not like the sovereign whom the 18th of Brumaire had imposed upon him. It was long thought that his antipathy was to the crown; but he has since proved that it was to the man he objected. He was the cause of infinite mischief to the Emperor.

We daily received news from headquarters, and I have before me at this moment many letters speaking of the extraordinary race of the two armies. The King of Prussia fled with such rapidity that Marshal Kalkreuth, who escorted him, was obliged to stop; thus giving time to Soult to come up with and pursue him to Magdeburg. A cousin of mine, who was young, well mounted, and desirous of distinguishing himself, was on the point of taking the king, who escaped at a gallop. We had scarcely had time to read the details of this astonishing battle and pursuit when the news of the capitulation of Erfurth arrived. "You cannot figure to yourself," says a letter of Berthier, "the extent of this defeat; it is like magic, or, to speak in the words of Scripture, *the hand of the Lord overthrew them.*" Berthier was very regular in

his letters to Junot; and two days seldom elapsed without bringing us news of the Emperor, and of the seven divisions [1] he was leading to Berlin with the same facility as he would have marched them to the Bois de Boulogne. Every day was marked by new victories, and every courier brought us details which will appear fabulous to our grandchildren.

But of all these details, that of the affair of Lübeck seemed the most interesting. In this town, dismantled as it was, Blucher (who might have stopped at Magdeburg, or even after passing that strong fortress, might have chosen either Custrin or Stettin), determined to make a last stand. Overtaken by Marshal Soult, Bernadotte, and the cavalry of Murat, Blucher and his pursuers almost entered the town together. An obstinate and sanguinary conflict took place in the streets. But we were victorious, and the ultimate result of this combat threw into our hands the commander-in-chief Blucher, the Duke of Brunswick Oels, twelve generals, about twelve thousand men and four thousand horses, with their baggage, artillery, and ammunition. It is singular, but it is a positive fact, that Bernadotte owes the crown of Sweden to this affair. Amongst the prisoners he took at Lübeck were some Swedes, whom he treated with so much kindness and courtesy that, on their return home, they loudly extolled his generosity. At a future time this was remembered, and the Swedes, about to elect a successor to their king, demanded Bernadotte.

This extraordinary campaign was closed in twenty-eight days, by Marshal Ney's capture of Magdeburg; in which an almost impregnable fortress, twenty-two thousand men, seven hundred cannons, and immense magazines of all kinds, fell into our hands; while Ney had but eleven thousand men to surround and take the town! It seems to be a dream. I find upon this subject a note in Junot's hand:

"Davoust commenced the victory at Auerstadt; Ney

[1] These were commanded by Lefèvre, Bernadotte, Ney, Lannes, Davoust, Augereau, and Soult. Murat was at the head of the cavalry.

has consummated it at Magdeburg; this campaign must be looked upon as a single battle, in unity of time; unity of place only is wanting to make it so. But it seems to me that this affair is also of infinite importance in the effect it will have upon the allies of Prussia, and upon the remains of her army. Ney, in taking Magdeburg with eleven thousand men, has performed the finest feat of arms which has illustrated this campaign."

This note was written at the time on the margin of a letter of Berthier's upon this event. It shows that Junot foresaw the great moral advantage which our rapid victory would give us over the Russians, who with the utmost haste could not arrive in the field in time to assist their Prussian friends; and on the 9th of November our troops entered Posen, exactly one month after the opening of the campaign. Marshal Mortier took Hanover, and Napoleon imposed a contribution of 150,000,000 francs on Prussia and her allies. I know that we have repaid this with cent per cent interest; but whatever advantage Prussia might take of subsequent events, she cannot destroy our glory of this campaign.

The Emperor Alexander is a remarkable personage in the history of Napoleon. Was he deceived? Did he deceive? This is an important question, and one upon which the eyes of future generations will be fixed. Some assert that he always was a deceiver, others that he was always cheated; and many that he was neither the one nor the other; because he knew and was known.

Junot had, about this time, a great labour in hand, namely, to carry into effect the imperial decree given at Berlin for the reorganisation of the National Guard—those battalions of volunteers originally created by enthusiasm, and from whose ranks have sprung so many names renowned in history. The National Guard of 1806 was organised on the following plan:—

"All Frenchmen from twenty to sixty years of age, of good health and sound robust constitutions, are liable to be called into service. They shall be formed into legions composed of several battalions, to be called

cohorts. The public servants shall not be admitted. The National Guards are destined either for the service of the interior or for active military service. The officers, subalterns, and privates of the National Guard, whether employed in the service of the interior or in active military service, are subject to the military discipline of the army."

The famous decree, dated Berlin 21st November 1806 for putting Great Britain into a state of blockade, was also brought to us at this time. It was the continenta system springing into life; the condemnation of England. Napoleon had discovered her vulnerable point, and his lance of fire had penetrated to her heart.

"The British Isles are declared in a state of blockade by France, all commerce and communication with them are prohibited. All subjects of Great Britain found in any country whatsoever under the authority of France shall be made prisoners of war: all trade in articles of English merchandise is forbidden, and all English merchandise of whatever species is declared good prize."

Notwithstanding my admiration for the Emperor, this is an act that I cannot approve of. Such terms are inexcusable. In these decrees the Hanseatic Towns which contained depots of British merchandise tripled in value by the war, were treated as already in our power. Marshal Mortier took Hanover, and no sooner entered the town than he gave orders to the inhabitants to declare, under the most rigorous penalties, what merchandise they had in their custody belonging to Englishmen, and even what balance sums might be owing. Bremen and Lübeck submitted to the same law.

Murat entered Warsaw. Brave, even to that chivalrous valour which is the distinctive character of the Poles, he pleased this bold and susceptible people, ever ready to follow with ardour a young prince who would throw himself upon the enemy's batteries with the same ease and unconcern that he would enter a ballroom. It was upon the entrance of our troops into Warsaw that Russia declared herself.

CHAPTER II.

Letter from the Emperor — English manufactures prohibited — Prosperity of France — Pleasures of Paris — The Princess of Hatzfeld — Napoleon's magnanimity — Arrest of Dupuy — Junot's devotion to his friend — Madame Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely — Napoleon's rudeness to her.

IN speaking of time past, in returning to this period of extraordinary glory, I cannot restrain a sigh of grief. It is bitter to recall the past, however pleasing its images, when hope is no more; but I have undertaken the task, and I am bound to accomplish it. My husband wrote the following letter to me from Paris when I was at Raincy:—

"I have this morning received a letter in the Emperor's own hand, dated Berlin. I wept in reading it, and I still weep in writing to you. The friendship of such a man is sufficient of itself to give a heart to a man devoid of feeling. I have often opened mine to you in expressing the pain I have experienced from a word, a reproach, sometimes a little hard, sometimes unjust; but the letter I have just received is enough to efface for ever the remembrance of any pain he may have caused me. He speaks to me with the degree of confidence which I feel to be justly my due. To die for such a man is no more than my duty; it is the duty my sons will learn from me."

The letter which the Emperor wrote to Junot with his own hand throughout, was dated Berlin, 23d November 1806. It speaks to Junot of the importance which the Emperor attached to the entire establishment of the continental system, and at Paris especially.

"Let your wives," he writes, "drink Swiss tea, it is as good as that from the East, and *chicorée* coffee is as wholesome as the coffee of Arabia. Let them set this example in their drawing-rooms instead of amusing themselves, like Madame de Staël, with political disquisitions. Let them take care that I do not find them wearing dresses of English manufacture; tell this to Madame Junot: if the wives of my principal officers fail in setting an example, where am I to look for it? This is a question of life or death to France and England; and I expect assistance in carrying it through from those who are nearest to me. I rely, Junot, upon your zeal and attachment. The arch-chancellor will communicate my orders to you."

This letter, which is very long, is perhaps the only one the Emperor wrote in that style, which those who did not know him intimately would think eccentric enough, but which was perfectly in keeping with the character of a mind occupied at once with ideas of the most contrasted littleness and greatness. The cutting short the consumption of sugar and coffee, together with that of all colonial produce, must not, however, be reckoned amongst his petty ideas. They were brought to us from England, and the existence of England is altogether factitious; like her island, it is exposed to the winds and storms of an adverse ocean; her life, her blood, is in India. The projected invasions of England were absurd, her heart is in India; nor is it very probable that Napoleon ever meditated a serious attack upon the British territory except in India. To cut off her exportations and importations, then, was the sure way to cause her death. Her commerce with South America and Southern Europe had been already reduced by our alliances, voluntary on the part of Spain, though almost forcible on that of Portugal; but the willingness or unwillingness of these kingdoms was little to the purpose; the object was the same, and it was equally obtained. Meanwhile, our manufactures of silk, cloth, linen, cambric, woad, madder, and red-beet for sugar, our industry in all its branches, prospered notwithstanding the war. We

had money and content. From 1805 to 1812 the lowest peasants of France and the first officer of the Emperor were equally at their ease, equally happy in their respective stations. Then came the moment when no doubt we should have stopped.

The state of happiness which France then enjoyed is not to be described. The departure of some thousand conscripts, inflamed by the desire of conquest and of seeing their names in a bulletin of the great army, can only be described as a grievance to the State by men of very perverse minds. I am not defending a later period, but at that of which we are now speaking France was happy, calm, proud, and full of hope.

While our eagles flapped their wings over foreign capitals the pleasures of winter were resuming their sway in that of France. The Empress Josephine, after having accompanied the Emperor to Mayence, had returned to Paris and held her court at the Tuileries; the Grand Duchess of Berg opened her Palace, the Elysée; the arch-chancellor received company in state at his hotel; and all the ministers opened their houses. Junot, as Governor of Paris, was also called upon to give *fêtes* and to receive the Empress.

The affair of the Princess of Hatzfeld just then attracted the attention of all Europe. The Empress had received from Duroc some curious particulars respecting it. She had also received a letter from the Emperor, which she brought to show Junot. Since the Emperor's departure Josephine's kindness for Junot had prodigiously increased, with what motive I shall soon explain. Duroc's letter had been written to the Empress by the Emperor's order, as the first lines announced; the Emperor had also written himself, but it was only a few words, and they were very remarkable.

Duroc had played the second part in the drama of the Princess of Hatzfeld, and his conduct had been admirable. The Prince of Hatzfeld, it was known, had remained at Berlin after the departure of the King and Queen of Prussia, and it was quite natural that a man of

his importance, if he chose to reside under such circumstances at Berlin, should be strictly watched. It was therefore rather simple of him to put into the post a letter for the king, in which he gave an account of all that was passing at Berlin, and also of the movements, number, and sentiments of the French troops. I do not wish to exculpate the prince's accusers, but certainly he had committed himself very unwisely, and I would not aver that in our own France, in the year of grace 1814, we were not in the same measure subjected to the rigorous examination of General Sacken. The fact is, that the Emperor, on reading this letter of the Prince of Hatzfeld, flew into one of those fits of rage which acquired for him the reputation of being the most passionate man under the sky. He instantly gave orders that a military commission should be assembled, that the Prince of Hatzfeld should be brought before it, and that it should make its report before it separated. On hearing this dreadful news his poor wife, almost out of her wits, remembered suddenly that Marshal Duroc, on his different journeys to Berlin, had always been hospitably received and entertained by the prince and herself. She quitted her house in a state bordering on distraction, sought in vain for Duroc, but learned that the Emperor was at Charlottenberg and Duroc not with him. She continued her pursuit, and at length found Duroc, who was affected by her distress. He was convinced that the Prince of Hatzfeld was lost if the princess could not see the Emperor that very day. He soothed her as well as he was able, knowing the danger her husband stood in: but he also knew the Emperor: he knew that in similar circumstances his heart was capable of great and magnanimous sentiments, and he believed that in the present state of affairs an action of clemency would be of as much value as the addition of a hundred thousand men to his army. "You shall see the Emperor," said he to the princess; "rely upon me."

The Emperor had been to a grand review of his guards; they were out of humour because they had had no share in the victory of Jena, and the Emperor, unwil-

ling to give them the least pain, had been to visit them; this caused his absence from Berlin. On his return he was surprised to find Duroc waiting for him with an air of great impatience. Duroc had been much interested by the despair of the Princess of Hatzfeld; since his interview with her he had seen two of her husband's judges, and had learnt that there was no hope for him. He requested an immediate audience of the Emperor, and followed him into his closet:

"You are come to tell me that the town of Berlin is in revolt, is it not so? I am not surprised, but they will have a terrible example to-morrow to cure them of the mania of revolting."

Duroc saw that the Prince of Hatzfeld was in the worst case possible. He was convinced that the only successful advocate in his behalf would be the princess herself; he obtained permission to introduce her, and went to fetch her. The unfortunate wife, on being brought into the presence of the man who could kill or spare her husband, had only power to throw herself at Napoleon's feet. He raised her immediately, and spoke to her with the utmost kindness. Madame de Hatzfeld sobbed convulsively, and could only repeat, as it were mechanically: "Ah! Sire, my husband is innocent!"

The Emperor made no answer, but went to his *écritoire*, and taking from it the prince's letter, held it towards his wife in silence. She looked at the unfortunate paper, then burst into tears, and striking her forehead with her clasped hands, exclaimed in consternation: "Oh yes, it is his writing!"

The Emperor was affected, it appears, by the frankness which in the hour of peril acknowledged the whole truth to him; thus leaving him all the merit of the affair. He would not refuse it, but advancing to the princess put the fatal letter into her hands, saying with a graciousness which doubled the value of the favour: "Make what use you please of this paper, which is the only evidence against your husband; when it no longer exists I shall have no

power to condemn him;" and he pointed to the fire which was blazing in the chimney.

The letter was burned, and its flame was a bonfire of rejoicing for the deliverance of the prince. I know not whether he continued grateful, but I hope so for the sake of humanity.

I have since learned from Duroc how much the Emperor was affected by the candour of the Princess of Hatzfeld. Her profound grief and reliance upon his mercy had penetrated to his heart. He had feelings of humanity and affection, whatever may be said to the contrary, and stronger, perhaps, than may be believed.

This affair of the burned paper reminds me of another which took place in Egypt, and in which Junot was concerned. I have before spoken of the mutual attachment which subsisted between Junot and Dupuy, the colonel of that famous thirty-second of which Bonaparte said: "I was very easy, for the thirty-second was there." On his arrival in Egypt, Dupuy received a commission, the nature of which I cannot specify, but which obliged him to employ measures that had been forbidden by the commander-in-chief. His expedition not only failed, but was attended with fatal consequences. Informations were laid against him, minutes of examination were drawn up and submitted to the commander-in-chief, and a court-martial was appointed. Dupuy was a man of romantic honour. On hearing the orders of the commander-in-chief he said to Junot: "I love nobody here but you—I might lose you by a stroke of one of these mamelukes' sabres. My resolution is taken—I shall send two balls of lead through my brain. I prefer this much to a trial before a court-martial."

Junot listened without answering; but he knit his brow and proceeded to ask an audience of the commander-in-chief. "General," said he, in a voice of great emotion, "you believe me on my word of honour, do you not?" General Bonaparte looked at him with amazement, but immediately replied: "I believe in your honour as in my own—but why do you ask me?"—"Why, I not

only give you my word of honour, but I will answer with my head that Dupuy is innocent."—"Affairs of this nature do not concern you," said Bonaparte angrily.—"Ah! this affair does not concern me," exclaimed Junot loudly, "when my brother-in-arms says to me: 'Brother, I shall kill myself if they bring me before a court-martial!'" The commander-in-chief fixed his eyes upon him on hearing these strange words. Junot repeated his request, but with no better success. He said nothing to Dupuy about his failure, and the next day returned to the commander-in-chief. But whether Bonaparte was thoroughly convinced of the culpability of Dupuy, or whether he was under the influence of one of those fits of ill-humour which would not admit contradiction, did not appear, but he refused Junot's request for permission to bring poor Dupuy to him that he might have an opportunity of explaining to himself the motives and cause of his conduct. "Let him explain himself to his judges," said Bonaparte; "the affair is not in my hands."

Junot was wounded to the heart by this persevering refusal. He shut himself up with Dupuy, again inquired into the particulars of the affair, and made himself master of them. When this was done, and he was thoroughly convinced of Dupuy's innocence, he again went to the commander-in-chief, and again introduced the obnoxious subject. Bonaparte bent his brow and murmured his displeasure. It was already the rising wrath of Jupiter. "I have forbidden your meddling in this affair of General Dupuy; it is altogether a bad business; but he will be tried to-morrow."—"No, general, he will not be tried to-morrow."—"Not be tried! why not? I ask," replied Bonaparte. "For the very simple reason that the reporting captain will want documents to support his charge, and I defy him to produce a single one."

Bonaparte went to his *écritoire* and sought for the papers connected with Dupuy's case; but they had disappeared. He turned towards Junot, his eyes sparkling with indignation. It required all the courage of attachment to face him in such a mood. Junot was calm, for it

was now his own fate that was in question. "It is I, general," said he, "who have taken the papers relating to my friend's affair—I have burned them. If you choose to take my head in exchange, here it is! I value it less than the honour of a friend — of an innocent friend." The commander-in-chief stood silently looking at Junot, who, without braving him, did not cast down his eyes. "You will remain for a week under arrest," said Bonaparte at length; "you must be treated like a sub-lieutenant."

Junot bowed and retired to his quarters. The next day Eugène came to him from the commander-in-chief on an affair of little consequence connected with the service. He was surprised at finding him under arrest, and inquired the cause, which Junot treated as a matter of such very small consequence as to have escaped his memory. Eugène replied he should request his father-in-law to release him; because having a breakfast party the next day, Junot's absence would be very unpleasant to him; but Junot refused to ask pardon, as he called it. In the evening, however, Eugène came again to inform him that he was released, and Junot has ever since been persuaded that General Bonaparte sent his son-in-law to him purposely to take advantage of his mediation.

Amongst the persons now figuring in the imperial court was one who is deserving of notice here, and with whom I was very intimately acquainted, Madame Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, of whose husband I have spoken in a former volume. Madame Regnault was well born and beautiful; she had a perfect model of a fine Grecian head, with its exquisite outline and correct proportions. Her glossy black and naturally waving hair never required the aid of the curling-irons. Her teeth were white and regular. Her figure was symmetrical, and she never had recourse to the corset, even when she wore a court dress; her hand and arm, foot and leg, were small and perfectly formed; in short, she was in all respects, at the time I am speaking, a beautiful woman. She was also extremely well informed, had read much, and was

very witty, but so modest that you must have known her long to become acquainted with these qualities.

In the last moments of her unfortunate husband's life her conduct was above praise. Regnault's muscular strength was prodigious when in a state of health; but under the influence of that malady of the brain which brought him to the grave it was terrible, and made it very dangerous to approach him. His wife, without any fear, or rather without showing any, watched him like the most attentive nurse. In this miserable state she wandered with him through Brussels, Mons, Antwerp, wherever the unfortunate exile could obtain the slight favour of some hours' rest for her dying husband. A mutual friend, alas! also proscribed, met her in this painful pilgrimage, and has related to me traits of Madame Regnault which must have obtained for her the friendship of any one who had not felt it for her already.

The Emperor, who, notwithstanding his immense genius, had always a weak side which chained him to humanity, was liable to imbibe prejudices against particular women. Madame Regnault was one of those who had the misfortune, and it really was one, not to please him. Every one knows the manner in which his court circle was formed; the triple row of ladies, behind whom were ranged also a triple row of gentlemen, all listening with as much curiosity as the females to hear the speeches, polite or impolite, which the Emperor should address to them. It is easy now to speak as we please upon this subject, and to affect courage when the battle is over; but I will affirm that when on a court-day the Emperor appeared at the door, which is in the angle of the throne-room, with a cloudy brow, every one was afraid; first the ladies, then the gentlemen; and last, but not least, that group assembled in the deep window to the left, — that group, generally complete with the single exception of England, covered with jewels and chivalrous orders, and trembling before the little man who entered with a quick step, dressed simply in the uniform of a colonel of chasseurs. I have known women, and I have a right to place

myself among the number, who preserved in his presence a dignity of manner which pleased him better than silly fear or base flattery. When he made an unpleasant speech to a lady, and it was received with respect and spirit, he never returned to the charge. For myself, when I have offended him, he has often passed me at two or three successive court circles without speaking, but he never said a word which could wound my feelings. I have heard him do so by others, and once in particular to Madame Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely.

It was at a ball given by the Grand Duchess of Berg at Neuilly. The Emperor was out of humour, and was going the tour of the circle somewhat rudely: I believe he did not even trouble himself to know to what lady he was speaking till he stopped opposite Madame Regnault, examining her dress, which was charming. A petticoat of white crape trimmed with alternate tufts of pink and white roses; and not a head-dress worn that night had so beautiful an effect as the lovely roses which Madame Regnault had embedded in the soft velvet of her glossy black hair. If to this elegant attire the recollection of her regularly fine features and exquisite figure is added, and to that the age of twenty-eight years, it must be conceded that no idea but of beauty and interest would be likely to arise from the contemplation of her person. But all this graceful simplicity seemed to increase Napoleon's ill-humour, and a bitter smile played on his lips as he said to her, in his clear and sonorous, though solemn, bass voice: "Do you know, Madame Regnault, that you are looking much older?" The first effect of this speech was painful to Madame Regnault's feelings. To be thus pointed out to the attention of a thousand persons, of whom at least a hundred females were delighted to catch the mortifying words, was a heavy tax upon a lady's philosophy; but a moment's reflection enabled her to give proof of her good sense and spirit. Looking upon the Emperor with an amiable smile, she replied in a voice firm enough to be heard by all persons around: "What your Majesty has done me the honour to observe, might

have been painful to hear had I reached an age when youth is regretted."

The respect and fear which the Emperor inspired could not restrain the low murmur of approbation which ran round the circle. Napoleon possessed tact to an extent which can hardly be conceived by those who did not know him personally. He looked at Madame Regnault and said nothing; but soon afterwards, passing us again,—I was standing close beside her,—he addressed himself to me with a sort of malicious smile, but with an inflection of voice almost gracious, and said: "Well, Madame Junot, do you not dance? Are you *too old* to dance?" Notwithstanding this prejudice of the Emperor against her, Madame Regnault was always faithful in her attachment to him, which became worship when misfortune reached him.

CHAPTER III.

Fêtes given by the ministers in the winter of 1807—The Grand Duchess of Berg—Danger of loving princesses—Death of Junot's mother—Letter to Junot from the Emperor—The army in cantonments—Murat and his plumes—Intrigues respecting the succession to the imperial throne—Josephine and the Grand Duchess—The battle of Eylau—Lannes *versus* Murat—Bitter altercation—An unwilling conspirator—Murat and the Empire—M. de Flahault—The battle of Ostrolenka—The great Sanhedrim.

THE winter of 1807 was very brilliant. All the ministers gave *fêtes*. The Grand Duchess was the queen of them all, because the absence of the Queen Hortense, and the age of the Empress, who no longer danced, left the field open to her. She did not appear in the character of a complaining princess, but as a sovereign sure of pleasing. She was at this time very fresh, and indeed very pretty. She dressed very elegantly, opened all the balls with the Governor of Paris, played whist with the Governor of Paris, rode on horseback with the Governor of Paris, received the Governor of Paris alone in preference to all other persons, till the poor Governor of Paris, who certainly was not an angel, and whose head and even heart, though always attached to me and his children, was not insensible to the impressions of the moment, could no more resist these seductions perpetually attacking him than the Christian knights could resist the temptations of the palace of Armida. He fell in love, passionately in love with the Grand Duchess of Berg; not that she returned his love,—she has assured me that she did not, and I am bound to believe her. The results, however, of this mis-

chievous affair were the misfortunes and death of Junot. How dangerous it is to love princesses! witness M. de Canouville, to whom it cost his head; M. de F——, who was exiled; M. the Duc d'Abrantes, exiled also; for the viceroyalty of Portugal, as it was called, was but a gilded exile. It is true the predicament was sufficiently embarrassing, for M. de Septeuil lost one of his legs because he could not love the Princess Borghèse. Truly the love of such great ladies is not all ease and delight.

A great misfortune now fell upon our family in the loss of my mother-in-law. To understand all Junot's distress upon this occasion it would be necessary to know how much he loved her. To save him many painful hours I had concealed her danger from him, and the stroke consequently came upon him with the shock of an unexpected calamity. Junot loved his mother with so much tenderness that nothing could relieve the weight of grief with which her death oppressed him. During the days which followed he was ill; but determined to attend the funeral. My mother-in-law was buried at Livry, a small village of which M. Arthur Dillon was mayor, and the curate was a particular friend of ours. I knew Junot's excessive sensibility, and I dreaded some accident. In fact, at the moment when the holy water was thrown upon the corpse, he fell down in a swoon, from which he was very slowly restored. For a long time he refused to receive company, and it was only the necessity of fulfilling his duties that induced him to go out. He never afterwards spoke of his mother without tears in his eyes.

The Emperor wrote to him upon the occasion a very friendly letter, full of such words as are sure to go direct to the aching heart when they are said by such a man as Napoleon; and then this letter was written wholly by his own hand, although seventeen lines long. It is remarkable that in this letter the Emperor *tutoyait* Junot, and spoke to him as in the days of Toulon or Italy. It concluded with a curious sentence. My father-in-law was keeper of the forests and waters in the department of the Côte-d'Or. The grief he felt at the separation from the

companion of his life unfitted him for business; he felt a distaste for everything, and would not retain his employment; he wrote to his son to this effect, and at the same time requested him to solicit from the Emperor the permission to resign it in favour of his son-in-law M. Maldan. Junot, in writing to the Emperor, submitted to him his father's petition, saying that he was so overwhelmed with grief by the death of his wife as to be unable to fulfil the duties of his situation. The Emperor's answer, as I have said, was in a strain of friendship and of the truest kindness; but on the subject of M. Junot's petition he wrote: "I do not see why your father should wish to resign his employment; when I have seen him I have always supposed him a man of energy and strength of mind. What is there in common between his office and his wife? If he is at a loss for a wife to receive company according to its duties, let him marry again." I own that this peremptorily leads to the conclusion that Napoleon was not sentimental; and it was natural. The objects that engrossed his thoughts were too vast to leave room in them for the multiplicity of ideas of ordinary life. He refused the transfer of the place at that time, but granted it some months afterwards. The Emperor's letter was dated from Warsaw.

It often happens that we commit blunders ourselves which we should think it impossible for another person to fall into. On the evening after Junot had received this letter he went to the Tuileries to pay his court to the Empress. She had already learned from the arch-chancellor, who told her all the news that would bear telling, that Junot had received a letter from the Emperor. Junot, thinking to interest the Empress in his father's wishes, spoke of his grief and his desire to retire; he then repeated the Emperor's answer, and gave it word for word, not in jest, for he was much hurt by it, but in perfect innocence of saying anything that could at all affect the Empress. Nor was it till she made him repeat the whole sentence that he began to discover that this indifference to women and wives was likely to prove painful to the

Empress; and that, in fact, she was deeply wounded by it. She was not, however, the less kind and gracious to him, but spoke with great interest of the situation of his father.

The severity of the season had determined the Emperor to allow his troops some rest. After the battles of Pultusk and Golymin he closed the active campaign and, as Berthier said, put his army into cantonments. This army, increased by the contingents of Holland and the Rhine, was now immense; our confidence in it was unbounded; and the women of France proved it by a tranquil security which certainly did not arise from indifference to the fate of their sons, their brothers, and their friends, but from their trust in the man who led them to the enemy. With him it was impossible not to conquer.

The repose of the army was not long. The Emperor left Warsaw on the 1st of February. I have now a letter before me which states that the snow lay two feet deep upon the ground, and that the thermometer had fallen six or seven degrees below zero. The passage of the Vistula had become, in consequence, more difficult, the ice having broken up the bridges. Murat, with his ever-brilliant valour, led the van, and pushed his outposts very near to the Russian army. At Hoff he came up with them, and his cavalry made the finest charge that had ever been made by an army in actual battle. This boiling courage, united to coolness of forethought in action and a real military talent, might well procure pardon for the absurdity of his toilet. All the world knows his little riding-cloak *à la polonaise*, his *schapskis*, his *schakos*, his *colbaks*, and whole collection of the most ridiculous military head-dresses that it was possible to find or invent. But what is not so well known is the value of the plumage that ornamented all these fine caps. The Princess Caroline told me herself that, perfectly astonished at the multitude of feathers sent for by the Grand Duke, she had made inquiries as to their price, and had learned that plumes to the amount of 27,000 francs had

been delivered in the space of four months. Henry IV.'s white plume is a proof that the French may be led to victory at less expense than this.

A mysterious circumstance occurred at this period, but was unknown to the Emperor (if indeed he ever was fully informed of it, which I doubt) till after his return from Tilsit.

Although a faint rumour began to be heard about this time of the Emperor's chagrin at not having children, a chagrin which he certainly felt, and which was sometimes manifest to his private friends, the power of the Empress over him was solidly established; it was not only the power of habit, but of an essentially gentle and pleasing influence, which to a man like the Emperor, always agitated by the immensity of his thoughts, was an Eden to which he retired for repose. Nothing, then, at this time appeared to trouble the conjugal peace of the Empress Josephine; but there were other causes of anxiety which would intrude when the Emperor was exposed to the dangers of war. Prince Eugène, her son, was beloved by all who surrounded Napoleon, and very justly, for he was brave, affable, a friend to the soldier, and possessed of all the qualities which could be desired in a son of the Emperor. The Empress knew this, and was often on the point of sounding the Emperor on the grand subject of adoption.

But it was necessary that one person should be seduced, and this was Junot. The Empress, without further delay, determined to enter directly upon the business, when the Emperor opened the new campaign; accordingly, two days before the battle of Eylau, Junot was invited to breakfast with the Empress, and the strangest conversation imaginable passed between them. They were not on bad terms, but a marked coldness and distance had always existed between them. Junot was respectful, as it was his duty to be towards the Empress; but I believe she would always have done him mischief with the Emperor. The Memoirs of M. de Bourrienne have explained to me the cause of her malice against Junot. I know that the

coldness of Josephine was painful to Junot. It was therefore with surprise and pleasure that he received her overtures of unbounded confidence,—a change which he owed to his command over so great a number of troops, that had any unfortunate news arrived he was in a situation which would enable him to decide any irresolution on the part of the people, and to impose whom he pleased upon them, with more facility than could the Prætorian guards or the Janissaries.

The Empress began by assuring Junot that she had been greatly instrumental in his appointment to the government of Paris. It has been asserted to me that she had strongly requested this favour for a man who had not a single requisite for a general or even a soldier. Junot also knew how much of this to believe, but he said nothing. He could sometimes be prudent. This profession of the Empress set him at ease, however; an agreeable intimacy was thrown over their present relations, and he was all gratitude. The Empress entered upon the delicate subject she had so much at heart, and, to do her justice, she managed it very cleverly. She represented that the Emperor was as liable as the meanest soldier of his army to the stroke of a cannon-ball or other mortal wound. What, then, would become of France? was it to fall back into the anarchy of the directory? this was no longer admissible.

"But, Madame," said Junot, "it seems to me the case foreseen by your Majesty has been foreseen also by the Emperor and the senate. King Joseph would supply the Emperor's place, King Louis would succeed, and in his default the two sons of King Louis, and even in the last resort Prince Jerome."—"Ah!" said Josephine, "do not hold the French nation so unjustly cheap as to suppose they would accept such a Prince as Jerome Bonaparte for their sovereign."—"But, Madame, without defending Prince Jerome, who is little more than a child, I would remind your Majesty of your grandson, who in the order of succession would occupy the throne of France."—"And do you believe that France, still bleeding from her intestine

wounds, would run the risk of incurring new ones under a regency? I believe, on the contrary, that my grandsons would meet with great opposition, but that my son Eugène would find none." Speaking afterwards of this semi-political and intriguing adventure, Junot told me that at the name of Prince Eugène, who was really much beloved in the army, and who was entitled to call himself Eugène Napoleon, he hesitated a moment before he answered. At length, considering that this was but an ordinary conversation, he replied with becoming reserve, in such a manner as not to compromise himself even by an indiscreet word. The conversation was long; it was three o'clock before it closed, and it had commenced at one.

But there was in Paris an ambition much more active, because the imperial crown with which it sought to encircle the brow of a husband would also adorn that of the wife. Murat had a great name in the army. Undoubtedly Lannes, Macdonald, Oudinot, and numerous other generals, deserved as well of the country, but Murat, as the Emperor's brother-in-law, came before the army and the people under peculiar advantages. His wife, the most dexterous person in the creation, was sensible of the value of their position, and did not hesitate an instant to take its inconveniences for the sake of the prospects it offered. But as she could not go direct to the Governor of Paris and say: "If the Emperor should fall in battle, would you make my husband king?" she said such things as were intended to provide that when the decisive moment should arrive he could refuse her nothing. It was one of the most detestable combinations I have ever known.

About the middle of January the minister of marine gave a ball. An immense crowd was assembled at it. I have been told that as many as fourteen hundred persons were invited. This ball was distinguished by having taken place on the very day of the battle of Eylau. Alas! how many young women who quitted it fatigued and satiated with pleasure, learned eight days afterwards that it had been to them a day for mourning and woe. The

Russians were in great force in this battle, which was one of the most murderous that ever took place. I have heard accounts of it that make one shudder. The victory was long in dispute, and a glorious charge of the cavalry of the guard finally decided it.

It is difficult to judge of the events of this memorable battle as they actually occurred; but the application of a real intention to discover the truth, to the contradictory evidence which is offered, will throw good light upon facts. We have to find our way between rocks, and I confess the most painful result of the investigation is the conviction that the Emperor's statement is false. The bulletin relates the affair so greatly to our advantage, that it makes us to have lost only 1900 killed and 5000 wounded. The Prussians, according to Ruschel, raise our loss to 30,000 killed and 12,000 wounded, and state their own at 7900 killed and 12,000 wounded. Here, then, according to this account, has a single day witnessed the last agonies of 38,000 human beings, violently sent before the tribunal of their Creator!, and the groans of 24,000 more struggling upon the same field of blood.

A dispute arose between Murat on the one part, and Lannes and Augereau, each claiming the merit of this victory. The Emperor's bulletin represents Murat's courage as having been the cause of fortune's decision in favour of the French arms; while the reports of a thousand officers who had no friendship to flatter and no revenge to gratify, assert that the Grand Duke of Berg was not engaged with his cavalry till the concluding act of this bloody tragedy. Augereau was coarse, absolutely vulgar. I am distressed to be obliged to connect this word with the name of a marshal of the empire, nevertheless it is a melancholy fact. But Marshal Lannes was so different a character, that to see these two names conjoined is a still greater source of regret. Lannes asserted and maintained that Murat was engaged only at the close of the action. The crown of laurel that encircled Lannes's head might easily spare a few of its leaves without missing them; but he declared that he would not permit a single one to

be torn from it. Sometime afterwards, during the repose of the troops, a scene occurred between Lannes and the Emperor, so extremely disagreeable to Napoleon that the brave and loyal soldier at length discovered he had gone too far. The words were strong, as was the emotion which dictated them.

"That brother-in-law of yours is a pretending knave, with his pantomime dress and his plumes like a dancing dog. You are making game of me, I think. He is brave, you say—and what Frenchman is not brave? In France we point our finger at any one who is not. Augereau and I have done our duty, and we refuse the honour of this day to your brother-in-law, to His Imperial and Royal Highness the Prince Murat. Oh! how this makes one shrug one's shoulders! he too must catch this mania for royalty, forsooth! Is it to stitch his mantle to yours that you steal our glory from Augereau and me? You have but to speak, and we are to submit; but we have enough and to spare. I can afford to be generous."

This conversation was reported to me by an ear-witness, who was then and always about the Emperor. The scene was so much the more violent as the Emperor replied in the dry tone of command, and with all the displeasure of an offended sovereign; while Lannes, alive only to his anger and the injustice that had been done him, perpetually repeated with a disdainful smile, which was itself sufficient to complete the exasperation of the Emperor: "So you would give him our glory? well, take it, we shall still have enough."—"Yes," exclaimed Napoleon, unable any longer to contain himself; "yes, I shall distribute the glory as it suits me; for, understand it is I, and I only, who give you your glory and your success."

Lannes became pale, almost faint with anger, and, leaning upon the shoulder of Duroc, who had just come in alarmed by the increasing noise of this quarrel, said in a voice trembling with emotion: "And so because you have marched through blood over this field of execution, you think yourself a great man for your battle of Eylau! —and your plumed cock of a brother-in-law comes to

crow over us. This cannot be; I will have my share. Then this boasted victory; hum—what is it? Is it those twelve thousand dead bodies still shrouded in the snow, and fallen there for you, to preserve to you that field of battle, the ensanguined object of your wishes, now a field of infernal horrors, because the French uniform is the insignia of its mutilated corpses—and you deny me, me, Lannes, the justice which is due to me?"

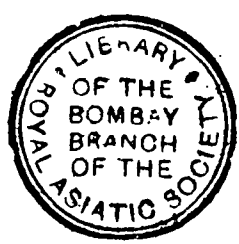
This dialogue was overheard by several persons, but not so distinctly as I have transcribed it. It was after the return of the army that a mutual friend of Lannes and ourselves related to me the whole scene. The Emperor was calm in appearance while it lasted, but it produced a terrible effect upon him, notwithstanding his attachment to Lannes.

We frequently visited the Empress in the course of this winter in which the Emperor was braving the frosts of Poland. She suffered much uneasiness, and was very desirous that Junot should more openly pronounce in favour of Prince Eugène. She told him so one day in so undisguised a manner that on his return from the Tuileries Junot could not forbear communicating his feelings to me. "They will certainly give me," said he, "against my will the appearance of being a conspirator. What can I do under such circumstances? I see no possibility of coming to any resolution, except in the case of a catastrophe I cannot so much as think of. And even in the event of such a calamity befalling France, we have the King of Naples, then Prince Louis and his children. I shall never depart from the line of succession traced out by the Emperor himself."—"And Murat?" said I, looking attentively at him; for my own observations had already unfolded to me the projects of the Grand Duchess of Berg. But Junot was not then so far involved in them as he afterwards became. "Murat!" said he; "Murat, Emperor of the French! what can you be thinking of? Why not as well give the crown to Masséna, Lannes, or Oudinot? If bravery is what we want, the generals of the army are all as brave as the blades of their swords; and Murat, though

as valiant as those I have mentioned and many others, is in no respect superior to them. On the contrary, his pride and boasting make him disliked in the army. His last folly of the uniform for his staff has given the finishing stroke to his popularity." Junot was right; Murat was much less popular in the ranks than Prince Eugène, whose simplicity of manners and goodness of disposition were appreciated by all, from the marshal to the private soldier. In the affair of the uniform Murat had exhibited great want of judgment. He wished to compel his aides-de-camp to wear a uniform which was in fact his livery: amaranth, white, and gold. At a subsequent period, at Naples, he had the advantage, for he was king; but in Poland several officers of his staff, at the head of whom was M. de Flahault, revolted against a measure extremely disagreeable and repulsive to them. M. de Flahault, a handsome youth, notwithstanding the assertions to the contrary of the Emperor, could not endure him; M. de Flahault, who sang like a troubadour of good King Réné's time, was willing enough to be a troubadour altogether, and wear the colours of the Grand Duchess of Berg; but he would not wear these same colours in the fashion his general would impose them; and the affair gave rise to a sort of insurrectionary movement in the grand-ducal staff, the result of which was that M. de Flahault ceased to wear the colours either of the Grand Duke or Grand Duchess of Berg, and was transferred to the handsome staff of the Prince of Neufchatel.

During the discussion of these matters, affairs of quite a different nature arose; Suchet and Oudinot gave battle to General Essen at Ostrolenka. An officer wounded in this engagement writes that the day was one of the most sanguinary of the whole campaign. Its success is attributed solely to the skilful manœuvres of Suchet, and the intrepidity of Oudinot. I was shown the position of the two armies on the table of Junot's cabinet, by the little black and red marks placed to represent the Russians and French; for as to the Prussians they had been scattered before the winds, and were no longer in question.

The present also was a remarkable crisis in the political history of the Jews. The great Sanhedrim, which had assembled in February, terminated its sittings on the 8th or 9th of March; and the result of its conferences was sufficiently important to occupy some portion of our attention. This ancient nation, whose strange destiny it has been to wander for fifteen centuries under the weight of the divine anathema, was now offered a habitation, and in acknowledgment of the asylum and protection afforded them, voluntarily submitted to the laws of the land which received them. Polygamy was abolished, with a clause the wisdom of which I could not but admire. The sanhedrim declared that the obligations of their law were twofold, religious and political; and while the former were absolute, the latter, intended for the internal regulation of the Hebrew nation in Palestine, could no longer be applicable to a people destitute alike of country and of civil policy.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CHAPTER IV.

The Empress and patience—Napoleon's illegible letter—Extraordinary visit of the Princess Borghèse—Her chamberlain—Household of the princess—Madame de Champagny—Madame de Barra—Marquise de Brehan—Mademoiselle Millot—Representation of *The Barber of Seville*—M. de Longchamps—Mademoiselle Mars—Royal actresses—Court scandal—Inconstancy of fortune.

THE Empress, it is well known, was fond of the game of patience. Every evening the packs of cards were placed upon the table, and patience proceeded, while that of the spectators was sorely tried. As her love for the Emperor was sincere, and her solicitude, I am persuaded, was as great for the individual as for the sovereign whose crown she shared, she had recourse to every means of tranquillising her anxiety; and as cards proved amongst the readiest, they were continually resorted to. One evening when I was with her, having exhausted her favourite game in every variety of form, the Empress wondered whether a courier would arrive that night: it was nine o'clock. "I cannot make up my mind," said she, "to retire to rest till I am satisfied whether there will be any tidings for me to-night."

She recommenced the game of patience, and before it was half accomplished was certain she would succeed, which accordingly she did; and scarcely was the last card placed on the last pack, when the arch-chancellor entered, with his usual solemn pace, and delivered to Her Majesty a letter from the Emperor,—a letter the more agreeable to her as it announced that the army would repose, during

the month of March, in cantonments between the Vistula and the Passargue. This last particular is impressed on my mind by the circumstance of an entire line of the Emperor's letter containing the names of the two rivers being utterly unintelligible to the Empress. It was handed to us to decipher if we could, but with equal ill success; for my own part I could as easily have read the inscription on Cleopatra's needle. At length Junot arrived, and as he was even more accustomed to Napoleon's handwriting than the Empress herself the incomprehensible line was made over to him, and he read it.

"Really," said the Empress, "it is very fortunate for me that you took it into your head to fetch Madame Junot, otherwise we should have seen nothing of you, and I should have remained in ignorance that the army was stationed between the Vistula and the Passargue."

This was mildly spoken, but Josephine was so visibly hurt that Junot paid her no other attention than was due to the Empress. She laughingly whispered a few words in his ear; upon which Junot coloured and looked round to see whether I was listening or observing, and replied in a tone which made it apparent that he was piqued in his turn.

I was poorly at this time, without positively knowing the cause of my malady; I guessed it with indescribable joy, for it seemed to give hopes of a boy after my five girls. In consequence, however, of this slight indisposition, I kept my bed somewhat later of a morning, and had not risen from it on the day following the incident of the letter when I heard several voices in my salon, and suddenly my bedroom door was thrown wide open, and the Princess Borghèse was announced. "Well! my little Laurette, so you are ill? I can easily believe it. You are vexed: hey? Come, tell me all about it." And jumping on my bed she established herself on my feet quite to her satisfaction, and regardless of any inconvenience she might cause me. I rang for some pillows, that I might sit up and offer my duty as a lady of the court, instead of thus remaining in my nightcap in

presence of so august a personage; but she would not suffer it, and we had the strangest conversation possible. "So, so, Laurette, tell me why you have not given me a *fête* at your country-house of Raincy?"—"Because, as your Imperial Highness can scarcely bear the motion of a carriage, I did not imagine you could hunt, which is the only *fête* we can offer you at Raincy."—"And why should not I hunt as well as Caroline? Your *fêtes* are all for her."—"But, Madame, you do not ride on horseback."—"What does that signify? I could follow in my palanquin. Have you seen my palanquin?"—"No, Madame . . . but that is of no consequence, you cannot hunt in a palanquin." And the idea struck my fancy as so perfectly ludicrous that I could not avoid laughing.

"Very well; they all laugh when I tell them I can follow the chase with my bearers. M. de Montbreton tells me I have not common sense. But we shall see; I want to consult Junot about it, where is he?" I rang and inquired for Junot: he was gone out. "Ah! ah! gone out already! Really he is very early in his visits. Perhaps it is for the Empress's *fête;* he is director-in-chief of everything that is done at the Elysée. You ought not to allow it," added she, with an air of seriousness quite amusing. "I have no control in such matters," I answered, with a heart a little swelled, for I understood her allusion. "But what *fête* do you mean, Madame?"—"Why the 19th of March, to be sure, St. Joseph's Day. We are to *fête* the Empress our sister. We are to perform a comedy at Malmaison; you are one of the principal actresses. What, do you know nothing about it, my little Laurette?"

A message was at that moment brought me from the Grand Duchess of Berg, desiring to see me; to which I answered that I would hasten to attend her commands: but it was not easy to get rid of such a personage as the Princess Borghèse. I was obliged to listen to the full detail of her projected costume and singing, then to complaints against such of her ladies as had been wanting in respect. Then she talked of the Emperor's victories, of my nightgown, and then again of her dress for Rosina:

it was the most discursive *tete-à-tete* imaginable. She was determined to perform Rosina on the occasion; a complimentary song was to be added to the music lesson, and that affair would be settled. Then followed lamentations sufficiently comic, addressed as they were to me, on Junot's *having forgotten* how beautiful she was . . . Oh, the strange being!" Suddenly she exclaimed in an ecstasy: "My little Laurette, do you know my new chamberlain?" —"No, Madame; who is he?"—"M. de Forbin." My brother was well acquainted with him, but I had seldom seen him; though I knew that he was both sensible and agreeable, and that his elegance of manners and distinguished merit naturally fitted him for the situation to which he was appointed. "What, my little Laurette, do you not know my new chamberlain?" She leaned over me and pulled at once all the three bell-ropes at the head of my bed. My *valet-de-chambre* and women came running in altogether. "Send in the gentleman who is in the salon," said she to the *valet-de-chambre;* and in walked M. de Forbin.

I do not know whether I am infected with the prejudices of persons who are growing old, but I must say that in my opinion the present day does not produce men so attractive for talents, manners, and personal appearance, as numbers who figured at the period of which I am writing, and amongst whom M. de Forbin was eminently distinguished. He was well formed and handsome; his language was remarkable for grace and elegance, and his abilities in painting, poetry, and literature made him the most delightful drawing-room companion in the world. Such was the M. de Forbin whom the Princess Borghèse brought into my chamber while I lay in bed, to show me *her chamberlain;* for her state household was as yet a splendid novelty, the establishment being composed of persons no better suited to each other than that of Madame Mère.

Madame de Champagny (Duchesse de Cadore), wife of the minister for foreign affairs, was lady of honour. I have met with few women so indifferent to their person

as was Madame de Champagny. She was the most worthy but wearisome, the most tender yet least feminine woman I have ever known. Her tenderness, indeed, was all reserved for her husband, who might fairly be cited as a model of excellence in every respect, but seemed to have been gifted by a wicked fairy, who neutralised all his good qualities by a most disagreeable exterior united with towering pretensions. He spared no pains to please, flatter, and oblige, in pursuit of susceptible women who might make him happy; but he unfortunately carried in his own person an antidote to all his efforts.

Madame de Barral, now Madame de Septeuil, was a tall, handsome, and graceful woman, with too small a head for her formidable stature, but she was sprightly and altogether agreeable. The newly-married Marquise de Brehan, daughter of M. de Cressy, was handsome, well made, with an air of fashion, and a most fascinating address; pretty light hair, feet eminently French, that is to say, peculiarly small; a skin of satin, and beautiful teeth; and combined with all this a keen and lively wit, which never gave offence. Mademoiselle Millot, since become Countess of Salucca, was indisputably the most remarkable personage of the princess's household. The grand-daughter, or at least the pupil of Pougens, her education was perfect, if I may use the expression, especially for the age, and sown in a soil which Nature had provided with every requisite for fertility. Her acquirements were masculine, but her talents feminine, and of the most pleasing kind. She could talk of trifles, of dress and public sights; and then would join a conversation on the most serious subjects, which she knew how to direct with peculiar address. She was not pretty; her eyes were small and Chinese; the turn of her ideas was however, unfortunately, far too original for a woman, whose thoughts should all be subjected to inviolable rules of propriety, and to this she owed misfortunes much to be deplored, and a premature death. She was the author of an historical romance, entitled *Forcarini; or, The Practitioner of Venice*, comprising all the imagination which the age

demands, together with all the valuable instruction that knowledge such as hers could furnish.

The household of the Princess Borghèse was doubled, when subsequently Prince Camille was appointed Governor-General of Piedmont. Mesdames de la Turbie, de Cavour, and de Mathis were the Italian ladies then added to it. Of the latter the Emperor Napoleon was so enamoured as to write her several letters a day; and this (notwithstanding the contempt with which he affected to speak of the inhabitants of the south) nearly about the same time that he gave proofs of attachment to Madame Grassini and Madame Gazani.

The whole establishment had been summoned to deliberate upon the piece that should be selected for the Empress's *fête*. Let it be understood that the two sisters-in-law thought no more of the Empress than if her name had been St. Lucia. They were determined on a *fête*, and a *fête* in which they should play the principal parts, and attract universal applause. Could the party have been transported to Madame de Genlis's Palace of Truth, this would have appeared as the really actuating impulse. The Princess Pauline therefore insisted on the representation of the *Barber of Seville*, "Because," said she, "I shall play Rosina to admiration."—"But, Madame, it is an opera."—"I do not mean the opera, but the French piece translated; I have it, and very well translated."—"But Madame, it is very long, and besides it is for the Empress's *fête*. Nothing could be so suitable to the occasion as"—— "Really," said she, quite irritated, "she must be very hard to please; what can she wish for but that we should be amused? Well, it will well suit me to perform the comedy, and take the part of Rosina. How pretty I should look in the black and pink hat, and the little pink satin dress, with an apron of black blonde!"

The Princess Caroline, who had far more sense than her sister (although I cannot subscribe to the extraordinary pleasantry of M. de Talleyrand in saying she had the head of Cromwell placed on the shoulders of a pretty woman), had also set her mind on a part contrived expressly and

exclusively to show herself off. The two sisters could not, therefore, be brought to agree, and the great sanhedrim which had just closed its sittings could not betray more irresolution than the present council. A lucky motion was at length made to consult Junot, whose opinion was fortified by former favour with one sister and present favour with the other. I will not say whether this was wholly attributable to the strength which friendship acquires from the recollections of infancy; but, however derived, he had sufficient influence with both to induce them to abandon the project of performing a great drama, and to play two small pieces composed expressly in honour of the day, telling each that her part might be made as prominent as suited her own inclination. M. de Chazet was to compose one of these pieces; the witty, agreeable M. de Longchamps, at the command of the Princess Caroline, the other; and he never failed to charm, whether giving parties of pleasure, sketching after the most caustic manner of Teniers the pilgrimage of an old maid, warbling the despairing strains of a patriot on the eve of exile, or simply in the chimney-corner relating some old legend with that grave spirit and interest which is the exclusive gift of Nature, and cannot be acquired by study. He produced the affecting ballad of *We must depart! Adieu, my Laura* (so beautifully set to music by Boieldieu) at the moment he was himself embarking for his exile in America; and was also the author of *My Aunt Aurora.* Spontini, known to the musical world by *La Vestale,* was to contribute the music.

No sooner were the pieces prepared than the parts were distributed; and now the eagerness to be *prima-donna* appeared in its full force. The male characters were fairly assigned; but as to the female it mattered not whether they were or were not suited to the talents of their several representatives, provided those of the two princesses were carefully worked up and comprised all the interest of the pieces. Our only resource was in playing something less badly than our imperial coadjutors, and in that respect we had full latitude. The actresses besides

the two princesses were La Maréchale Ney, Madame de la Valette, and myself. The gentlemen Messieurs de Brigode, d'Angosse, de Montbreton, and Junot; besides another who acted a subordinate character, and whose name I have forgotten. La Maréchale Ney acted an old grandmother with the talent she uniformly displayed, for I never knew her to do anything otherwise than well, but her part was not very formidable.

The pleasure of this comedy was certainly not so great to its ultimate audience as to ourselves during our three weeks' rehearsals; not that the matter was uniformly laughable to us all; or to me, for example, when on entering one of the palaces at which we were to rehearse, an equipage struck my vision with amaranth liveries, turned up with yellow and laced with silver,—that is to say, my own; but where was the person the landau had conveyed? Not in the gallery! I found, in short, that a council was being held; but not in the fashion of the *Comédie Française*, to which the dramatic corps were admitted, and each allowed to give an opinion. In our company we had not even the liberty of remonstrance.

The Princess Pauline, as an actress, acquitted herself tolerably well, but her singing was so outrageously out of tune that it was scarcely endurable. It was, besides, sufficiently ridiculous to see her carried into the middle of the theatre (for the state of her health prevented her walking), and there in her arm-chair rehearsing the part of a young affianced bride. Who was her lover? I do not remember, unless it was M. de Brigode, who in the second piece performed Lolo Dubourg admirably. Madame Ney and Madame de la Valette also performed in the first piece, the former extremely well; as for Madame de la Valette, M. de Chazet, who was her instructor, exclaimed rather angrily: "Cannot you, dear Madame, express a little more emotion? rather more tenderness, I conjure you! really one would suppose you were asleep."

His reproach was just. It would be impossible to speak or move with more monotony or cold indifference; she was perfectly provoking; an animated statue, but not

animated like Galatea, with the sacred fire of the heart. And yet this woman, who appeared so cold, has proved that her soul was warmed by the noblest passions.

In the second piece Junot was a lover, a character not at all adapted to his comic talent. It was love in its utmost passion, in all the vigour of first impressions. I think M. de Longchamps must have been bent on placing his Charles in *recollected situations*, and putting into his mouth words he must pronounce with pleasure; I cannot otherwise account for the parts of Junot and the future Queen of Naples in this piece.

Its plot is simple. The scene is laid at the house of the Mayor of Ruelle; Caroline and Charles, mutually in love, and born the same day, are engaged in marriage. An insufferable coxcomb is desirous of crossing their hopes; but the good genius of the weeping lovers has recourse to Malmaison. The wedding is to be celebrated, and the Empress designs to honour it with her presence. Meanwhile Charles and Caroline sing together to the air of *O ma tendre musette.*

Junot was much affected: those who knew his heart could have no difficulty in divining the nature of his emotions. Not so the lady; she tried to appear affected but could not succeed. Her feigned agitation was revealed only by the increased *alto* of the tones that came fretfully from her lips; which, however pretty, were never intended for the passage of harmonious sounds.

The Princess Pauline was enchanting in her costume of a peasant bride. The timidity which she really felt, and which a first public appearance cannot fail to excite even in persons of first-rate talent, was most becoming, and enhanced her beauty in an extraordinary degree. The performance was certainly very amusing, both to see and hear. My education in good society was never more essential to prevent a burst of laughter in the midst of a reply, for though the princesses might be the two prettiest women in the world, they were certainly two of the worst actresses that ever trod the boards of a theatre.

My part was in the piece of M. de Longchamps;

which was by far the prettiest. My dramatic skill was at best but indifferent, and this character quite unsuited to it. I had never aspired beyond the part of waiting-maid, or one of distrust and malice, such as Madame Dervil in the *Self Rivals.* On this occasion I was to be a very silly, frivolous young girl, god-daughter of the great lady who was expected at Ruelle; and I came to request a compliment for my godmother from the mayor, whom M. de Montbreton personated to perfection, with an ease and truth seldom to be found in an amateur.

I was quite certain of failing in my performance,—a circumstance probably very desirable to others, but quite the reverse to myself. I therefore requested Mademoiselle Mars, if she had a few minutes to spare, would have the goodness to hear me rehearse; and by the more than urbanity with which she complied, rehearsing with me unweariedly every morning during the fortnight that elapsed before the appointed *fête*, I had an opportunity (of which I perhaps stupidly availed myself far more effectually than of her lessons) of admiring the muscular play of her pliant and charming features; her expressive smile conveying some idea while it disclosed her pearly teeth, and those beaming eyes, which, in accordance with the smile, revealed the coming sentiment before it could find utterance. Hearing her thus in a private room, divested of all that delusive attraction which the lights, the public plaudits, the whole witchery of the scene cast around an actress on the stage, I mentally exclaimed: "This is the greatest actress in the world! she is pursuing her natural vocation. Here is no appearance of acting; it must therefore be the perfection of the art." From that moment I became a declared and enthusiastic admirer of Mademoiselle Mars, and considered it a real public misfortune that she refused to receive pupils.

In these interviews I had equal reason to appreciate the tone of her conversation, her excellent judgment, and her good taste; I found in Mademoiselle Mars everything that could constitute a woman formed to shine and please in the very best society.

The performances at Malmaison, even under the Consulate, excited apprehension ; how great, then, must be our anxiety, now that the Empire, with its luxurious wonders, rendered Paris the fantastic abode of magnificent grandeur ! This reflection crossed my mind during our breakfast on this important day with the Empress in the stuccoed dining-room on the ground-floor at Malmaison leading to the Emperor's closet.

We were five and twenty seated at a table, over which the Empress presided with her accustomed grace, and all the simplicity of a hostess in ordinary society. She had desired me to bring my two eldest daughters, Josephine and Constance. Josephine, her god-daughter, was placed beside her. Their English governess accompanied them, and the dear creatures were assuredly, of all the imperial guests, the least disturbed by anticipations of the day's occurrences.

I was then enceinte with my eldest son Napoleon, and, in addition to the suffering this circumstance occasioned and which afterwards became serious, was already attacked with a derangement of the nerves ; and had the occasion been any other than the Empress's *fête*, I should certainly have excused myself from appearing amongst the *dramatis personæ*.

The representation, terminating with a humorous madrigal of birthday congratulation to the Empress, passed off tolerably. The Princess Pauline performed far better than her sister, notwithstanding the eternal pretensions of the latter, who is perfectly persuaded that in every word, step, and action she excels all other women.

It was late before we left Malmaison, and our return was rather painful to me, for the Grand Duchess of Berg took it into her head that we should accompany her in her carriage, though I had my own in waiting, and should have much preferred travelling at my ease in it. We had not proceeded far before the princess was taken ill : it was at Ruelle ; I ordered the coachman to stop ; the carriage-door was opened, and she alighted, which I would willingly have been excused doing, for the night air, though

not absolutely cold, was far from agreeable. The Princess had had a nervous attack in the course of the day, and had even fainted; when the Empress Josephine, finding a letter entangled in her gown, put it into her hand, which she held closed with her own during her swoon—a trait which deserves publicity. When the princess recovered and perceived this delicate attention, she said with ill-concealed ill humour, in reply to a question which no one asked, for the Empress took no notice of the circumstance:

"It is a letter from Murat."

"I very well knew the writer," said the Empress afterwards to me; "for I recognised the hand."

We reached Paris at three in the morning. I set the princess down, and Junot handed her out of the carriage and conducted her to her apartments; her carriage conveyed me home, but alone.

This little comedy of the 19th of March 1807 had occupied the whole imperial court through the preceding winter, filling it with intrigues, petty hatred, vengeance, and scandal; for, alas! all these existed amongst us, and other bickerings still more despicable. But is not this the secret history of all courts?

In these two years, 1807 and 1808, Fortune for the last time lavished her favours with profusion on France and her Emperor. He was afterwards victorious; his thunders still rolled over the heads of kings, still carried mourning into foreign families, and occasionally flung us a few stray laurels as compensation for our losses; but those losses were thenceforth more immense, those laurels more stained with our blood. And in what can this change have originated? Why did Victory, hitherto always faithful to his call, now desert his eagles? Because she is a woman; because she grew weary of continual demands upon her; and, moreover, she is capricious, and chose to favour our enemies in their turn!

CHAPTER V.

Visit of the arch-chancellor—The new duke—The siege of Dantzic—The new duchess—The Empress's usher reprimanded—Proclamation of the Prince of the Peace—Death of the young Prince Louis—Queen Hortense in the Pyrenees—Her return to Paris—Her albums and musical compositions—Napoleon less of a Corsican than he is thought—His economy and liberality—Cause of the aspersions upon Junot by Las Cases—Campaign of 1807 continued—The Emperor's ear grazed by a ball—Napoleon's observation to Marshal Lannes—Resolution of the Russian soldiers—Battle of Friedland—The Emperor in high spirits—Victor—Marshal Ney—Prodigious slaughter—Capture of Königsberg—Interview of the two Emperors at Tilsit—Humiliation of the King of Prussia—The Emperor Alexander fascinated—The Queen of Prussia's intercourse with Napoleon at Tilsit—Napoleon's error in not re-establishing the kingdom of Poland—The Queen of Prussia's beauty—Effects on Prussia of the Treaty of Tilsit—Violation of locks and seals.

ONE evening the arch-chancellor paid me a visit. He appeared thoughtful, and seating himself beside my sofa, which I could no longer quit, accosted me with: "I bring you strange news; the Emperor is not only re-establishing the ancient *noblesse*, but is creating new titles of rank; and who do you think is the first military duke? Guess." —"Marshal Lannes?"—"Very natural, but not correct." —"Marshal Masséna?" The arch-chancellor smiled and shook his head. "Well, then, unless it is Bernadotte, who, in spite of his violent republicanism, seems to wear harness as a courtier with perfect docility, I can guess no further."—"It is Lefebvre; I have just seen his wife." —"And not ill chosen. Madame la Maréchale's manner may not be in perfect harmony with her dignity of duchess, but she is a good wife; besides, you know the Emperor

makes no account of us,—one difficulty in his choice was therefore obviated; and Lefebvre is one of the most estimable members of our military family. I am sure the Emperor has well weighed his choice." The arch-chancellor, with all his caution, smiled at me, and we understood each other without speaking. It was evident that Napoleon, willing to revive the high nobility and revive the twelve peers of Charlemagne, intended to give additional lustre to his twenty-four grand dignitaries of the Empire, which, however, should be the just reward of their services; but it was necessary to feel his way, and to proceed warily with a people who held the very name of King in abhorrence, and had only accepted an Emperor in consideration of the ancient relation of that dignity with a Republic.

Napoleon, surrounded by a thousand perils, never relaxed his precautions; and, though apparently regardless of obstacles, was careful not to shock the men of the Revolution; they were to be gained, but this was no longer a work of difficulty. The temptation was spread before them, and Nature achieved the rest. No sooner was the bait offered than all, far from repelling it, were eager for a bite; and that which Napoleon presented in the Duchy of Dantzic was of the most attractive kind. Aware of this, he would not confer it where it might in any case be liable to abuse, and Marshal Lefebvre, esteemed by the army and all true Frenchmen, and deserving of the highest reward of valour, was the person best adapted to the Emperor's purpose.

The siege of Dantzic was one of the most brilliant military successes of a campaign rich in triumph. Something of Frederick's spirit was at length roused in General Kalkreuth; he was once more the soldier; we had not indeed spared the spur, but the steed at length began to feel it. During the two months' siege the trenches were open fifty-two days; and when Kalkreuth capitulated, and engaged for himself and his men not to bear arms for twelve months, only eight thousand and some hundred men defiled before the French general, though he had

shut himself up there at the head of eighteen thousand.[1] Eight hundred cannon and immense stores were captured in this fortress, the fall of which secured our left flank and rear, and left to Prussia only the post of Pillau along the whole coast of the Baltic.

The important question which at this time agitated the imperial court was how the new duchess would bear her dignity, and she speedily resolved it. She went to the Tuileries to thank the Empress Josephine for the favour the Emperor had just conferred. The Empress was in the great yellow salon ; and as Madame la Maréchale had not demanded an audience, the usher, accustomed to call her by that name, entered to take the orders of the chamberlain-in-waiting ; he returned and addressed her : "Madame la Maréchale may enter." The lady looked askance at him ; but suppressing all audible tokens of indignation she entered the salon ; and the Empress, rising from the sofa she usually occupied beside the fireplace, advanced a few steps to meet her, saying with that engaging graciousness she could always assume when it pleased her : " How is the Duchess of Dantzic ?" La Maréchale, instead of answering, winked intelligently, and then turning towards the usher who was in the act of shutting the door : " *Hey, my boy,*" said she, "*what do you think of that ?*" How was it possible for the most determined gravity to resist such an attack ? Towards the end of the Empire the Duchess of Dantzic became tiresome, and almost as rational in her speech as Madame Fabre de l'Aude, who once answered the Emperor's query when she would lie in of her twenty-fifth child : "When your Majesty pleases." But La Maréchale Lefebvre, or the Duchess of Dantzic, as you may please to call her, was very amusing at the time her husband was made a duke (a year before the other generals), and for a long time maintained her eccentric character under the ducal dignity.

While we in Paris were celebrating our conquests at five hundred leagues' distance with dancing and various

[1] General Kalkreuth is said to have surrendered on account of his supplies of ammunition being exhausted.

diversions, all Europe was marching at the Emperor's bidding; and already new plans were succeeding to those of which a few weeks had witnessed the accomplishment. Spain in her treason imagined she had deceived him, and already did his finger point to the Peninsula which he devoted to ruin. I have recently met with the famous proclamation of the Prince of the Peace—famous it ought to be if it is not, as a monument of unparalleled political stupidity. The following passage may serve as a specimen of the style of this singular document:—"All the magistrates of Spain must display extraordinary and peculiar zeal in exciting the national enthusiasm, that we may enter with glory the lists about to open. A great number of soldiers must be procured, and the courage of the nobility stimulated, for their privileges as well as those of the crown are at stake."

This seems to have been the sentence which particularly struck the Emperor. He saw that Spain, hitherto the faithful ally of France, was like a man becoming tired of an old love. But it would have been wise to become better acquainted with the mistress who was to be cast off. The Emperor's word was soon to become a terror throughout the whole extent of the Peninsula. It is evident that the Prince of the Peace, weak and fearful, put out the proclamation, because he believed that France would be beaten by Prussia; but when the Prussian armies had disappeared, when in the course of a triumphal march of a few weeks the Emperor had overthrown one empire and menaced another, then came submissions, at which the Emperor laughed, as he had before laughed at the intended revolt.

A great misfortune befell the family of the Empress Josephine, in the death of the eldest son of Queen Hortense, who died in Holland of the croup. The letters of Madame de Brock described the grief of the queen as so violent as to threaten irreparable injury to her health. Whatever might be the projects of the Empress, her heart was deeply smitten by this event. She seemed to apprehend the menace of divorce in every tear that was

shed over the tomb of the young prince. "Oh! how severe a misfortune!" she continually repeated with sobs of distress. It is impossible to speak too highly of the young Prince Louis, who, had he lived to fulfil the promise of his childhood, must have become a distinguished character. He bore a striking resemblance to his father, and consequently to the Emperor; from which likeness the malice which pursued the Emperor even into his holiest affections has invented a calumny so infamous that I should degrade myself by refuting it.

The Queen of Holland left her marshes and aquatic plains to come and seek, not consolation—for what mother consoles herself for the loss of her child?—but an alleviation of the despair which was undermining her health. She went to the Pyrenees, to Cauterets, and from thence made the famous tour of the Vignemale. From her gracious manners and benevolence she was positively adored by the inhabitants of this district.

Queen Hortense came to Paris, after the season for visiting the watering-places, in this same year, 1807; and brought back to us the charming parties where the most distinguished artists of France came to bring their tributes to a princess whose proficiency in the arts enabled her so perfectly to appreciate them. How delightfully did the hours pass in such gifted society! There at a round table sat Gérard with his immortal pencil; Isabey, whose productions may be imitated but never equalled; Garnery, who, after working long upon a pretty design for an album, ended by sketching the room we were in, with such fidelity that its most trifling articles of furniture might be recognised, and yet with such excellent effect that no minuteness of detail was observable. But the talents of the mistress of the mansion were worthy to compete with those of her distinguished guests, and were in no way more remarkable than in the extraordinary resemblance and beautiful effect of her portrait sketches. Thus the queen possessed a unique collection of drawings, if in her adventurous peregrinations she did not lose them. I have seen in her albums faces which no doubt would have been

surprised to find themselves in company together. It was at this time that she composed *Partant pour la Syrie! —Reposez-vous, bons chevaliers—Le beau Dunois—Le bon Chevalier—En soupirant j'ai vu naître l'Aurore*, and many other romances which we still know and sing, and which I always sing with renewed pleasure. Queen Hortense is no longer here to demand flattery; and truly her productions may be praised with a very clear conscience.

Amongst other talents she possessed in a remarkable degree that of attracting and winning friendship. I have always thought that had she succeeded her reign would have been fortunate, because many of the good actions which in other princes result only from good policy would have originated with her in the principle of love of her duties and of the public weal. She would have perfectly understood that her peace of mind depended upon the well-being of her people. She would often have pardoned when she had the power of punishing, looking upon vengeance as the attribute of a base mind.

This reminds me of an anecdote, related to me not a week ago by a person high in the Emperor's confidence. This person was at the head of a certain department in the State, and brought to the Emperor, when he was about to set out for the army, just before the battle of Wagram, a list of seventeen names, borne by men whose fortune and situation in the State were calculated to alarm Napoleon at a period when he could not be perfectly at ease concerning the internal peace of the country, though all was apparently calm. These men were conspiring, but in so unskilful a manner that all their manœuvres were known as soon as contrived. "What does your Majesty command with respect to this affair?" said the minister. "Nothing."

The other looked at him with astonishment, and again offered his list; but the Emperor smiled and repeated: "Nothing at all, my dear count, I punish my enemies only when their machinations interfere with my projects for the good of my people: it is for that, not because they oppose *me* that I punish them. I am less of a Corsican than I am thought."

These words appear to me sublime. The person who heard them, and who repeated them to me, spoke also much of the degree of consideration in which Napoleon held the persons who surrounded him. He made a great difference between his friends and the men of talent whom he recompensed. He was less affectionate, less familiar with these latter, but he was often prodigal in his gifts to them. Favouritism was not in vogue during his reign, and very seldom superseded positive merit. He did acts of kindness by those he loved; as by Junot, for example, or Duroc, or Lannes, and many others; and when by their services to the State, of which they were the pillars, whether by their pens or by their swords, they had merited rewards, he bestowed them munificently.

The Emperor was a great economist: every month M. Estève submitted to him an account of his privy purse and of the general expenses of his household. It generally showed a saving, and this was always divided amongst his generals. Many of them were young and fond of pleasure, perhaps of luxury. And why not? A life of splendour became naturally one of indulgence; it appeared to them doubly delightful after entire years passed in tents, amidst the barren sands of the tropics, the bogs of Poland, the snows of Siberia, or the rocks of Spain. In looking upon those fine velvet curtains fringed with gold, which canopied a head of scars, and arms lacerated in deep cicatrices, and a bosom seamed by the enemy's sword, it was delightful to the brave soldier who enjoyed this pleasurable mode of existence to be able to say: "I owe it all to my own courage, to my exertions for my country." And this many of Napoleon's captains might say with justifiable pride. Junot, Lannes, Rapp, Marmont, Bessières, Duroc, and a long list of names too numerous to cite.

I have learnt only very recently that, in this monthly division of surplus revenue, General Oudinot, who belonged to the army of the Rhine, and who had not the same claims upon the Emperor as his old friends, received, nevertheless, a monthly gratification of eight or ten thou-

sand francs, and that this munificence was long continued. Gratitude was soon obliterated in the bosom of that marshal: I have positive reasons for saying so.

No doubt the Emperor made reflections upon Marshal Oudinot, quite as bitter as those M. Las Cases has transmitted to us relative to Junot. Why, then, have they not been communicated to us? It would be odd if I could solve this problem. I was a few months ago working tapestry in my closet with the Comtesse d'Hautpoul, a name of some note in our literature; a lady advanced in years, but full of life and satire, and whose stories were most entertaining to listen to. A long pause had taken place in our conversation; it had been a very laughable one, and I was turning over in my mind a multitude of ridiculous anecdotes, every one more amusing than its predecessor, which she had been relating. My needle passed and repassed, while Madame d'Hautpoul sat upon a well-cushioned sofa looking at me, and swinging to and fro a neatly-dressed foot, about the size of that of a child six years old. Suddenly, winking at me, she exclaimed: "Will you not answer him?"—"Who?"—"Why, Las Cases, to be sure." We had not pronounced his name the whole evening; but we had spoken of him often enough for me perfectly to understand her. "Yes, undoubtedly I shall answer him," said I; "but do you understand this violent antipathy to my husband? Do you comprehend why he has sacrificed every truth relating to us, my husband and myself, rather than consecrate to us an entire chapter bearing our name? What sort of man is he? Do you know him?"—"Yes, certainly; but how is it that you do not?"—"Consider, my dear, there were a hundred chamberlains; surely it was the most natural thing in the world that one of these planets of so inferior an order—a person who, by his own confession, notwithstanding his excessive vanity, was unknown to any one at the palace—should be personally unknown to me; but this only makes me wonder the more at his animosity against Junot."—"But, my dear child, he was a long time your neighbour in the country."—"He, Mon-

sieur de Las Cases? and where?"—"At Bièvre. Was not Madame de Montesson your neighbour at the great *château* of Bièvre?"—"Yes, but she is not M. de Las Cases."—"Patience, we shall come to him by and by." And accordingly my friend opened her budget of anecdotes once more; and, in so doing, let me into all the mystery of the animosity of Las Cases towards Junot, to whom it would appear he had been the rival in the good graces of a certain English lady,[1] who had hired the *château* of Bièvre after Madame de Montesson. "So then," said I, "here is the explanation of our revelations from St. Helena;" and we relapsed into our respective contemplations, for which the few last words had furnished me with ample matter.

We were now in the month of May 1807, and the campaign proceeded brilliantly. The Emperor, supported by Marshals Lannes and Ney, had attacked Guttstadt, and entered the town after a terrible resistance. In this affair a ball, which just missed Napoleon's ear, passed so close that he felt its concussion: I trembled when Duroc related the circumstance, and he assured me that it was not an uncommon thing, for the Emperor was frequently exposed to great personal danger, and he gave me instances of his courage in battle which would have inspired me with admiration if I had not already felt it. Junot had always spoken of his conduct in the army of Italy in the same terms; but I considered the Emperor under a different character from that of the commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. I was mistaken; he was still the same individual; he knew mankind and how to lead them; and he knew that the influence of valour was the first essential in mastering the affections of the French people.

Battle succeeded to battle in Poland. That of Deppen followed the combat of Guttstadt, and was succeeded by that of Heilsberg, in which we lost a frightful number of

[1] Lady C. and M. Las Cases were very intimate while the latter was in England; they returned together to France. It was at this period that Las Cases entertained a violent jealousy towards Junot, which feeling seems to have accompanied him even to St. Helena.

troops, officers and generals in particular, a fact which usually indicates that the soldiers do not engage willingly. This murderous day gave us only the barren honour of conquering foot by foot the spot upon which we fought. Marshal Lannes, being near the Emperor in one of the most anxious moments of this day, remarked to Napoleon how great a change had taken place in the formation of the Russian order of battle, and how much use they made of their artillery; for in this engagement their batteries did great execution, and they maintained their position within their entrenchments. The Emperor replied in these remarkable words: "Yes, we are giving them lessons which will soon make them our masters."

The famous battle of Friedland followed in a few days. And here I must observe the immense difference between the two nations we had to fight. In twenty days Prussia was conquered. Russia was an adversary worthy our arms; and our almost uncertain victories had at least this advantage—that they had been honourably disputed. Friedland is but eight leagues from Preussisch-Eylau, where the great battle was fought on the 8th of February, that of Friedland took place on the 14th of June; during all of which time, signalised by innumerable combats, we had advanced only that short distance. The Russians even contested with us some victories to which we laid positive claim. They defended themselves, not indeed in the most scientific way, but like men determined to permit the invasion of their country only when the last soldier had fallen before the frontier. This is honour, this is true patriotism; and when, after an equally fine defence, we behold the conflagration of Moscow, it must be confessed that the Russian nation promises greatness.

This battle of Friedland was the more gratifying to Napoleon as at Eylau a great part of the glory remained to the enemy. He could not even say, "I have conquered!" for it is useless to conceal a well-known fact. But at Friedland, victory returned to her favourite, and was all his own. He stood upon an elevation from whence he could see all the movements of both armies, and the

success of his plans so exhilarated his spirits that his joy displayed itself in a gaiety of manner which he seemed unable to restrain, notwithstanding his disposition to preserve an attitude of royal dignity; and I have been assured by some friends who were with him throughout the day that he did and said a thousand ridiculous things: this cheerfulness of heart was the more striking to his officers, as the natural bent of his character was by no means gay. He was hungry, and asked for bread and Chambertin wine; "But I choose," said he, "to have the common bread of the country." And as he was standing in front of a mill he insisted that it should be brought to him at once. The people of the house hesitated, because the common bread of the Russian peasantry is made of bad rye-flour, full of long straws, and in all respects detestable. He, however, petulantly insisted upon having it, saying: "It is what the soldiers eat." Then with his pearly teeth he bit a piece of black bread that we should have rejected. But when the soldiers learned that their chief had eaten of their bread, and found it good, who among them would have dared to complain?

It was at Friedland that Victor, whom the soldiers called *Beau Soleil* (fine sun), first came into notice as commander-in-chief of a division of the army. Bernadotte, wounded in the engagement of Spandau the preceding week, had left his division under the command of Victor. But the general who principally contributed to the success of this day was Marshal Ney. "You can form no idea," Berthier wrote to the arch-chancellor, "of the brilliant courage of Marshal Ney; it appears fabulous in relation, and resembles only the time of chivalry. It is to him chiefly that we owe the success of this memorable day."

All the letters which Junot received spoke of this as one of the most terrible battles our troops had ever been engaged in. All the morning was passed in the most fearful carnage; but towards four o'clock in the afternoon the combat became so murderous, so desperately bloody, that the most determined were struck with horror. A battery of thirty pieces of cannon, commanded by General

Senarmont and erected in front of our columns, played upon the enemy, and ground their men like so many grains of corn under a millstone. The enemy, who had formed in close columns, seeing their masses broken by our fire, fled to the right bank of the Aller, and were pursued until long after sunset. This time the victory, the actual success, could not be doubtful; the Russian and Prussian bulletins acknowledged their immense loss. Nevertheless, in confessing their defeat, the Russians exhibited infinitely more dignity than at Austerlitz. The result of this battle was the almost total destruction of the Russian army, while in ours a division of the imperial guard was not even brought into action. It was one of the finest military achievements of Napoleon; he was brilliantly seconded, it is true, by Marshal Ney. But though the arm which executes is much in all operations, the skill lies in the head which forms the plan.

The ultimate consequence of the victory of Friedland was the peace of Tilsit, signed in the following month. Its first result was the capture of Königsberg by Marshal Soult two days after the battle. This second capital of Prussia contained immense magazines of all kinds; and in its ports were English, Russian, and Prussian vessels laden with arms, provisions, and colonial produce.

The pursuit continued without intermission. Murat overtook the Russians at Tilsit, where they burned the bridge as soon as their troops had crossed the Niemen, and they urgently begged for peace. Then it was that the famous interview between the two Emperors took place. The King of Prussia was of so little account in these conferences that nothing more was said of him than if he had been at Berlin. I have heard a number of inferior officers in our army express themselves with respect to his situation at Tilsit in terms that were painful to hear. To see a king—for in fact he was a king—following his conqueror with an eye of apprehension, fearing to speak, walking always behind the two other sovereigns, and thus, by his own conduct, placing himself in a subordinate rank, must always be distressing.

It was at the second meeting that the King of Prussia was introduced, and Napoleon the same day said to Duroc, whom he affectionately loved: "If I had seen William III. before the campaign of Jena, I should have had less uneasiness for its results. I know that he is your *protégé*, Duroc, but your friendship cannot give him the dignity of a king."

It is certainly a brilliant page in the history of Napoleon which relates this interview in a chamber supported by a raft, on a river at the extremity of Poland, almost in the dominions of Peter the Great, between the grandson of that extraordinary man and him, the son of his own actions; him, who had belonged but two years to the college of kings, but before whose little hat all its members trembled. There he was, with all his glory, surrounded by his victories as by a triumphal court, with France always by his side, that France whom he had made great, powerful, and respected. The Emperor had determined to conquer in every fashion in this Polish campaign. It entered into his political plans to conquer the Emperor Alexander, and he accomplished his purpose with irresistible grace. He possessed, when he chose to display it, a fascinating charm from which there was no escape; and he exercised this ascendency nobly,—not by caresses and advances unworthy of the majesty of his crown, but by a glance, a smile; all the fire of heaven was in the one, all its mildness in the other. "On our meeting at Tilsit," said the Emperor Alexander to me when I had the honour of receiving His Majesty at my house in 1814, "I stepped upon the raft, quite determined to sustain my dignity in my deportment towards the man whose treatment of the King of Prussia was, in my opinion, violently unjust. I intended to do much for my unfortunate friend, and much also for my own people; but scarcely had I seen Napoleon, scarcely had he spoken, before I was overcome."

The Queen of Prussia is an instance of the power of circumstances in forming the female character. It is impossible for a woman to exhibit more moral courage

than did this unfortunate queen during the few days of her residence at Tilsit. She must have suffered every kind of torture at that period. She was firm and resolute in her will, and possessed all the virtues that adorn the sovereign dignity. She did not like the Emperor Napoleon, who certainly gave her legitimate cause of aversion, especially at Tilsit. Who cannot understand the resentment of a beautiful and still young woman who endeavours to please and finds her overtures repulsed? The Emperor proved on this occasion how much he was master of himself in his intercourse with women, and how light he made of their attacks. The Empress Josephine has related very remarkable traits of direct advances on the one part, and of firm reserve on the other. He one day took from a porcelain vase a rose of exquisite beauty, which he presented to the Queen of Prussia. "This gift would be of inestimable value," said she to him, "if you would join to it what justice demands, that you should restore to an orphan, from whom you are wresting it, his inheritance." But what must have been seen to be appreciated, as a spectator afterwards informed me, was the expression of the stolen glance and the supplicating smile. Napoleon smiled also, but not with his usual soft and gracious smile, and answered the queen with an air of cold politeness: "Your Majesty knows my intentions. I have communicated them to the Emperor Alexander, because, as mediator between us, he has been pleased to undertake to impart them to the king, and they are unalterable. I cannot conceal from you, Madame, that what I have done has been done for the sake of the Emperor of Russia." The queen turned pale; Napoleon's language was certainly too harsh: in refusing the gentle yoke she offered him he might have spared those spasms of the heart which often produce more pain than a deeper wound. Her fate was lamentable: half the dominions of the King of Prussia were taken from him; the penalty of retaliation was inflicted on the descendants of Frederick; all the Polish territory so basely seized from that brave Republic was required to be resigned. Warsaw was delivered over

to Saxony; Dantzic declared a free town. The Emperor Alexander, who could refuse nothing to his *well-beloved brother*—this was the formula under which the letters of the two Emperors to each other were at this time addressed—offered his mediation between France and England; recognised the Confederation of the Rhine and the kingdom of Italy; and, what is still more astonishing, acknowledged the three brothers of Napoleon as Kings of Naples, Holland, and Westphalia; the Czar even foresaw the wishes of his new ally.

My profound veneration for Napoleon, the religious worship I have vowed to his memory, do not prevent my judging impartially the faults which he committed, and which, much more than the continental coalition, were the true causes of his downfall. I have therefore no prejudice to blind me to his great mistake in failing to re-establish the throne of Poland; which he might the more easily have effected, as he had in his own army the man whom he could with the greatest confidence have named King of Poland. This was the Prince Joseph Poniatowski, nephew of the last king, handsome, brave, enterprising, and determined, as he himself once assured me, to undertake everything for the liberation of unhappy Poland. I know, however, that Napoleon had for some time a fancy for giving another king to Poland in the person of his brother-in-law Murat, who passionately desired this crown; he imagined that because he could wield his sabre elegantly, and had worn feathers during the campaign to the value of thirty millions of francs, he ought to be King of Poland.

The Queen of Prussia's beauty was celebrated; Duroc considered her the prettiest woman he had ever seen. The Emperor was not of the same opinion, and when I heard him speak of the beautiful queen it was by no means in terms of admiration. He acknowledged that she was handsome, only *she did not suit his taste:* the expression of her countenance, he said, was too lofty and severe. He would not take her situation into consideration, nor admit that the Queen of Prussia, despoiled of her

dominions, and appearing before him in the character of a petitioner, ought at least to assume a respectable attitude. I have known Prussians belonging to her establishment who adored her; I have everywhere met with universal suffrages in her favour from those who had opportunities of knowing her real character; and those bulletins which were directed against a beautiful and virtuous woman have always given me pain. I have professed not to attempt excusing the Emperor's faults, and this is certainly one of them.

The unfortunate King of Prussia lost by the treaty of Tilsit four millions and a half of the ten millions of subjects he possessed before the battle of Jena. He was compelled to open military roads into the heart of his remaining possessions, all of which, Napoleon continually repeated, were restored to him only at the intercession of the Emperor of Russia. These dominions formed a long parallelogram, extending a hundred and eighty leagues upon the coast of the Baltic, while its utmost breadth did not exceed forty leagues. The prohibition of English commodities was stipulated with the utmost rigour; a sentence of death to Prussia, whose heaths and sands, bathed by the waves of the Baltic, lost thereby all hopes of fertilisation through the medium of maritime commerce. Prussia signed the treaty of Tilsit; she did more, she shared the Emperor's resentment against England, and the continental system acquired in her, at least apparently, a courageous and devoted supporter. I believe that modern history offers no similar example of humiliation; but the conduct of the Prussians towards us in 1792 was so unworthy that I acknowledge I can feel no pity for misfortunes provoked by vanity and fairly retaliated. Driven like timid deer from the defiles of Thuringia to the borders of the Vistula, the Prussians lost their reputation as a warlike, even as a brave people; the glory of the great Frederick and of his brother Prince Henry appears as a meteor in their history.

All the military operations upon which I have touched in this volume are reported from letters addressed to

Junot, and now in my possession. Happily they escaped the grasp of the Duke of Rovigo when, by the order of the Emperor (an order which the Emperor subsequently disowned), he came to my house in my absence to take away His Majesty's private letters; and when, in fulfilment of that order, he broke the seals which, in the absence of the mother, the legal and natural guardian, had been affixed upon private chambers, and forced open the secret lock of an iron chest, the depository of articles of value. The Emperor had, it is true, ordered the restoration of his letters, but they were safe in this chest under the security of seals, affixed as usual to all cabinets, drawers, and other depositories of papers and valuables after death, before the succession to property is established.

CHAPTER VI.

The Emperor's return to Paris—Conduct of the Emperor's sisters—Painful Interview between the Emperor and Junot—The red livery—Murat and Junot—Duel forbidden by the Emperor—Reconciliation between Junot and Napoleon—Cardinal Maury—Corneille and Racine—The Emperor's judgment—Christmas revels at Marmont's, and mass at St. Roche—Napoleon's adventure in the gardens of the Tuileries—*Fête* at the Hôtel de Ville—Junot appointed commander of the Gironde—Parting interview with the Emperor—Junot's unhappiness—Kingdom of Westphalia erected—Suppression of the tribunate—Career of conquest—Bombardment of Copenhagen—Proclamation.

THE Emperor, on his return to Paris, was received with as much joy as when he came from Marengo. He felt how much he was beloved by France, and was conscious of deserving it. Acclamations and harangues were not spared, and addresses poured in from all quarters of the kingdom. Adulation did not prompt these addresses. They were the expression of the enthusiasm of France—an enthusiasm amounting to delirium, and which Napoleon rejoiced to accept. The Emperor returned to Paris about the end of July 1807, and this event produced results very important to my family. I had long foreseen them, but unhappily had no power of prevention. I loved Junot, but I had not reproached him on account of his connection with the Grand Duchess of Berg, because I never considered it criminal. I saw, however, the course he was running, and the end to which it would inevitably lead. The Emperor had a peculiar mode of thinking relative to his sisters, which led him to exact from them the strictest propriety in their conduct; and he believed it to be true that none of the princesses had ever given occasion for the slightest reflection upon their reputations.

Up to this period it had been a matter of indifference to Fouché, and to another whom I will not name because he is living, whether the Emperor's sisters caused the world to talk of them or not—whether M. le Comte de Fl——, M. de C——, etc., compromised these ladies, or were compromised by them. The princesses were gracious to Savary, Fouché, and others, and the Emperor was the only person who remained in ignorance of what all the world knew. He thought that the Princess Pauline was an inconsistent beauty; wearing a pretty ball-dress in disobedience to Corvisart, and only guilty of not keeping the house when ordered by her physician. Hitherto these ladies had never been betrayed by the superintending authorities; but when it became known that a man they did not like might be ruined by a direct accusation, this complaisance ceased. Alas, I had long foreseen it!

When the Emperor arrived at Paris the storm had already gathered. The clouds had been collecting in Poland. The Emperor had received written intimations that Junot was compromising the Grand Duchess of Berg; that his livery was seen at unsuitable hours in the court of the Elysée, and that numerous corroborating circumstances might be adduced. It was one of Junot's comrades, still living, who preferred this accusation. Napoleon's heart was wounded by this news, and when Junot presented himself before him on his return he met with a stern reception and constrained language. Junot's fiery spirit could not endure the Emperor's coldness; and he asked an audience. It was immediately granted, and was stormy. The Emperor accused him without reserve, and Junot, sorely wounded, would not answer upon any point, asserting that the Emperor ought to depend upon his care for the honour of his name. "Sire!" he exclaimed; "when at Marseilles I loved the Princess Pauline, and you were upon the point of giving her to me — I loved her to distraction — yet what was my conduct? Was it not that of a man of honour? I am not changed since that period; I am still equally devoted to you and yours. Sire, your mistrust is injurious to

me." The Emperor listened, watching him meanwhile with marked attention; then walked the room in silence, with his arms crossed and a menacing brow. "I am willing to believe all that you say," at length he replied; "but you are not the less guilty of imprudence, and imprudence in your situation towards my sister, amounts to a fault, if not to worse. Why, for example, does the Grand Duchess occupy your boxes at the theatres? Why does she go thither in your carriage? Hey! M. Junot! you are surprised that I should be so well acquainted with your affairs and those of that little fool Madame Murat."

Junot was confounded at finding that the Emperor had been informed of this circumstance, which, nevertheless, was sufficiently important, considering the relative situation of the two personages, to fix the attention not only of the police, but of the public; nothing but the infatuation, which so often blinds those who are entering upon the career of ruin, could have caused his astonishment at the natural consequences which had followed his conduct. "Yes," continued the Emperor, "I know all that and many other facts which I am willing to look upon as imprudences only; but in which also I see serious faults on your part. Once more, why this carriage with your livery? Your livery should not be seen at two o'clock in the morning in the courtyard of the Grand Duchess of Berg. *You, Junot! You* compromise my sister!" And Napoleon fell into a chair.

Before proceeding further I wish to explain the motives which have induced me to raise the veil which with my own hand I have thrown over the private life of Junot. All the other connections which he formed acted only upon my own happiness, and in no way upon his destiny. Here the case was totally different. I do not hesitate to ascribe all my husband's misfortunes, and even his death, to his unhappy entanglement with the Queen of Naples. I do not charge this connection with real criminality; I even believe that there was only the appearance of it; but the suspicious appearances which

really did exist, led to the most fatal consequences: they kindled the lion's wrath. Subsequently, circumstances produced an eruption of the long smothered volcano, and the tempest burst forth. It is on this account (of its political and direct influence upon my husband's life and fortunes), that I have determined to write what follows, this sort of preface being essential to the understanding of the events which took place in Russia in 1812, and to the tragedy which closed them in 1813. A family bereft of its head, children made orphans, an illustrious name assailed, are sufficient grounds for conferring on my history all the solemnity it merits, and preserving it from the insignificance of an amorous intrigue. I shall entertain my readers neither with jealous passions nor with romantic sorrows; it is facts alone that I shall record.

At present my readers must return with me to the Tuileries, to the closet of Napoleon, and there see him, not alone, but in company with those who poisoned his life by their daily, nay, hourly reports. It was not Lannes, it was not Bessières, it was not Masséna, it was not even Soult, for I must do him justice, though, for what reason I know not, he does not like me; neither was it Duroc, notwithstanding all that has been said again and again upon the subject of his police of the interior of the palace; neither was it Junot, notwithstanding the quantity of reports which he received daily as *active* Governor of Paris, a personage who no longer exists except in memory; it was none of these men: they had certain notions of honour which would have made them feel an antipathy to the said honour itself, if it assumed such a character of baseness; neither was it Rapp, with his rough exterior but noble soul, who would thus have betrayed the secret of a comrade's heart to soil twenty pages of a scandalous report, which was destined to serve no useful end or political interest, but simply for a moment to engage the curiosity of the Emperor, whose singular turn of mind on these subjects led him to take a real pleasure in knowing how many grains of salt I, and all other persons, might strew upon a buttered muffin.

The men who played this odious part are well known, and universal contempt has amply recompensed their infamous conduct. Two in particular bore upon their forehead an index for public opinion. The one is dead, and as a Christian I have forgiven him all the evil he did to Junot; but as a widow and mother I have not forgiven him the irreparable wrong which the father of my children suffered from him. The other, as guilty, is not yet gone to give an account of his conduct as a man and a citizen before the tribunal of his Maker. He not only lives, but he still injures; he menaces, he acts, he is influential in evil. Such were the men who filled the poisoned cup which the Emperor compelled his oldest friend to drink! The Emperor's ignorance respecting the real conduct of his sisters is inconceivable, for his eagle eye penetrated many other mysteries. Fouché, Junot, Duroc, and Dubois, the four persons in whose hands all the State police of Paris and France was vested, were silent upon what they knew on this subject, because it would have distressed the Emperor; none of them was willing to do this. It came to his knowledge at last, but clandestinely, and through a channel so unusual that he placed but little confidence in the rumour, which he attributed to the imprudence of young women, and said to Madame Mère: "*Le diable!* Signora Letiza, why do you not reprimand your daughters, and warn them against committing themselves with a tribe of young fops. Let them dance with the officers of my guard; they are brave men at least, if they are not handsome."

I shall not undertake to answer all the calumnies which have been attempted to be fastened upon the family connections of the Emperor. It is sufficient to have lived in intimacy with Napoleon to know his mode of thinking upon matters of morality; my blood boils when I hear him accused of *corruption*. A scene at Malmaison, recorded in a former part of these Memoirs, will perhaps be brought in evidence against me. I answer by referring to the scene itself. Napoleon employed no manœuvres to induce me to accede. Had I yielded to

his will he would have despised me, for the wife of his friend, failing in duty to her husband through the allurements of the sovereign, would have appeared infamous in his eyes.

Napoleon was not informed of the indiscretions of one of his sisters until the time of the Portuguese war; and the man who was accused of causing them was almost exiled to Junot's staff. I know that those who chose to turn everything into ridicule will assert that it is impossible. It is a fact, however; and suspicion once infused into such a mind as his, everything became speedily known to him. Still he would have remained ignorant of the adventures of Messieurs de Septeuil and de Canouville if the histories of the horse and pelisse, and of the explanation, had not come to enlighten him—but all these circumstances belong to the year 1810.

Junot's indiscretion, then, was the first which reached the Emperor's ear, and, as I have shown, it violently irritated him. "Suppose," said he, walking up and down the room, "Murat should become acquainted with all these fine stories of the chase at Raincy, the theatres, and your carriage and livery." It seems that the carriage and livery offended him most highly. Junot attempted to excuse himself by observing upon the brilliancy of that of the Grand Duchess; the Emperor stamped with violence, and looked at him for some time without speaking; at length he said in a voice of severity and an interrogative tone: "And what colour are your liveries, then?" Junot cast down his eyes and said nothing. The fact is, that the colour of our livery was precisely the same as that of the Grand Duchess; the difference was in the trimming and lace, the Grand Duchess's being turned up with white and gold lace, ours with yellow and silver; the coat of amaranth cloth was of precisely the same shade in both. This similarity was, in truth, the will of the Grand Duchess; I always thought that it was to serve some political purpose, and now I found my suspicions proved.

"Yes!" said the Emperor, still pacing the room, "if

Murat had learned all that I have been repeating, what would he say? What would he do? You would have had a terrible storm to encounter!" Junot's countenance instantly changed; at length, recovering all his energy, he made two steps towards Napoleon, and said firmly: "If Murat should believe himself offended, it is not so long since we were on equal terms, both on the field of battle and elsewhere, but that I should be ready to give him all the satisfaction he could wish for. Though the Cossacks may be afraid of him, I am not quite so easily frightened, and this time I should fight with pistols."—"Ah! truly," cried the Emperor, with admirable *naïveté*, "that is precisely what I feared;" and then he added in a gentle tone: "But I have settled all that, I have spoken to him and all is right."—"Sire, I thank you; but I must observe to your Majesty that I cannot consent to an accommodation being contrived between the Grand Duke of Berg and myself; if he believes himself offended, which I deny that he has any right to be, he can easily find me; my hotel is very near the Elysée."—"Yes, yes," said the Emperor, "much too near; and *à propos* of that, what is the meaning of the frequent visits my sister has been making to your wife?"—"Sire, my wife is much indisposed with her pregnancy, and cannot go out without great care. Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess has done her the favour to come and see her two or three times this spring, which is the amount of the numerous visits that have been reported to your Majesty."—"That is not true," replied the Emperor, taking a great letter from a drawer near him, and looking it entirely through, while his brow became more and more contracted. Junot cast a momentary glance upon the letter and recognised the writing. "I beg your Majesty's pardon, but if you condemn your sister and your oldest friend and most faithful servant upon the accusations of the writer of that letter, I cannot believe you impartial."

Napoleon seemed surprised, but made no objection to this observation; an almost imperceptible smile seemed to agitate his lip, and Junot proceeded: "Besides, Sire,

this is not a letter, for he was with your Majesty; it is, therefore, *a report, a report of his police*, copied by him! Oh! it must be a beautiful production! He ought at least to have respected your Majesty's sister; but there are very efficacious means of teaching people circumspection and politeness; and I shall employ them with him." —"Junot," exclaimed the Emperor, "I forbid you to fight S——." Junot smiled contemptuously. "You have suspected me, you have accused me of treachery, Sire; I cannot ask satisfaction of you for this; I must then go and demand it of him who has caused me all this pain, and, by Heaven! I will. If, afterwards, Murat has any commands for me, I am at his service; unless, indeed, this paltry fellow should send a ball through my head, which is possible, for I have known very indifferent soldiers kill a brave man. But if I come out of this affair safe and sound I shall be ready to attend the Grand Duke of Berg." Napoleon rose impetuously, and coming to Junot, who was leaning against the mantelpiece, took him hastily by the hand, and turning him sharply towards himself, said to him in a loud and agitated tone: "Once more I command you to keep the peace! Neither S—— nor Murat; I will not permit you to fight either with the one or the other." Then drawing nearer to Junot and again taking his hand, he pressed it affectionately, saying: "Come, promise your old friend."

With Napoleon such moments were fugitive, but they were triumphant; he never failed to come off conqueror on such an occasion. There was an irresistible charm in his look and in his voice which was sure to overcome the most peremptory resolution. Junot felt his anger giving way under their powerful influence; he clasped the Emperor's hand, and pressed it to his heart, which beat violently; and the Emperor, on feeling its agitated pulsation, also experienced a moment of indefinable but visible emotion; nevertheless he overcame it, gently withdrew his hand, passed it through Junot's thick light hair, and tapping his head, said with his melodious voice, which vibrated like an Æolian cord: "Promise me to be reason-

able, wrong-head, and come to me again, I have more to say to you." This conversation had lasted an hour and a half. The waiting-room was full of persons all upon the watch to learn the result of this long conference. One man in particular wished it shorter. He knew the Emperor, and he knew that very long audiences were never accorded to men about to fall under his displeasure; and Junot's countenance, when he at last came out, confirmed his opinion. Junot passed within two paces of him, but affected not to see him: "For I could not have avoided telling him my opinion of his conduct," said Junot to me when we were in Spain eighteen months afterwards, and more united than ever, conversing confidentially upon this period of his life, of which he revealed to me the most minute circumstances. "I perhaps ought to have done so," added he; "for that man is one of those serpents who bite the more fatally when the victim is quiet."

Two days after this conversation, one morning, I was alone in my study,—a very retired apartment at the extremity of the house, into which I admitted no one but my most intimate acquaintances,—when His Eminence Cardinal Maury was announced. I knew this celebrated man thoroughly, as during seven years he came to my house every day, without exception, at seven o'clock punctually, and left at ten; but strange to say, I never could reckon him among my friends. He possessed, however, or at least I presume he possessed, all the qualities requisite in a friend, and I believe he was willing to be mine. But confidence is not to be commanded, and his unconciliating manners were, I believe, the primary cause of this repulsion.

Cardinal Maury, better known perhaps as the Abbé Maury, returned to France in 1806. The frontiers had been reopened to him in consequence of a letter written by him to the Emperor, which was in all respects unsuitable to both parties, as being addressed only to power; its eloquence was tarnished by a strain of base servility. On arriving at Paris the *Abbé* Maury perceived all that the *Cardinal* had lost in the respect of the noble Faubourg,

and found himself received with cold politeness in houses where he had been accustomed to meet with attachment. Notwithstanding his extraordinary eloquence, the Abbé Maury had been, before the Revolution, what he was in proscription, what he continued under the empire, a man of talent rather than a man of sense, and a curate of the time of the League rather than an abbé of the reign of Louis XV. His figure was in the highest degree disagreeable. An enormous square head presented a bald forehead of immense capacity, surrounded by that tuft of hair which the country abbés and the curates of villages formerly had made by their *perruquier*; his eyes were remarkably small, and, except at the moment of speaking, when they were animated, were unexpressive; his nose was almost sunk in two immense masses of flesh, across which Nature placed a prodigious horizontal aperture, which the two ears only seemed to prevent from making the tour of the head; his small teeth were all shaped like the incisors, a peculiarity which must have been extremely useful to His Eminence, who devoured an enormous quantity of food; his manners at table were altogether revolting.

Notwithstanding his profound veneration for power, the cardinal sometimes discussed (he did not dispute) literary subjects with the Emperor. Napoleon highly esteemed Corneille. He supported Racine, but he admired and loved Corneille, which I can perfectly comprehend, because I feel with him. But the cardinal, to my great surprise, was not of the same mind. The Emperor one day said to him: "How is it that you do not like Corneille?"

"Sire," replied the cardinal, "I admire Corneille, but I like Racine."—"And I accuse your Racine of affectation in all his love scenes," said the Emperor, "for love he must have in his plays; it is as essential to the piece as a prompter to the actors. None but young people can possibly like Racine. And how, *diable*, can you, Monsieur le Cardinal, at your age, set up for the champion of Racine, the ladies' poet? Give me Corneille: he is the man who knew the world."—"And how should he come by his knowledge, when he saw no one?"

The Emperor cast a contemptuous look at the cardinal, as if he now measured him for the first time. "That is precisely why I maintain that Corneille is a great man. At a distance from the court, from intrigues, and from business, he guessed, as it were, the true situation of empires, sovereigns, and people. The great Condé, on seeing some piece of Corneille's represented—I believe it was Sertorius—exclaimed: 'Where did Corneille learn the art of war?' And I say," added the Emperor, "that for Corneille's fine tragedies to be justly appreciated, the audience should be composed of kings, ministers, and great functionaries."

In fact Napoleon was formed to understand the genius of a man whose principal talent lay in generalising his ideas, in reducing them to political maxims, and in expressing them in poetry which often rises to the sublime. On another occasion the Emperor said to the cardinal: "If Corneille had been living in my time, I should have made him a prince!"—"And why not a minister, if he was so clever?" said the cardinal with sufficient sharpness and a half smile."—"No," replied the Emperor drily; "I have had experience that the best composer of phrases may make the worst man of business. The coadjutor could make good speeches, but he would have been a bad minister; and Mazarin, of whom he spoke ill, would not have liked him for a secretary. He was a marplot and a caviller" (*ergoteur*). This latter word the Emperor frequently applied to persons who spoke and disputed much.

Junot and I had dined one Christmas at Marshal Marmont's, who with his wife and Lavalette formed the remainder of the party. We were all the best friends possible, and happy in finding ourselves together. The evening passed quickly away in the little room at the extremity of the Duchess of Ragusa's apartment, which already at that time was her favourite reception-room for her most intimate friends. We chatted, laughed, played Christmas games, and thought that eleven o'clock had arrived too soon, when my carriage was announced.

"Faith," said Junot to Marmont, "arrange your matters as you like, I do not stir from hence; I am very comfortable, and here I shall stay."

"You are quite right," said Marmont, "stay, and I will give you a supper; we will have a Christmas revel."

"Yes! yes!" cried Junot and Lavalette together; "we will have a revel; come Marmont, a Christmas revel."

General Marmont was then what he always has been and what he still is, a brave and good-natured man. He was attached to Junot and Lavalette as if they were brothers, and he smiled at their youthful spirits, but his smile was melancholy: it seemed as if he even then saw into a futurity of unhappiness. He laughed as if he was unacquainted with joy.

Lavalette made a leap, and exclaimed: "Ah! but we must complete the day, we must go to the midnight mass. For my part I was so young when I was last there that I do not very distinctly remember it; these ladies have never seen it (which was true), so let us go to the midnight mass."

"Yes! yes!" said Madame Marmont and I, "let us go; but to what church? shall it be to that of the Rue Montmartre?"

"No," said Junot, "it must be to St. Roche or St. Sulpice."

"St. Sulpice is too far off."

"To St. Roche, then."

Though I had not dressed very gaily to dine with Madame Marmont, with whom at the time I was very intimate, I had on a rich silk gown with a half train, and dress cap trimmed with flowers. It was impossible to go to a midnight mass in such an attire: my horses were in waiting and I proposed going home first.

"No! no!" said Madame Marmont; "such a proceeding would mar our night's pleasure! Stay here: I will lend you a wrapping cloak; we will pin up your gown, and under the cloak no one will see it; then one of my bonnets will be a very good substitute for your smart cap."

No sooner said than done. But we never thought of

the burlesque figure I should appear in a cloak much too short for me, and rendered still shorter by the immense folds of my trained gown of very stout silk wrapped round my person. We burst into wild fits of laughter in getting into the carriages, we laughed as we rode along, and we laughed as we alighted; and sure I am, that the church of St. Roche did not that night contain five other individuals as merry and as happy as we then were. Lavalette, who was alone, because I had taken Marmont's arm, and Madame Marmont had Junot's, personated the beadle and marched before us, uttering a thousand follies, which though they were a little misplaced made us laugh till our eyes watered. Suddenly, as we were passing round a pillar somewhat darker than the rest of the church, two men passed us, dressed in greatcoats closely buttoned and round hats drawn very much over their foreheads.

"When people come into a church, they should behave as becomes a holy place," said a low but well-known voice close to us.

It was the Emperor!

An instantaneous stop was put to our mirth. Lavalette, who had been cut short in the midst of a miraculous history of St. Hermenegild, was the first to recover himself; he declared that it was not the Emperor, because he saw that this apparition tormented me; but it was himself. I had recognised, beyond the possibility of mistake, that countenance, like to no other when he wore a round hat:—it was himself. And the effect produced by his unexpected presence, upon men who though little susceptible of any other species of fear, above all things feared to displease him, was never more conspicuous. It did not, however, prevent our revel, or prevent our enjoying it in gaiety of heart.

At this day, what reflections arise from reviewing the wild gaiety of those times for ever gone by!—We were five—only five; all young, rich, happy; fortunate seemingly to an extent that might defy fate!—And where now are these favourites of fortune?—Junot is dead—and how!

—Lavalette, after enduring for two years all the miseries which imagination could heap upon a human being, has followed him.—Marmont is not dead; but of what avail is such a life as that which he lingers out in exile, without a hope of returning to his country which rejects him.—And his unfortunate wife! I pity her from my soul! She repulses friendship, may she at least accept the pity of a heart which knows how to sympathise and love; and I remain to complete the list of these five persons whom twenty years have sufficed to sweep from the scene of their former joys, whence they have disappeared at the breath of Heaven, leaving behind them only the traces of the most terrible misfortunes, the links of existence dissevered, and the future prospects blasted even of infants while at the breast. And I have the melancholy honour of asserting that of the five I am the most to be pitied; what they have witnessed, I have witnessed; what they have suffered, I have suffered; and much more—yet I still live!

This mania for going the rounds of Paris, à la Caliph Haroun Alraschid, sometimes furnished Napoleon with some gratifying adventures, one of which befell him on the 15th of August after his return from Poland. To appreciate the excessive enthusiasm which then pervaded the nation, the triumphs he had achieved, and which were at this moment at their climax, must be considered. The sentiment which was entertained for him was a delirium of attachment founded upon his glorious deeds; it had nothing in it of superstitious devotion to his station, it was personal to himself.

On the evening, then, of this anniversary of his birth, the terrace of the palace, on which in those happy times every one was at liberty to walk, was occupied by a dense crowd almost too closely packed for moving, and this crowd neither listened to the concert that was provided for their gratification, nor cast a glance upon the million of variegated lamps which illuminated the gardens behind them. No; all eyes were directed towards two windows upon the ground-floor, in the hope of catching a momentary sight of their much beloved Emperor. Yes, he was

beloved! France did not then refuse him her gratitude, and in Paris especially the enthusiasm of the nation could be estimated. The cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* resounded through the blue arch, which was skirted by the bright line of light displayed from the mansions which lined the quays, and reflected the illumination of the imperial palace. Then was the luminous Cross of the Legion of Honour seen blazing in the sky, as if this symbol of French glory had been launched into the infinity of space by the hand of some celestial messenger. That insignia granted to the brave as the price of blood, to the learned as the reward of vigils of study, was not yet become so vulgar, that the men really elected by *the voice of honour and the country* should disdain to wear it, and its appearance was hailed with the universal shout of admiration and joy.

On the evening preceding this 15th of August the Emperor left his palace with his faithful Giaffar—with Duroc who never left him, and who yet feared that his vigilance might not be sufficiently active; his care was always awake, but the Emperor sometimes gave it the slip, as a young maiden would do a lover jealous as well as fond. Yet M. de Bourrienne has dared to write that Duroc did not love the Emperor! But why again express my anger against a work which proclaims in every page its author's ignorance, both of facts and persons?

"Your Majesty must be very happy," said the Grand Marshal to Napoleon, who, with his arms leaning upon the parapet of the water terrace, surveyed the whole extent of a line crowded like that which I have been just describing; "you have gone through immense fatigues, but the result is glorious; listen, Sire!"

At this moment innumerable voices rent the sky with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" And it was soon perceptible that a half-opened window on the ground floor had caused the general enthusiasm; some among the multitude had supposed they caught a sight of him. Napoleon smiled, and turning his eyes to the other side of the water, seemed again for a while absorbed in contemplation. Then point-

ing out to Duroc the Hotel de Besenval recently purchased by Marshal Ney:

"Is not that Ney's house?" said he; "it is a proper place for Michael Ney to occupy; by the side of honour, and opposite me. He is a brave fellow! and so is my son Eugène; and Mortier, and Bessières; and Berthier, who was there himself two years ago."

Then plunging amongst the sombre foliage of the shrubberies which surround the hotels of the Rue de Lille, his eye wet and his heart affected, he proceeded with a rapid step to the gardens of the Tuileries, and arrived there at the moment that new acclamations were rising in his honour. But his attention was immediately attracted by a child about five years old, beautiful as an angel, whose soft and melodious voice was shouting his joyful *Vive l'Empereur* as loudly as if he had been twenty years old, while his pretty little black velvet cap cut capers in the air; he was alone, but seemed quite insensible to fear.

The Emperor, astonished to see no one taking care of a child, who by his dress and manners belonged to a family in easy circumstances, made a sign to Duroc to speak to him.

"Who are you?" said the Grand Marshal to him, "and why are you here alone?"

The child made no answer, but fixed his large eyes upon his interrogator with an expression of curiosity, which seemed to say, And who are you who ask me these questions?

Duroc repeated his inquiries.

"My name is Gabriel," said the child at length; and the beautiful light ringlets that curled round his cherub face made him a good resemblance of his celestial patron. He looked again at Duroc, then dexterously escaping from his hand, ran to a few paces distance, again threw up his cap, and cried *Vive l'Empereur*, louder than ever.

This time Napoleon seized him, took him up in his arms, and looked at him with admiration. "Why," said he, "do you cry so loudly *Vive l'Empereur?*"

"Because I love the Emperor."

"Why do you love him?"

"Because papa tells me to love him. Papa loves the Emperor too, and I pray for him every morning and night."

Napoleon was strongly agitated; he set down the child, and told the Grand Marshal to interrogate him further. Duroc asked him why he was all alone.

"I am not alone," said the little cherub; and he pointed to a gentleman about forty years old, standing at a few paces distance, with a young woman hanging on his arm, who was *enceinte*, and who held by the hand a little girl, seemingly two years younger than Master Gabriel.

"Sir," said the Grand Marshal, saluting him politely, "I believe that fine child is your son?" And he pointed to the fair curly head which the Emperor's hand was caressing; but, unwilling to be recognised, he had turned his back to the party.

The father took off his hat, and answered with apparent uneasiness:

"Yes, sir, he is my son; I hope he has not been troublesome."

Duroc reassured him, and asked his name; upon which inquiry the father again expressed uneasiness respecting the conduct of his son.

"It is certainly your son who has excited my friend's curiosity and mine; we found him crying *Vive l'Empereur* with an enthusiasm——"

"Which is easily inspired in children, sir," interrupted the father, "when the parents feel it themselves.—I venerate, I adore, my beloved sovereign; and if my children wish for their father's blessing, they must love him as I do."

The Emperor came forward, holding his little friend by the hand; and having pulled his hat over his eyes to avoid recognition:

"Sir," said he to the father, "I presume you have served under Napoleon."

"No, sir, I do not belong to the army."

"Then your father did."

"No, sir, we are from Brittany; a good and loyal

province, to which the preceding Government have given but too much cause for taking up arms. But I have not borne them in our civil wars, for I could not endure to fight my countrymen. My father was an advocate belonging to the Parliament of Rennes, and he died in the exercise of the noblest duty of man—defending a victim of the ancient tyranny."

"And you would not revenge him?"

The countenance of the stranger instantly changed. "If I have revenged him, sir, it has been as he would have wished to be revenged; by causing, or at least aiding the triumph of the holy cause for which he died."

"You are an honourable man!" exclaimed the Emperor. "And how are you employed at present?"

"I am in the office of the minister of justice, sir."

"The chief of a division?"

"Oh no, sir, my place is of very small value. But we have few wants, and no extra wishes."

"Oh! as to that," said the wife, raising her finger in a playful menace to her husband,—"as to that, it is not quite true."

The husband laughed. "My wife is right, sir. I have one wish very ardent, and very imperious: it is to see the Emperor—that is to say, to speak to him. I have seen him sometimes at the parade, but that is scarcely seeing him, he passes like an *ignus fatuus;* then in the palace court the grenadiers of the guard treat you so roughly, that, faith, I have not yet been able to get a sight of our Emperor."

"And yet you love him?"

"Ah! sir, it cannot be necessary to see him in order to love him! It is sufficient to look around one—in our country for example. Our fields were ravaged, our villages burned, our towns sacked. All that now exists in memory only; Brittany is at peace. We have no Vendée there now; we shall have no more civil wars; for it is not under the reign of Napoleon that we shall see a renewal of the revolting abuses and iniquities which drove us to despair. He who has caused our walls to be rebuilt, and

our fields to be sown, will not suffer the cannon to destroy his own works. No, no; under him our beautiful France will long be happy. And therefore, sir, what my son has told you is true, we pray for him daily."

"And will you not give me your name, then?" said Napoleon, with a peculiar emphasis.

"Undoubtedly I will, sir," was the honest Breton's reply, and drawing a card from his pocket he gave it to Duroc; but it was visible that this desire to know his name caused him some uneasiness. Napoleon saluted him with his hand, and withdrew after again caressing the little Gabriel, whose engaging manners pleased him, and whose strongly expressed attachment to his person, at an age when sentiments are not developed, had excited his interest.

"Many such scenes in one night, and I should be a lost man," said the Emperor, smiling, but much affected. "Duroc, you must to-morrow make inquiries about this man."

His name was d'Alleaume, and he lived at Chaillot. Duroc made inquiries concerning him, and the answers were quite satisfactory. M. d'Alleaume was promoted to a superior situation in the office, but not till his rotation and length of service entitled him to it. He only obtained justice, and the certainty of not being overlooked by his accidental meeting with the Emperor.

"I should have been sorry if it had proved otherwise," said the Emperor, when Duroc related to him the result of his mission.

But no words can describe the ecstasies of this family, on learning that they had had Napoleon amongst them for a quarter of an hour, and that he had embraced their child! the little cap and coat which the boy wore on this memorable day were laid by in a wardrobe to be preserved as sacred relics, for Napoleon had touched them. The Emperor was godfather to the child of which Madame d'Alleaume was pregnant; it proved a girl, and was named Napoléonie: this is the only instance I have heard of the Emperor's name being so rendered. M. d'Alleaume died

in 1812; his wife married again and lives, or in 1818 did live, at Lyons.

The Emperor's return was the cause of many festivities. The city of Paris wished to express its joy in receiving him again, and invited him to a *fête*. He accepted the invitation, and the 15th of August was the day appointed. Preparations were made with great expedition. To have the means of conveniently accommodating sufficient numbers on such occasions, a banqueting-hall had been constructed in the great court of the Hôtel de Ville; the *fêtes* given there were always very splendid. Count Frochot, who was then Prefect of Paris, perfectly understood the art of superintending such fairy contrivances. Madame Frochot was not at Paris; all the ceremonial of the day, therefore, devolved upon me. I was six months advanced in my pregnancy, and the fatigue did not suit me at all; but it was not allowable to reason with the Emperor upon the possibility, more or less, of performing any task; if you could march, with him you must march. The heat was excessive and was extremely inconvenient; I was uncomfortable and out of humoûr, cause enough for making the finest day appear cloudy and the gayest *fête* dull.

Junot went to meet the Emperor, but M. Frochot and I received the Empress on the great steps of the Hôtel de Ville as she alighted from her carriage. I was at the head of twenty-four ladies representing by their husbands' names the commercial and banking interests of the capital. I had previously submitted a list of their names to the grand-marshal and grand-master of the ceremonies, and it had been by them laid before the Emperor, who one day made some loud complaints of this list, because two of the names represented the wives of two chamberlains. "Ladies who have been presented, I see often at the Tuileries," said he; "at the Hôtel de Ville I wish to see only Parisian faces. I wish to become acquainted with the city of Paris; do you understand that, Madame Junot?"

The Empress came late. The ceremonies of her reception were the same as on the preceding year. The

ball was opened by the Grand Duchess of Berg, the Princess Stephanie, Madame Lallemand, a lady of the palace, a city lady, the daughter or wife of one of the mayors, and myself. I cannot remember the partners of all these ladies, but I danced with the Grand Duke of Berg, or rather walked, for dreading an accident I dared not exert myself further.

One cause in particular had greatly contributed to damp my spirits on this occasion, so joyous to others, and in which certainly I was at the height of my feminine glory, and receiving flattery enough to have made me forget any circumstances less painful than those which at that moment were opening before me. Junot was about to quit Paris, in expiation of the fault he had committed in listening to gracious words and returning tender looks. He was appointed commander-in-chief of the army of observation of the Gironde, now assembling at Bordeaux and Bayonne.

I shall never forget the impression which the Emperor's order to go and assume the command of the army of the Gironde made upon Junot. "So then you exile me!" he said to Napoleon in a tone of affliction, which sensibly affected the Emperor; "you send me from Paris at the moment of your return to it. What more could you have done had I committed a crime?"—"You have not committed a crime, but you have erred. It is necessary that you should be absent for some time from Paris, to silence the reports which have long been current respecting my sister and you. I defy any human being to persist in spreading them when the confidential service with which I am investing you becomes known. You will correspond only with me; you will continue Governor of Paris. Come, my old friend . . . the marshal's baton is yonder." He held out his hand, which Junot seized, and wept like a child, still repeating: "And yet you remove me from you!"—"But I am at this moment in no danger," replied the Emperor, affected by Junot's emotion. "You will only lose a few *fêtes*, and you have had dancing enough in my absence. Come, my friend, take courage.

It is a noble mission that is imposed upon you. I was on the point of giving it to Lannes or Murat; then remembering that you had been deprived of your share of glory in the last campaign, I wished to make you amends. Believe me, the true reason of your appointment is my solicitude for your own honour."

When Junot repeated this conversation to me I did not remark to him what principally struck me, because in my opinion the Emperor was desirous of administering balm to the wound. How skilful he was! how well he knew the hearts of men! Junot had gone to him in despair, he left him comforted, and ready to shed the last drop of his blood to add one leaf to Napoleon's triumphal crown.

As soon as Junot had made up his mind to accept the command of the army of observation of the Gironde, the ultimate destination of which was at this period known only to himself, he hastened the preparations for his departure. I saw that he was unhappy, that he quitted Paris with extreme pain; and though he could not acknowledge to me the true cause of this sorrow, I guessed it, and pitied him; but I can never forgive her who was the cause of his disgrace (for disgrace it was to him, however gilded), and who had not greatness of mind sufficient to acknowledge that all the fault was on her side. I was afterwards made acquainted with every secret feeling of Junot's heart: of that noble heart which never conceived a deceitful thought or a malicious plan to destroy the innocent. I knew how generously he kept silence; and I shall follow his example in what concerns myself. But I owe it to his memory to unveil all the manœuvres which were put in practice to secure him in Murat's interests in the terrible hypothesis of a misfortune happening to the Emperor in one of his military absences —at least at that time it was only in this event that the proposition of acting was made; but when once it had become habitual to consider Murat seated upon Napoleon's chair, mounting his horse—Murat, in short, master of France—when once the absurdity of this possibility

should have disappeared by the custom of contemplating it, because there is nothing which the eye does not in the end find suitable from the long-continued habit of perseveringly looking upon it, then, at length, might have been said: "The enemy's ball has long delayed to strike . . . the hazards of war are very uncertain! and from this reflection to supplanting the indolence or slowness of the enemy's ball, the step is but short."

The marriage of Prince Jerome with a German princess was now much spoken of. There were Arch-Duchesses, but they were too young; there were Grand Duchesses, but their mothers would not give them to France, not even to its supreme chief; conjectures were numerous, but no certainty was obtained till the Emperor himself announced the approaching marriage of Prince Jerome with the Princess Catherine, daughter of the then reigning King of Wirtemberg. The dominions of Hesse, Cassel, Brunswick, Fulda, Paderborn, and the greatest part of Hanover, had just been united to compose the kingdom of Westphalia. It was pretty loudly said that the bridal pair were to reign over it, but the Emperor did not explain his intentions, and it did not answer to make guesses at them in his presence. But while the subjects of this new State were waiting a king of the Emperor's choice, he sent them a regency composed of the counsellors of state, Beugnot, Siméon, Jollivet, and General Joseph Lagrange.

Some sensation was excited in the interior of France at this time by the suppression of the tribunate, which the Emperor had felt to be a restraint upon him ever since the coronation. The repeated opposition of this body to his will, especially in respect to the legion of honour, and to the establishment of the Empire itself, had given him an antipathy to it; he never took such antipathies on slight grounds, but they were generally, as in the present instance, irrevocable sentences of death. Every time that the preparatory discussion of a new law was brought before the chamber of the tribunate, a host of difficulties arose, which always renewed the Emperor's dis-

content. The moment, then, that he thought himself strong enough to carry measures according to his will, he joyfully suppressed the tribunate; ordaining that in future the proposed laws should be discussed by three committees of finance, of administration, and of legislation, all taken from the legislative body. Another *senatus-consultum* of the same day made a great inroad upon the political rights of Frenchmen by decreeing that no one could be elected a deputy under the age of forty years.

The army, notwithstanding the Emperor's absence, continued its career of conquest. Marshal Brune took Stralsund by capitulation, and the island of Rugen fell into our hands. The King of Prussia closed the Baltic against English commerce; and England, so attacked, must soon have bowed before the iron will of Napoleon. It is a remarkable circumstance that the English, attacked on all sides, and abandoned by all, made no effort to relieve Gustavus, their only remaining ally, but suffered him to be overcome, while they abandoned themselves to internal intrigues, and to a cunning and sordid policy, the evidence of weakness. At this time England was weak, for the attack upon Copenhagen must not be considered as a proof of strength in her government. A really strong Government commits no act of baseness, and the bombardment of Copenhagen certainly was one, and equally impolitic.

Then appeared that proclamation, as it may be called, for it had nothing of the nature of a diplomatic note, in which Napoleon proscribed all connection, political or commercial, with England; he added in this state paper, one of those which most decisively announced his domineering will, that amongst the continental powers in alliance with him there was one which must be punished for its double alliance; he threatened the Prince Regent of Portugal with deposition, and from that moment his destiny was known.

A treaty of alliance immediately followed the bombardment of Copenhagen; the Danish king, in his wrath, would, I believe, have sold his people to obtain the means of vengeance. At the same time the Emperor Alexander,

for whom I acknowledge a great predilection, and whom I believe to have long acted honestly with us, proclaimed anew the famous armed neutrality, the masterpiece of Catherine's wisdom. He also issued a manifesto filled with wise reasons in justification of this measure. I shall always believe that the Emperor Alexander would long have been the sincere friend of France if Napoleon would have permitted him.

CHAPTER VII.

Letter from Duroc—The Princess of Wirtemberg expected at Raincy—Consternation—Preparations for the reception of Her Royal Highness—Her arrival—Her portrait—Dismissal of her German attendants—The royal breakfast—M. de Winzingerode—Stag-hunt in the park—The princess's dress—The dinner at Raincy—Her Royal Highness's request—Arrival of Prince Jerome—Recollections of Baltimore—Interview of Jerome Bonaparte with the Princess Catherine—Departure for Paris, and arrival at the Tuileries—Junot's distress—The Faubourg St. Germain—Invitation to a ball at the Hôtel de Luynes—My dress—Madame de Chevreuse—Madame de Balby.

IT was the 20th of August; Junot had made all his preparations for his journey, and was gone to dine with M. Lalligant, one of his friends, to whose child he and Madame de Caraman were to stand sponsors. The house was encumbered with chests and portmanteaux, the courtyard with baggage-waggons and carriages; everything announced the approaching departure of the master of the mansion: in fact, in two days Junot was about to set out for Bordeaux, the place of his immediate destination. I had superintended all that was to make the journey agreeable, and I was fatigued; but at nine o'clock, just as I was going to bed, my *valet-de-chambre* informed me that one of the Emperor's footmen was in waiting to deliver a letter to Junot from the Grand Marshal. I took the letter, which was endorsed, *The Grand Marshal of the Palace;* and beside this signature, in scarcely legible writing, were the words *in great haste;* the whole address was in Duroc's hand. I made two men mount on horseback, wrote a few words for each of them, and sent them in different directions to find Junot; but while they were in search of him he arrived. He had been to a certain

hotel, where had learned the purport of Duroc's letter, which was to the following effect :—

"The Princess-Royal of Wirtemberg, my dear Junot, will arrive at Raincy with her suite to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, and will rest there till seven in the evening. His Majesty has made this arrangement. Will you have the goodness to give orders that everything should be in readiness to receive her. I will send whatever you think requisite for her proper accommodation, and for the kitchen service.

"I renew my assurances of attachment to you.

"DUROC."

"20th—At six in the evening."

"Well!" said I to Junot, after reading it, "a pretty employment they are giving us to accomplish! it is much like one of the orders given to the Princess Graciosa by her tyrannical stepmother ; but the misfortune is, we have no Prince Percinet with his wand." Junot walked about with a look of care. I saw that I had done wrong in complaining, which would but increase his ill-humour, and going up to him with a smile, I said: "But standing there like the god Terminus will not forward this business that I am complaining of, and which, after all, is not worth talking about. It appears that Her Royal Highness is to spend the whole day with us at Raincy; it will be your affair to dispose matters so that she shall not be weary of us ; which is just possible, because neither the dogs nor the stags are packed up, so that you will be able to show her a hunt ; and if it should not be quite so agreeable to you as your chase by the light of flambeaux, the princess will understand that, with the best intentions in the world, it is only possible to give what one has. Come, answer Duroc ; or do you wish me to do it?" And I went to my desk. Junot looked at me, listened, and had the air of waking by degrees ; his fine countenance, to which gloom was not all becoming, cleared up, and at last became even cheerful. "Yes, answer him," he replied, embracing me slightly.

I wrote to Duroc that we were about to give the

necessary orders for the reception of Her Royal Highness, and that Junot and I returned thanks to the Emperor for giving us this new opportunity of proving our devotedness to him. I thanked Duroc for his offer of sending us all things necessary for the service, but added: "This would inconvenience rather than assist us; and I engage to be perfectly prepared for the reception of the princess at the hour appointed." I then sent for Rechaud. This Rechaud was a clever, and in our present dilemma a most important personage: he was, moreover, a thoroughly honest man, a qualification not often to be found combined with skill in his profession. He and his brother had been brought up in the kitchen of the Prince of Condé, and afterwards became so expert in cookery that they attained great celebrity in the gastronomic world. Rechaud had previously given me a specimen of his ability in the employment in which it was now wanted, by preparing in a few hours for the reception of the Marquis de la Romana at Raincy in great form. I explained the state of the present case, and he instantly understood all that was to be done. "Madame may set out for Raincy," he said with a *sang-froid* worthy of Vatel; "everything shall be ready at the time mentioned."

I knew Rechaud; and getting into my carriage, set out for Raincy without any anxiety, at ten o'clock at night, and in delightful weather. On reaching the mansion I found carts already arrived with provisions for the morrow. All night the road to Raincy was travelled over by goers and comers transporting thither whatever was needful, not simply for food but for luxury. The next morning, before I was up, Rechaud tapped at the door of the bath-room, where I had slept to leave my apartment for the use of the Princess of Wirtemberg, in case she should wish to retire to it upon her arrival; he came to tell me that everything was quite ready. Neither had I been idle in the department which fell under my superintendence; all the apartments were in perfect order for the reception of the princess and suite, even to the superb bath-room, which was prepared in case the princess should

choose to leave the dust of her journey in one of its fine marble basins. One thing teased me sadly: it was my curiosity to know why the princess, on arriving within four leagues of Paris, should be detained there a visitor to the governor of the city without daring to proceed. Junot pretty well knew both the Emperor's orders in this matter and his reasons for them. He did not choose that the Princess Royal of Wirtemberg should make such an entrance into Paris as the Duchess of Burgundy and her sister the fair Gabrielle of Savoy might have made; and when he found that the march of the princess had been so stupidly calculated, that she would arrive within sight of the barriers at ten o'clock in the morning, he determined that she should not pass them till eight in the evening, and that she should remain in the interim at some private villa which might be hired for the occasion. The Emperor was going to dismiss Duroc after having given him these orders, when he cried out suddenly: "Oh! *parbleu!*—Junot—Junot has Raincy—the princess must spend the day at Raincy. It is a charming place, and I hope she will think it a great deal more beautiful than the huge demi-Gothic castles of Suabia and Bavaria. Besides, Madame Junot knows how to speak to crowned heads. Then write to Junot that the Princess Catherine of Wirtemberg will pass to-morrow with him and his wife; his wife must go also, her pregnancy is no hindrance to that."

The princess arrived at Raincy exactly at nine o'clock, as had been announced. She possessed the German preciseness, even in its minutest details. I was impatient to become acquainted with the princess. Jerome's fate could not be indifferent to me; for I had loved him from childhood, and though he only had treated me with coldness at the death of my mother, I still continued very much attached to him. He had sworn to me when we met at breakfast in Estremadura, that he should never forget the mother of his son, her who had given him a paradise in a strange country. I involuntarily thought of that young victim, who was said to be so beautiful, and

who was so affectionate! who had had a child! but was that child to become an orphan? It was therefore with a strong prepossession against her that I approached the Princess of Wirtemberg with my welcome. She received me with perfect grace, perceived my situation at once, and assured me that if she had known that I was so far advanced in pregnancy she would have sent me a courier very early in the morning to desire me not to rise to receive her.

The Princess of Wirtemberg, at the time I am speaking of, was about nineteen or twenty years of age; she was handsome; the turn of her head gave her an expression of dignified pride which became her noble brow, and which would have been still more graceful had her neck, and indeed her whole figure, been something less short. She was not pretty in the general acceptation of the word, though all her features were good, but she seldom smiled, and the expression of her countenance wanted urbanity; it was, if not disagreeable, at least exceedingly haughty, and was dignified and serious, rather than pleasing and gracious; her head was too much sunk between her shoulders, though she held it as high as possible to lose nothing of her stature, which was low. At the moment I first saw her this characteristic haughtiness was more than usually conspicuous. At first this expression struck me as very disagreeable, notwithstanding her extreme politeness to myself; but in a few minutes I understood her feelings, and, far from blaming them, felt myself much interested in her situation. It was really a very painful one, and it was not for me, *a woman*, to be insensible to it. Two days previously the princess had been separated from all her German attendants. The Emperor, though he did not like Louis XIV., chose him for a model in matters of etiquette; and as he had isolated the foreign princesses who came into France, whether from the north, as in the case of the wife of his brother, or from the south, as the Duchess of Burgundy, so the Princess of Wirtemberg was separated from her German household, notwithstanding a species of resistance very natural in her situation.

This situation was not similar to that of all princesses quitting their own country to share a foreign throne; she was obliged at the same time to surmount the national prejudice so strongly rooted amongst the Germans against unequal alliances (and if the Emperor, surrounded by the halo of his glory, that dominating spell which commands admiration, might be excepted from the ban, it was not so with his brothers); and the bitter consideration that she was about to give her hand to a man who had already contracted a marriage, which gave to another woman still living the rights of wife and mother. This knowledge, sufficiently distressing to any one, must have been doubly so to a princess condemned to silence, constraint, and dissimulation, and to the concealment of her tears from new servants whose presence thus made the hours of retirement more heavy than those of public ceremonial. The Princess of Wirtemberg, then, was received on her entrance into the French territory by the court of honour which the Emperor had sent to meet her, and which was wholly taken from that of the Empress. Marshal Bessières had espoused the princess as proxy for the prince.

On the arrival of the princess at Raincy she was offered a bath in the elegant bathroom, but refused it, and seemed desirous to have an early breakfast. As I did not know what she might like, I had prepared two breakfast services, that she might take hers in her own apartment if she preferred it; but she declined, and even expressed a wish that all my inmates should breakfast with her, desiring me to invite them in her name. She seemed uneasy, as far as the impassibility of her countenance allowed me to judge, at the delay of her father's minister, M. de Winzingerode, who did not arrive until ten o'clock: he was a young man, tall, fair, without the smallest degree of expression in his eye, smile, or attitude; a perfect god Terminus: his wife, who was also expected, did not come, for some reason which I do not now recollect. The countenance of the princess, upon seeing the ambassador, immediately changed, which further convinced me that

my former observation of the constraint she had imposed upon herself was correct: it was clear she was in a state of great suffering; the unexpected removal of her German suite had depressed her, even to the injury of her health, which was manifestly affected.

Breakfast was over by half-past eleven o'clock; I asked the princess whether she would like to witness a stag-hunt in the park, and whether she would ride on horseback or in an open carriage. She chose the carriage, and having ordered two of those sort of basket sociables which are used by the ladies who follow the chase at Fontainebleau and Rambouillet, we set out to make the round of the forest of Bondy; then re-entering the park by the gate of Chelles, we were met by the huntsmen and hounds, and a young buck was turned out, which was almost immediately taken and very much maltreated by the dogs. The princess, who at first was serious, if not melancholy, became more cheerful as we rode, and at length seemed very well pleased. The heat being excessive, we returned to the house as the clock struck three, leaving, indeed, not more than time enough for the party to dress for dinner.

When the princess came into the drawing-room half an hour before dinner-time I felt some regret that no one had had the courage to recommend her a different style of dress. She was about to have a first interview with a man on whom was to depend the happiness of her future life, and whose youthful imagination, poetical as is natural to the natives of the south, could adorn an absent object with additional charms, while Madame Jerome Bonaparte, without the aid of imagination, was really a charming woman. As the Princess Catherine had made up her mind to give her hand to Prince Jerome, it was the more desirable that she should please him, as, notwithstanding his too ready submission to the will of Napoleon, it was certain he regretted his divorced wife, for Miss Patterson really was his wife, and it would have been politic to appear before him with all the advantages dress could bestow, while, on the contrary, hers was in inconceivably

bad taste for the year 1807. The gown was of white moire, but of a bluish white, which was out of fashion at the time, and trimmed in front with a very badly-worked silver embroidery, in a style which had also been forgotten: then the cut of the dress itself corresponded exactly with its trimming in point of novelty; it was a very tight frock, with a little train exactly resembling the round tail of the beaver, and tight flat sleeves, compressing the arm above the elbow like a bandage after blood-letting. Her shoes were so pointed that they seemed to belong to the era of King John. The hair was dressed in a similarly old-fashioned style, and was particularly unbecoming to a countenance of which not only the features were good, but the expression very striking. Her complexion was very fair and fresh, her hair light, her eyes blue, her teeth very white; all which, with a turn of the head at once gracious and dignified, gave her personal advantages which she seemed to despise by the total indifference with which she permitted those about her to take the entire management of her dress. She wore round her neck two rows of very fine pearls, to which was suspended the portrait of the prince set in diamonds; the size of the medallion having probably been left to the taste of the jeweller, he had made it of dimensions capable of carrying the greatest possible number of jewels, but certainly much too large to be ornamental, as it dangled from the neck of the princess, and bestowed heavy blows at every moment. Rank, however, goes for much in all cases, for Her Royal Highness, in this tasteless attire, entered the drawing-room of Raincy with the same majestic air which distinguished her at St. Cloud two months after, when she walked the gallery in a full court suit, embroidered by Lenormand, and made by Leroy, her hair dressed by Frederic or Charbonnier, and her neck ornamented by a magnificent necklace admirably set by Foncier or Nitot. Then her apparent indifference to such trifles proved what widely different subjects occupied her really superior mind in this, perhaps, the most important moment of her life.

By her own desire the ladies only were to dine with

her, and in consequence I ordered the dinner in the library, a large rotunda in the left wing of the mansion looking upon the park. We were six, including the princess and her three ladies, for Her Royal Highness was good enough to permit my friend Madame Lallemand to join our party, though she had not yet been presented.

A few moments before the dinner was announced I remarked that the princess was much agitated. I concluded that she had some wish which she felt unwilling to express to the strangers who surrounded her, and who, in a moment when above all others she stood in need of sympathy, would probably answer her only by a respectful smile or with perfect indifference. I therefore approached her, and without abruptly putting the question I led her on to speak to me with more confidence than she had yet done to any of the persons in her service. "Would it be possible," said she, "for me to have some minutes' notice previous to the prince's arrival?" She coloured highly as she finished these words. This emotion, which was certainly not the effect of love, must have been very painful; I appeared not to remark it, and congratulated myself on the facility with which I could gratify Her Royal Highness's wishes. Raincy is perhaps the only country-seat in the neighbourhood of Paris which would afford this convenience. Its avenue of poplars leading from the high road nearly to the grand entrance of the mansion is almost three furlongs in length. I mentioned the princess's wish to Junot, who thought with me that she was desirous of preparing her mind for an interview of which she had probably a painful anticipation. He immediately gave orders to M. de Grandsaigue to take his station at the end of the avenue nearest to the house, and the moment the prince's carriages should appear to bring me word. I informed the princess that her wishes should be attended to, and we sat down to table, while Junot entertained Marshal Bessières and the rest of Her Royal Highness's suite in the dining-room. The dinner was dull. I watched the movements of the princess, which were more hasty than in the morning; her cheeks were

highly flushed, and her absent manner betrayed an inward agitation, disguised by the dignity which she had been taught. We remained but a short time at table, when I had twice asked whether Her Royal Highness would like to take her coffee and ice in the park or in the great salon, she looked at me with the air of a person who hears without understanding, and said: "Eh?—Which you please."

At half-past six we retired to the salon, and the princess having asked me whether I had thought of her wishes, I went to inquire if Junot had taken care that his *vidette* was at his post. But finding that Junot, Bessières, and the rest of the gentlemen, relieved from their attendance by the wish of the princess, thought only of lengthening out the pleasures of a good dinner, and that the dining-room was sending out loud evidences of their joviality, I went myself to the Russian cottage, where poor M. de Grandsaigue was dining all alone, and pointing his opera-glass down the avenue. "Sister Anne, sister Anne!" I cried out to him from the lawn, for I was not in a condition to be very active,—"sister Anne, sister Anne! do you see anything coming?"—"I see, my Castellaine, only the grass that's growing, and the dust that's blowing," replied my gallant warder, with all the courtesy of one of Louis XV.'s musketeers, which had been taught by his father, who had belonged to that venerable troop. I also looked down the avenue and saw nothing. But at the moment I was about to return into the house a cloud of dust arose on the road to Paris, and presently several carriages entered the avenue. I then immediately went to give notice to the princess, who thanked me with a half-smile which was painful to witness. Her face assumed a deep scarlet hue, and her agitation for a moment was alarming; but it subsided, at least outwardly, and she quickly regained her self-command. She called Madame de Luçay to her, and probably gave her orders that her departure should immediately follow the interview; she then took her station in the salon where it was to take place. This salon, as

described in a former part of this volume, is divided into three parts, the music-room being at one extremity, the billiard-room at the other, and the reception or drawing room in the middle. In this centre division the princess seated herself beside the chimney, having an arm-chair near her which was intended for the prince. We were all in the billiard-room, from whence we could see all that passed in the drawing-room, being separated from it only by a range of pillars with statues in the intercolumniations. The prince was to enter by the music-room.

Already the rolling of the carriage-wheels in the avenue was heard, when Madame Lallemand, catching hold of my dress, exclaimed: "Do you know it has just crossed my mind that the sight of me at this moment may make a singular impression upon the prince. I had better retire."—"Why?"—"Because the last time he saw me was at Baltimore with Miss Patterson, with whom I was very intimate. Do you not think that seeing me again, on such an occasion as the present, might recall a great deal that has passed?"—"Indeed I do!" I exclaimed, thrusting her into the adjoining room, for at this moment a noise in the hall announced the prince's arrival, and in a few seconds the door was opened and Marshal Bessières introduced him. The prince was accompanied by the officers of his household, among whom were Cardinal Maury, the chief almoner, and M. Alexandre le Camus, who already possessed great influence over him; and who felt it advisable not to lose sight of him on an occasion to which his advice had given rise, and which might prove important to his future career. I do not believe that Jerome would ever have abandoned Miss Patterson if he had not been urged to it by counsels which he had not strength of mind enough to resist.

The salon of Raincy seemed to be made expressly for the interview which was now to take place. The princess was seated near the chimney, though there was no fire. The prince's attendants remained in the music-room during the interview. On the prince's entrance she rose,

advanced two steps towards him, and greeted him with equal grace and dignity. Jerome bowed neither well nor ill, but somewhat mechanically, and he seemed to be there, because he had been told: "You must go there." He approached the princess, who seemed at this moment to have recovered all her presence of mind, and all the calm dignity of the woman and the princess. After the exchange of a few words she offered to the prince the arm-chair, which had been placed near her, and a conversation was opened upon the subject of her journey. It was short, and closed by Jerome's rising and saying: "My brother is waiting for us; I will not longer deprive him of the pleasure of making acquaintance with the new sister I am about to give him."

The princess smiled, and accompanied the prince as far as the entrance of the music-room, whence he retired with his attendants. As soon as she had lost sight of him, the colour in her cheeks increased so violently that I feared the bursting of a blood-vessel. She admitted indisposition; we gave her air and Eau de Cologne; in a few minutes she recovered her self-possession. This fainting-fit, though laid to the account of heat and fatigue, was certainly occasioned by the violent restraint the princess had for some hours put upon herself. The prejudices of a German princess against an unequal alliance, joined to the almost antipathy borne by every German to the name of Bonaparte, and, together with these simple causes, the knowledge of the previous marriage of the man to whom she was about to give her hand, were sufficient to overpower a more resolute person than the Princess Catherine of Wirtemberg; and, in truth, I considered it very natural, not only that she should be indisposed, but sufficiently so to retard her departure from Raincy, and with it the ceremony, which might appear to her almost sacrilegious, but which was to set the seal upon her future destiny. I have heard the devotedness of the Queen of Westphalia very highly eulogised, and in fact it is truly noble in her peculiar situation. She was, however, ready to set out when Junot came to inform her that her

carriages were drawn up. I stayed at Raincy, for the day had been so fatiguing that I was unable to undergo another court ceremonial. The princess at the moment of her departure approached me, and said with a gracious smile: "Madame Junot, I shall never forget Raincy and the hospitality I have experienced here. This place will always recall some of the most pleasing moments of my life." Here was a speech worthy of the king, her father, an adept in diplomacy; for, honestly, the moments which had preceded its utterance were certainly sufficiently bitter.

She set out accompanied by Junot and Bessières. I afterwards learned that on her arrival at the Tuileries the Emperor went to the top of the great staircase to meet her. On approaching him she made an effort to kneel and kiss his hand, but the Emperor, stooping immediately, constrained her to rise, and conducted her to the throne-room, where all the imperial family were assembled, and where he presented her to them as a daughter and sister. She was surrounded, caressed, and received with every mark of satisfaction into the family circle.

When I returned to Paris I found Junot in a state of distress which gave me extreme pain. Every effort had been used to erect between the Emperor and his old aide-de-camp, his old friend, a kind of barrier, of the nature of which Junot himself was not aware, because his noble character kept him a stranger to all mysterious manœuvres. "You visit none but my enemies," said the Emperor one day to Junot, who was thunderstruck. Up to this time, this speech, a very common one, had been addressed only to me, and so little consequence did I attach to it that I had begun to take no notice of it whatever. But Junot was more astonished than I was in the habit of being, at the strange reproach that was addressed to him, and he made no answer. "Yes," repeated the Emperor, "you visit only my enemies; what is the meaning of this whist party which you have drawn together, and which is composed of persons all objectionable to me?"—"This whist party, Sire, is composed of the same persons who played

at M. de Talleyrand's, and I never heard of your Majesty having addressed such reproaches to him. I suppose they were all reserved for me."—"But, in short," said Napoleon, "can you explain to me why you visit at a certain house in the Faubourg St. Germain, where I am so much detested, to speak plainly, that I wonder why I allow such people to remain in Paris?"—"I visit at no house in the Faubourg St Germain, Sire. There was once at Paris a person in whom I had a warm interest, and at whose house I was in the habit of often meeting individuals whom your Majesty might consider your enemies, but of whom you have probably changed your opinion, as many of them are now about your person."—"It is not *my* actions that are in question," replied the Emperor, knitting his brow, as having evidently the worst of the argument. "Why do you visit at Madame de Luynes's, where you pass your day, and where you allow yourself to be made game of by saucy girls, who think themselves privileged by their sex to play with impunity with the sword of one of my bravest soldiers? How long may they have thought this possible? Ah! ah! Monsieur Junot! .... you see that I know all . . . I am thoroughly well informed."

On hearing the name of Madame de Luynes, Junot did not at first know what to think of it; but his surprise soon gave way to so painful a feeling that he drew a deep sigh, putting his hands before his eyes. The Emperor, believing him self-convicted, and that he was at a loss for a defence, repeated: "Yes, yes; I am perfectly well informed; you cannot deny it."—"Sire," said Junot at length, with great solemnity of manner, "I feel myself obliged to tender my resignation to your Majesty; for it is impossible I can continue my services about your person when you will give credit to all the absurd falsehoods which are reported to you respecting my wife and myself. You would believe me in conspiracy against you if they were to bring you a report to that effect!"

Junot's expression in making this last remark affected Napoleon, who answered mildly: "That is a very different affair."—"By no means, Sire, as your Majesty will prob-

ably understand when I tell you that my wife and I have been but once to the Hôtel de Luynes. My wife, it is true, was well acquainted with Madame de Chevreuse before her marriage, but her political opposition has been so public that Madame Junot has not sought a renewal of the connection. With respect to allowing myself to be played upon by saucy girls, I am not aware of having hitherto given much cause for supposing that I should submit to disrespect from any individual whatsoever. But I will prove to your Majesty how much you should be on your guard against reports brought to you by any other than the constituted chief authorities, Dubois, Fouché, Duroc, and myself." And hereupon Junot succinctly related to the Emperor the circumstances which had given rise to these calumnies; and I afterwards described to him more at length the history of the evening we had spent at the Hôtel de Luynes.

I have already said that during the Emperor's absence at Warsaw, Junot, to console himself in his widowhood, had renewed the whist parties of M. de Talleyrand. M. de Narbonne belonged to them, and being already our friend, became a constant member of these meetings, and indeed from this time took up the habit of coming to my house every morning and evening. He once said to me: "You were acquainted with Madame de Chevreuse when she was Mademoiselle de Narbonne; then why are you strangers now? I am sure you would mutually suit each other."

I objected that having never been intimate with Madame de Chevreuse I could not choose a moment when her opposition to the existing state of things was so marked, to open a new connection with her, although otherwise nothing would be more agreeable to me.

"But she is a lady of the palace," said the count.

"That," replied I, "is precisely my objection."

"But why? Is it a part of your protocol of imperial etiquette that the ladies of the palace are to comply with His Majesty's will, even when he says to them, Come and embrace me? Did not you refuse?"

"Yes, certainly," said I, laughing; "but that is not the present question."

"I beg your pardon, Madame la Gouvernante, Ermesinde does not even conspire against the Emperor's peace, but is content, with many others, to admire him at a distance; for when this lion of yours yawns and stretches out his paw, I am always afraid of coming within his reach. Come, let us seduce you to the Hôtel de Luynes."

I wished to go for old friendship's sake, but made no agreement to do so, and was some days afterwards much surprised by receiving an invitation to a ball at the Hôtel de Luynes.

"Shall you go?" asked Junot.

"Undoubtedly, if you have no objection."

He acquiesced, and as I was still in mourning for my mother-in-law I ordered a dress entirely white and without silver; I intended to wear a great many diamonds, but the dress itself was to be perfectly simple. Madame Germon—who was then, as she always has been, the best workwoman in Paris—made me a dress of crape over white satin. I set down these particulars as I find them in my notes.

My particular friend Madame Zayoncheck was invited to this ball, and it was arranged that she should go with me: in relating this history to the Emperor I remarked to him that so far was I from intimacy at the Hôtel de Luynes, that I did not feel myself privileged even to ask admission for Madame de Lallemand, who was then a part of my family. Madame de Zayoncheck was to call upon me at ten o'clock; she was punctual, and found me promenading my room in great discontent, my hair dressed, my feet in full trim, and waiting for my gown, which had not arrived. Who does not know the annoyance of waiting? but there is one much more serious, even alarming to think of; that of having your husband before you, full dressed, ready to set off, and laughing at you. Madame Zayoncheck found me in that state which just precedes tears. "Oh, pray!" she exclaimed, "do not cry; they must see you in your best looks."

But when she heard the subject of my chagrin, away flew her sympathy at once, and she joined in Junot's raillery. "*Parbleu!*" said the Emperor, interrupting me; "I should have done the same thing: what possessed you that you could only go out in this one new gown. But the women are all alike. You had perhaps a hundred in your wardrobe, for you pass for the most expensive woman at court in matters of dress."

"But, Sire, I had not one that was all white; and I have already had the honour of telling your Majesty that I would not so much as admit a green leaf among the flowers that were to trim it."

"Why not? you were not going to make your first communion."

"But I was in mourning for my mother-in-law, and I would not throw it off; neither would I give this reason to Junot, or his good-tempered raillery and all his gaiety would have been changed to melancholy."

The Emperor looked at me in silence for several seconds, and then said with a very significant nod of the head: "It is well; go on."

"Well, Sire, I continued my promenade in my worked silk stockings and white satin shoes."

"Ah, ah! you like that way of adorning your feet, it appears; happily you did not wear a sabre that day—hey! Madame Laurette?"

He was thinking of my unfortunate adventure in *Lovers' Follies.*

"No, Sire, I had no sabre; but your Majesty will remember that I was in presence of a two-edged sword, and that I had some difficulty in defending myself from its attacks; and it seems to me that you are willing to join them; this is not generous . . . three against one."

He laughed in that suppressed tone, resembling the laugh of a ventriloquist, which he assumed sometimes when he was in high good-humour, and at length said: "Well, the white shoes, let me hear all."

"Well, Sire, I had them on; and I walked about in a little cambric petticoat, my head garlanded with white

violets and diamond ears of corn. All this time Junot, who was outwardly making profession of patience, but actually getting into a passion, whistled a waltz or the *grandfather;* and time, which waits for nothing, pursued its course, till the clock struck eleven. Junot yawned, stretched himself, and declared he should go to bed. The weather was dreadful, the rain falling in torrents and beating violently against the windows. I desired Mademoiselle Reidler to take the carriage which was waiting in the court and go directly to Madame Germon's. Junot wished me good-night.

"You would do better," said Madame Zayoncheck, "to go to the Hôtel de Luynes, announce Madame Junot's approaching arrival, and make her excuses on the plea of indisposition."

"No, no," replied Junot, "that might do in a house where we were more intimate, but at that of Madame de Luynes, whom I scarcely know at all, it would not be right. If Laura thinks with me, we shall not go to-night."

While he was speaking we heard hasty steps approaching, and Madame Germon's workwoman came in; my valet had been to fetch her in a hackney coach. I was very angry, but when I saw the green taffety parcel laid upon a chair I no longer felt an inclination for scolding, but throwing off my shawl and placing myself before a glass, I desired the young woman to put on my dress directly. It was done in a moment, as I was quite ready, even my necklace, bracelets, and earrings being all put on, and I said triumphantly to Junot: "Now, I hope you do not want to go to bed, for in ten minutes we shall be at the Hôtel de Luynes."

"Brürrrr! . . . *Altro, figlia mia!* Can we ever be sure of anything with a woman? Good-night, Laura, I am going to bed."

My look of consternation, I suppose, put him into a better humour, for he burst into a great fit of laughing. Then resuming his serious look, he turned me round, took me by the arm, and placing me again before the glass,

pointed to a large green spot as big as my two hands, at one side of the skirt of my gown upon the handsome point flounce. Let the men who chance to read this imagine it as much as they please, it is impossible for them to understand the excess of my distress; none but a woman, and a young woman too, for the impressions of a ball night may be forgotten, can conceive the effect this vile spot produced upon me. It was so great that I had not even power to be angry, and I asked Mademoiselle Augustine, with apparent composure, how she came to do this peace of mischief.

She said that in coming out from Madame Germon's house she had to take twenty steps in the street to fetch a coach, and as it rained in torrents the unfortunate green taffety had stained the crape. But while in the act of speaking she was at work; and in ten minutes the stained point was taken off and replaced, and the quick trot of two of the most mettlesome carriage-horses in Paris was rolling us towards the Rue St. Dominique.

The balls were so very numerous this year that to come at so late an hour was not a matter of any surprise; and M. de Narbonne, in quality of relation to Madame de Chevreuse, and my very intimate friend, undertook to introduce me to Madame de Luynes. "*Madame la Gouvernante de Paris*," said he to the duchess, in the most serious tone possible.

Madame de Luynes, whom I had often seen at the Hôtel de Perigord and at Madame de Caseaux's without even speaking to her, received me in the most polite and engaging manner. M. de Luynes, whose ear had one day been struck by the possibility of a revision of the decree against the Marshal d'Ancre and the confiscation of his property, was very willing to be equally polite to Junot; he spoke to him between two sleeps, for every one knows that the worthy duke slept wherever he was at rest, even for a minute. The young Duke of Chevreuse passed unnoticed in the house, though by no means invisible. The Duchess of Chevreuse became immediately after her marriage the most remarkable person of the Faubourg

St. Germain, and the true mistress of the Hôtel de Luynes; for her mother-in-law had eyes and ears but for her, and wished to please her only.

The Duchesse de Luynes was herself a singular character; she was Mademoiselle de Laval-Montmorency, sister of the Duc de Laval so thoroughly accomplished in all games, and had been beautiful as an angel till she took the smallpox after coming out of the convent where she had received her education. From that hour so great was the change in her face that she considered the part of a woman to be no longer worth performing, and in its stead took to horses and dogs, leaping, hunting, narrowly escaping a broken neck, and recommencing her wild freaks the next day. "I am glad to hear it," said the Duc de Laval, when made acquainted with her first pregnancy, "as it proves that my sister is a woman." Her heart was, however, always a woman's, a faithful friend, and loving all whom it was her duty to love with an excess of tenderness.

Madame de Chevreuse was one of those persons whose name belongs to the history of her era; not that I mean to class her among the superior women of her time: to lead a life of eccentricity, to distinguish herself by a contempt for all the barriers of society, is in my opinion a sign of mediocrity in a woman; and Madame de Chevreuse was pre-eminent in this line, playing with danger, jesting with her reputation, and thinking the device she had had engraven everywhere, *do well and let the world talk*, was an answer to everything. But the true dignity of female reputation is scarcely compatible with the ridiculous scenes of which she was every day enacting the heroine, and of which her own brothers disapproved so highly as even to reprove her in public; as on the occasion of her betting that she would stop her brother Alberic at eleven o'clock at night in the midst of the Palais-Royal. She did so, but he reprimanded her so roughly that she burst into tears. Once having heard that a retired grocer was expecting his niece by the diligence from Rouen, she presented herself to him the night before, gave some

reason for her premature arrival, and so turned the old man's head that he was on the point of sending a petition to Rome for leave to marry so charming a niece. Another time she introduced to her father-in-law a Swede covered with ribbons and stars; he was of the first rank in his own country; he was courted and received with distinction everywhere, till it was discovered that he was the identical beggar to whom every one was in the habit of giving a penny on Sunday at the door of the Church of St. Roche. A volume might be made of the adventures, the mystifications of all kinds contrived and carried out by Madame de Chevreuse; it is inconceivable that she should not have destroyed her reputation a thousand times over. I know that all these amusements are not actually criminal; but in my mind they show such a contempt of the opinion of the world as proves that the barrier existing between evil and so wild a head is altogether subordinate to the inclination of its owner. I will go further, and say that I believe they would have much more deeply affected Madame de Chevreuse's reputation in our society than in that to which she belonged, where good company and courtesy were held in the highest esteem, and where any follies which could be laid to the account of imprudence were almost sure of excuse. Then Madame de Chevreuse was impertinent; rather, probably, as a habit than from any real intention of being so; but an impertinent woman I consider to be quite out of her place in the creation. But the protection of Madame de Luynes was of immense weight, in the balance in which the world measures the worth of women. Without Madame de Luynes, Madame de Chevreuse had been lost.

On the evening of this ball at the Hôtel de Luynes, Madame de Chevreuse was in the midst of an intoxicating vortex of flattery, which might well have affected a stronger head than hers. In Paris fashion governs all things; and at this moment it was the pleasure of the society of the Faubourg St. Germain to elect Madame de Chevreuse as the standard-bearer of fashion. Thus, for example, as her head was dressed in a very peculiar style to

conceal a wig which she had substituted for very red hair, all the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, even Madame de Montmorency herself, adopted the same unbecoming head-dress. The make of their dresses also differed much from ours of the court circle, the sleeves were larger, and the waists longer. On this evening Madame de Chevreuse wore a dress of white blond over white satin. An immense comb ornamented with a single row of large pearls held her hair; her earrings and necklace were of pearls, not a single diamond. She was perfectly well dressed, and her appearance was graceful.

"But why," said I to M. de Narbonne, "is she also all in white?"

"She has made a vow to wear only white," answered he in a laughably serious tone.

"She! Madame de Chevreuse! has made a vow to wear only white! it is perfectly ridiculous at her age."

"I did not say it was not; but I have told her the same thing myself long ago."

"And what is the object of this capital resolution?"

"To have a child—and for the same reason she has abjured the theatres."

I remembered that for a long time I had not seen her at the *Comédie Française;* and this famous vow soon after prevented her attending the Empress to the Opera.

She was very polite to me, though not quite so friendly as Madame de Luynes, who in recommending me to the attentions of M. de Narbonne, added: "You will meet here, Madame, many old faces who will remind you of the traditions of your cradle."

M. de Narbonne led me into a room devoted entirely to cards, and placing me opposite one of the tables: "Look," said he, "at the lady who sits next to M. de St. Foix, and is at this moment speaking to him in rather a masculine voice."

"What am I to make of her?" said I; "she is the most comical figure in the room, and, moreover, very ugly."

Her dress was singularly different from that of any

other person present, and her face was excessively ugly, with the exception of a pair of very fine eyes. She was playing with a degree of interest almost amounting to passion at the game of vingt-et-un. "What a strange figure!" I continued; "I cannot describe to you the impression she makes upon me. Is she a good woman?"

"As wicked as five hundred devils, and she has as much spirit as they."

"So I should think. But tell me who she is?"

"Guess; she has been loved, adored, because she has been charming."

"I am the stupidest creature imaginable at solving such enigmas; so if you wish me to know her name you may as well tell me."

"Madame de Balby."

"Impossible!"

"It is true."

"But she is horrible."

"Not so much so as you think. Draw a little nearer, and look at her more attentively."

I contemplated the former *chère amie* of MONSIEUR, and still thought her face not only ugly but very disagreeable. At this moment she caught the eye of M. de Narbonne and smiled. A ray of intelligence passed over all her features, and embellished them at once. Then observing that I was holding his arm, and knowing that I was expected at the Hôtel de Luynes, she surveyed me from head to foot with such an expression of impertinent mockery that I thought her ten times more ugly than ever. "Do pray let us come away," said I to M. de Narbonne, "I am frightened at this woman."

"She has frightened a great many other people more courageous than you," said Count Louis; "but then if you knew the sense that is in that head! and its effrontery, and talent for amusing! There belonged to the society she frequented in London a beautiful young woman as stupid as a cabbage. Madame de Balby does not like silly people, and there I am quite of her mind. Happily for the simpleton all the world was not; for, after all, every-

body must live; one of my friends, who was not himself of the brightest, attached himself to the young woman; and as these sort of attachments do not furnish matter for everlasting conversation, one day, for want of something better to say, he told her that Madame de Balby was calling her a simpleton everywhere, and as this was not right he thought it better to warn her of it.

"'It is terrible,' said she, '*I am sure I never called her so*; what must I do?' For two such heads to hold council about Madame de Balby was too good; and the result soon appeared. The Beauty meeting Madame de Balby two days afterwards at a dinner at the Prince of Wales's, called out to her across the table in a voice which she intended should be very touching: 'How have I offended you, Madame?' Madame de Balby looked at her with astonishment, and all the company were silent. 'Yes,' continued the young woman, 'I must have offended you, for you tell every one that I am a simpleton.'—'Madame,' replied Madame de Balby, inclining towards her, 'I hear every one say so, but I assure you *I* do not.' Now you have an idea of the person, I think."

"Yes, truly. But was the Comte de Lille very fond of her?"

Instead of answering, Count Louis of Narbonne said with a smile: "I guess you would not have called him so ten years ago."

"Who?"

"The Comte de Lille."

"Perhaps not. But that is no answer to my question: was he fond of her?"

"He loved nothing. His heart was the coldest, and his conversation the most wearisome of any man I ever met with. He had a mistress for *ton*, for whom he cared nothing. However, having been informed that his Montespan was amusing herself by laying traps for hearts at Hamburgh, MONSIEUR, who has a mania for writing, and whose compositions are the dullest and most prolix that can be imagined, wrote her a letter of twelve pages, in which he descanted upon the commerce of Hamburgh,

not in the first instance on that which she was carrying on, but like a good and wise prince upon that of sugar and coffee, till winding by degrees to the delicate subject, he told her that he had heard with much pain, reports which he had no doubt were false relative to her association with Ar—— de Pe——, and finished his strange letter with this eloquent sentence: 'You are innocent, I know: but, my dear countess, remember that Cæsar's wife must not even be suspected.' You will have seen by the story of *La Belle et La Bête* that my old friend is sufficiently sharp in her answers; this time her letter contained but three lines; it ran thus:—'I understand nothing of what your letter contains; for you are not Cæsar, and you know very well that I have never been your wife.' Eh! Madame la Gouvernante, how do you like this rètort?"

"So well, that in spite of her frightful little cap and wicked air I am about to become very partial to Madame de Balby."

This ball at the Hôtel de Luynes afforded me an opportunity for much observation, but it did not give me pleasure; for the Faubourg St. Germain had not then rallied under the imperial banner, as it afterwards did. The society of Paris was then composed of two parties, I might also say of two camps. Madame de Zayoncheck, always so witty, was unusually so that night, and the conversation of the friends who immediately surrounded me served to occupy the time very agreeably till four o'clock in the morning, when we went away. Then it was that the event occurred about which the Emperor had been so well informed.

We were to take M. de Narbonne home; he had left our party, and when we were going away was not to be found. We were on the point of leaving him behind when we caught sight of him with a young person leaning upon his arm, of a very tall and remarkably fine figure, and a face which, without being regularly handsome, was strikingly prepossessing. I do not know from what accidental cause, but she no sooner saw Junot than she complained to M. de Narbonne of his having offended her. M. de Narbonne having given her into the care of his sister the

Duchesse de Fitz-James, came to join us and taxed Junot on the subject, who was not a little astonished, as he had very much admired this tall and fine young woman, who proved to be Miss Dillon, now the Countess Bertrand, to whom, as well as to her husband, all France owes its love and veneration, as the only beings who, besides Marchand, gave ease to the Emperor's last moments. Junot not only admired Miss Dillon, but he had an interest in her as being then the affianced bride of our friend Alphonzo Pignatelli, brother of the Comte de Fuentes; this was a claim upon his regard, and Junot, who was always something more than polite towards the ladies, was as much so to her as propriety would admit.

The next day notes were written on both sides. The whole affair proved to have been an accident. Miss Dillon did not even know Junot when M. de Narbonne named him; and as she was thoroughly amiable, everything was amicably explained. In whatever circumstances a woman of sense may be called upon to act she will always show a marked superiority over others. She turned Junot's head. "That young friend of yours is a charming woman!" said he to Count Louis.

I have related all the particulars of this little history, to found upon it the just observation that the Emperor was surrounded by men who, without consideration for him, misinterpreted all the actions of his friends and reported them to him in a false light. What passed on this occasion was so very trifling that speaking of it afterwards to Madame Bertrand she did not, any more than myself, remember the origin of it.

"And have you really been but once to the Hôtel de Luynes?" said the Emperor, fixing his eyes attentively upon me as he walked.

"But once, Sire."

"And the history of Miss Dillon is exactly as you have told it?"

"Exactly, Sire."

"It is very extraordinary."

And the Emperor, I afterwards learned from Duroc, sharply reprimanded his faithless correspondent.

CHAPTER VIII.

Junot's departure for Bordeaux, and subsequently for Portugal—Secret instructions relative to the Portuguese campaign—General Loison—His accusations against Junot—Colonel Napier—Predilections in favour of England—Charles X. at the Exhibition of *Natural Industry*—Convention of Cintra—*Fêtes* at Fontainebleau—The Emperor's new amours—His solitary rides in the forest—His dislike to attendance—Melancholy presentiments of the Empress—Duroc's hostility to her—Interview at Mantua between Napoleon and Lucien—The Imperial brother and the Republican brother—Lucien's ideas of kingly duties—The parting—Scene at Malmaison in 1804—Lucien's prediction.

JUNOT at length set out, on the 28th of August 1807, for Bordeaux. He received secret instructions at great length from the Emperor before his departure, and further orders were to be sent to him at Bordeaux, on the receipt of which he set out for Portugal, and his army had already passed Alcantara before the people of Paris were aware of its destination. Not only were the ministerial orders precise, but the private letters of the Emperor were peremptory in requiring the utmost possible celerity in his march upon Lisbon, and that he should make great sacrifices to obtain the predominant object of the expedition: which was, to prevent the fleet and ports of Lisbon being surrendered to the English.

"Grant nothing to the Prince of Brazil, even though he should promise to make war on England; enter Lisbon and take possession of the shipping and the dockyards." Such were Napoleon's secret instructions, written at his dictation by M. de Menneval.

This campaign, one of the most remarkable in which

our armies had been engaged since that of 1790 (I mean the first campaign of Portugal, for there were three, and, as Junot's wife, I must protest against either the second or third being attributed to him), offered nothing but discouragement and annoyance to my husband. Jealousy and envy erected a barrier to prevent his glory penetrating to the land of his cradle. There were generals in his army whose names were amongst the laurel leaves which composed the triumphal garland of France; those truly brave and talented men were faithful and true brethren-in-arms to their commander-in-chief. At their head was the Duc de Valmy, the valiant and loyal General Kellerman, who, like our ancient worthies, conscious that his own glory was proof, dreaded not that of others. To him I may add the Generals Laborde, Thiébault, Quesnel, Taviel, and many others. But General Loison, and another who shall be nameless, were so lost to all generous sentiments as to become the accusers of a man who had loaded them with favours and honours: that other, whose base perfidy to Junot was without cause, without even the slightest pretext, and who professed gratitude to him for the gift of a considerable sum of money, which now constitutes the greater part of his fortune. He materially injured not Junot only, but also Marshal Ney in Masséna's campaign, when I was present and detected his intrigues.

When, some years afterwards, arranging my notes relative to this campaign, anxious to render my narrative succinct, true, and impartial, especially as regards one of the great names of our military history, and being unable to reconcile the various conflicting rumours respecting Marshal Soult and his desire to possess himself of the Portuguese crown, which had daily reached me while with the army, I called one day on La Maréchale, as I always prefer the most direct course, and related to her, and also to that loyal and frank-hearted soldier Colonel Bory de St. Vincent, attached to the marshal's person, my wish to have the marshal's own answer to the accusations of Loison, who would have accused his own mother if it had suited his purpose. The marshal received my request with more goodwill than I

expected, but since his accession to the ministry he has made a point of refusing all my little demands upon him. Is it, then, a title to proscription to be the wife of a soldier of the Revolution and the Empire? I should be the more sorry, as I will never abandon that title: I am a Frenchwoman, and a Frenchwoman of that radiant era I will remain, cherishing all its recollections, adoring and venerating all its glories with increasing ardour, now that none of them survive around me.

"Have the goodness to send me your notes," said the marshal, "leaving sufficient margin for me to write the answers to your queries. Will that suit you?" I gladly assented; but Madame Soult objected that he might spare both himself and me the trouble by giving me the work of Colonel Napier and General Matthieu Dumas, the accuracy of which might be entirely depended upon, and I should have but to copy what was already printed. I accepted the book, though not without regret that the marshal's offer had failed of its accomplishment.

On my road home I racked my brain to discover whence this Colonel Napier could come, of whom I had never heard; it was not till I arrived and opened the first of the four volumes, which, as a former comrade, the Duchess of Dalmatia had been kind enough to lend me, that the marvellous truth was explained; he was an Englishman! Having been referred to this work for information, I made it a duty to read it attentively. On the principal object of my inquiry it was silent, or at least contained but two or three chance observations respecting the contested question of the Portuguese royalty. But I was not a little astonished to find in the work to which I had been thus officially referred an account of the campaign written in a spirit most inimical to the French and especially to Junot. That campaign, the glory of which is established and recognised not only throughout Europe, but across the Atlantic, was established and acknowledged too by the rage of our enemies, who granted *an inquiry* as their only recompense to Sir Arthur Wellesley. General Thiébault, the chief of Junot's staff, and son of that friend

of the great Frederick who has left us so admirable a work upon the miraculous days of Prussia's exaltation, knew more, I imagine, of this expedition and of its commander than M. Napier; and when such a man as Thiébault, with a heart truly French, a noble and elevated mind, and talents as remarkable in the cabinet as was his valour in the field, preserved his attachment and esteem for his former commander, now laid in the dust, it may well be believed that the man who was worthy of such attachment and of the affections of all who belonged to him, was not what Colonel Napier has represented him.

If anything can nowadays excite surprise, it might be to find emanating from the national archives of the French minister of war a book written by an Englishman in the English service, and animated by all the national animosity which has so constantly subsisted between the two countries. And one of our most distinguished generals translated this precious work! I flatter myself that in his younger days General Matthieu Dumas would have recoiled from such an undertaking; but he is in the case which must happen to us all—he is growing old.

In 1814 the Comte d'Artois uttered the memorable words: "*I am only one additional Frenchman*,"—an expression worthy of Bayard or of Francis the First. But at the Exhibition of *National Industry* in 1827, in that sanctuary where the true strength, prosperity, and vitality of the State reside, Charles X., then many years older, replied with a smile to one of our most skilful armourers, who presented him with a new gun: "*I thank you, but I seldom use any but English arms.*" And farther on, when a Lyons shawl manufacturer was displaying to him some admirable specimens: "Oh! our neighbours far surpass us. We cannot contend with them."—"I have the honour to beg your Majesty's pardon, Sire," answered the manufacturer with spirit, deeply sensible to this unjust reproach; "for more than six years past every factory in Lyons sends to England five hundred thousand francs' worth of these very manufactures which your Majesty considers so inferior to the English."

This incident may serve to show that there was a time when the court weathercock pointed north-west, and when courtiers were obliged to sing *God save the King*, and even *Rule Britannia;* it was natural enough that canticles to the supremacy of England should then be found in the library of the war minister; but that matters should remain the same after the Revolution of 1830 is a little too bad.

When Junot had once accepted the command he resolved to justify the Emperor's confidence; and, although his health was seriously impaired, he did not suffer indisposition to interfere with the most minute attention to all the concerns of his army. But with Napoleon conquest was indispensable. He had yet experienced no reverse, nor would he endure that his lieutenants should; and glorious as was the convention of Cintra, admirable as must have been that character which could obtain it from the esteem of an enemy of five times his own strength, this single act in which England ever treated with the Empire was not sufficient; victory alone could satisfy Napoleon. With conscripts only; without supplies either of arms or money, still he must have victory: nor can I blame him, rigid as was the requisition; it was upon such principles he made the world his Empire.

The *fêtes* in celebration of the King of Westphalia's marriage still continued, and the court of Fontainebleau was more brilliant than during the reign of Louis XIV.; each successive day exceeding the past in magnificence. I was patiently awaiting my confinement at Raincy when I received an invitation, or rather an order, to repair to Fontainebleau for a few days. I obeyed; but not choosing to be an inmate of the *château*, and to be heard screaming in the night in case of unexpected accidents, I hired a small house close adjoining, and went every day to the palace in a sedan-chair; although Duroc had told me in confidence that the Emperor, whom I certainly feared the most, was about to set out on a journey.

No language can convey a clear idea of the magnificence, the magical luxury, which now surrounded the

Emperor; the diamonds, jewels, and flowers, that gave splendour to his *fêtes;* the loves and joys that spread enchantment around, and the intrigues which the actors in them fancied quite impenetrable, whereas they were perhaps even more easily discernible than at the Tuileries. When the mornings were fine, and in October and November of that year the weather was superb, we went out hunting and breakfasted in the forest. The ladies wore a uniform of chamois cashmere, with collars and trimmings of green cloth embroidered with silver, and a hat of black velvet, with a large plume of white feathers. Nothing could be more exhilarating than the sight of seven or eight open carriages whirling rapidly through the alleys of that magnificent forest, filled with ladies in this elegant costume, their waving plumes blending harmoniously with the autumnal foliage; the Emperor and his numerous suite darting like a flight of arrows past them in pursuit of a stag, which exhibiting at one moment its proud antlers from the summit of a mossy rock, in the next was flying with the fleetness of the wind to escape from its persecutors. The gentlemen's hunting uniform was of green cloth, turned up with amaranth velvet, and laced *à la* Brandenbourg on the breast and pockets with gold and silver; it was gay, but I preferred the more unpretending shooting-uniform.

Much gossip was at this time passing at Fontainebleau respecting both the present and the future, but all in whispers. The present was the very important subject of the Emperor's new amours. The beautiful Genoese then at the acme of favour, had demanded to be presented at court, which no other favourite had ever dared to think of; and the Emperor, though usually very little susceptible of influence from such connections, had on this occasion the weakness to accede. But the future presented a far more serious consideration in the imperial divorce, which occupied all minds, and was the subject of all our conversation in the retirement of our own apartments. The designated heir of the empire was no more; and, though he had left a brother, Napoleon's hopes did not rest

equally on him. He became thoughtful and abstracted, and would often ride into the forest in the morning, attended only by Jardin (his favourite pricker, who was much devoted to him), probably that he might meditate undisturbed upon the course he should adopt.

"How can you suffer the Emperor to ride almost alone in that forest?" said I one day to Duroc; "for once it would be immaterial, but if it is known to be habitual he may be watched for, and how easily may a mischance occur!"—"I cannot hinder his going out unaccompanied," replied Duroc. "I have several times remonstrated, but he will not listen. I am, however, informed the moment he leaves the palace, and do my best to watch over his safety. But the forest is large, and there is no ascertaining what direction he may choose, so that these solitary rides often cause me uneasiness." This may serve as an answer to the assertions in some biographies as to the extreme vigilance with which it was the Emperor's pleasure to be uniformly guarded. He had always the greatest repugnance to attendance; even in seasons of real danger I have seen him going out continually accompanied by Bourrienne, Junot, or Rapp, never more than one at a time. If such was his antipathy to attendance in France, how great must have been his annoyance when at St. Helena English sentinels were instructed to escort him wherever he went!

The Princess Pauline and the Grand Duchess of Berg were pre-eminent in the numerous train of young and pretty women who that year adorned the imperial court at Fontainebleau. Notwithstanding Napoleon's recent attachment to Madame G—— he had also a great fancy for Madame B——, who, as a lady-in-waiting on one of the princesses, attended all the hunting-parties, and frequently breakfasted at the rendezvous. I know the whole of that affair, and can assert, in opposition to the reports of scandal, that the Emperor never succeeded; though so powerful was the impression made upon him that he committed it to writing, a circumstance very rare with him in his transient entanglements, for such this would have

been, had not Madame B—— had the good sense to withstand the infatuation of that halo of glory, that cloud of dazzling light which surrounded Napoleon; for this purpose her heart must have been pre-engaged, neither reason nor virtue would otherwise be proof against such resistless fascinations.

The Empress, in spite of all her efforts to appear gay and happy, was overpowered with melancholy. The rumours of a divorce seemed to acquire more and more consistency, and were all repeated to her; the frequent exchange of couriers between Paris and Petersburg inspired a fear that the consummation of the peace of Tilsit might be sought in a family alliance between the new friends; and, to complete her uneasiness upon the subject, she dared not mention it to the Emperor. Once when I had been paying my respects to her, she did me the honour to say to me: "Madame Junot, they will never be satisfied till they have driven me from the throne of France—they are inveterate against me." She meant the Emperor's family. And in fact her two sisters-in-law, Jerome, and all to whom, as they said, the glory of the Empire was dear, desired a separation. The Emperor himself said nothing, but his silence was perhaps more alarming to his unfortunate consort than words would have been. The death of the young Prince of Holland had evidently overthrown all his projects. The Empress burst into tears as she contemplated a lock of the child's beautiful yellow hair, which she had put under a glass on a ground of black velvet. The poor mother's despair no language can express: that Queen Hortense survived is satisfactory evidence that grief does not kill. But the sufferings of the Empress were scarcely less severe; her maternal affliction was enhanced by incessantly renewed anxieties about the divorce.

As I had the highest esteem and tenderest friendship for Duroc, whose memory is enshrined in my heart next to that of my brother, I shall not be suspected of injustice in blaming him for the revenge he took for the Empress's former opposition to his intended marriage. One day, as

the Empress entered the throne-room, her mournful and disconsolate looks seemed to be bidding adieu to every object on which they turned. I asked Duroc: "How can you avoid pitying her?" He looked at me for some time, as if to reproach my observation; then taking me by the hand, directed my attention to the extremity of the salon where a lady was seated, another standing by her side. "Look there," whispered he; "that one is Heaven—the other is Hell! Whose doing is that? Is it not hers? No, no! I have no compassion for her!" I have adverted to Duroc's sentiments because, with his prodigious influence over the Emperor, he had much power of befriending the Empress; his hostility, I am certain, was not active; but there are circumstances in which silence is the most deadly injury.

We were informed one morning that the Emperor had set out at four o'clock on a journey, the object and destination of which were alike impenetrable. Yet Italy was the only direction he could have taken; and, in fact, the principal though latent motive of this journey was a reconciliation with Lucien. The Emperor was at length convinced, or rather he had never doubted, that of all his brothers, Lucien alone could understand and act in concert with him. But Lucien was far from condescending, and the Emperor, who knew his character, resolved himself to see and converse with him; the brothers consequently gave each other a rendezvous at Mantua. Lucien arrived about nine at night in a travelling carriage with M. Boyer, cousin-german of his first wife, and the Comte de Chatillon, a friend who resided with him. "Do not put up, I shall probably return to-night!" said Lucien, as he alighted to join his brother.

I have heard the particulars of this extraordinary interview from two quarters, both in perfect accordance. Napoleon was walking in a long gallery with Prince Eugène, Murat, and Marshal Duroc; he advanced to meet his brother, and held out his hand with every appearance of cordiality. Lucien was affected. He had not seen the Emperor since the day of Austerlitz; and far from being jealous of the resplendent blaze of his brother's glory, as it

now passed before his mental vision, his noble heart heaved with tumultuous joy. For some moments he was incapable of speaking; at length, having expressed to Napoleon his pleasure in this meeting, the Emperor made a signal and the rest of the party withdrew. "Well, Lucien," said Napoleon, "what are your projects? Will you at last go hand in hand with me?" Lucien regarded him with astonishment; for inquiries into his projects, addressed to him who never indulged in any, appeared most strange. "I form no projects," replied he at length. "As for going hand in hand with your Majesty, what am I to understand by it?"

An immense map of Europe lay rolled up on a table before them; the Emperor seized it by one end, and throwing it open with a graceful action, said to Lucien: "Choose any kingdom you please, and I pledge you my word, as a brother and an Emperor, to give it you, and to maintain you in it . . . for I now ride over the head of every king in Europe. Do you understand me?"[1] He stopped and looked expressively at Lucien: "Lucien, you may share with me that sway which I exercise over inferior minds; you have only to pursue the course I shall open to you for the establishment and maintenance of my system, the happiest and most magnificent ever conceived by man; but to ensure its execution I must be seconded, and I can only be seconded by my own family; of all my brothers only yourself and Joseph can efficiently serve me. Louis is an obstinate fool, and Jerome a mere child without capacity . . . My hopes, then, rest chiefly on you; will you realise them?"—"Before this explanation is carried further," answered Lucien, "I ought to inform you that I am not changed; my principles are still the same as in 1799 and 1803. What I was in my curule chair on the 18th Brumaire I am at this moment beside the Emperor Napoleon. Now, brother, it is for you to consider whether you will proceed."

[1] [Lucien might well not understand his brother's boast; inasmuch as the most prominent of all the European powers (England) sternly and successfully defied him, and France was of course excepted.—EDITOR.]

"You talk absurdly," said Napoleon, shrugging his shoulders. "New times should give a new direction to our ideas. You have chosen a proper opportunity truly, to come here and rave of your Utopian Republic! You must embrace my system, I tell you; follow my path, and to-morrow I make you the chief of a great people. I will acknowledge your wife as my sister; I will crown her as well as you. I will make you the greatest man in Europe, next to myself, and I restore you my entire friendship, my brother," added he, lowering the emphatic tone in which he had just uttered the preceding sentences to that soft and caressing accent I have never heard but from his lips, and which makes the heart vibrate to its mellow and powerful chords. This man was altogether seducing. Lucien loved him; he started as he listened, and grew pale. "I do not sell myself," said he in an agitated voice. "Hear me, my brother, listen to me; for this is an important hour to both of us. I will never be your prefect. If you give me a kingdom, I must rule it according to my own notions, and, above all, in conformity with its wants. The people whose chief I may be shall have no cause to execrate my name. They shall be happy and respected; not slaves, as the Tuscans and all the Italians are. You yourself cannot desire to find in your brother a pliant sycophant, who for a few soft words would sell you the blood of his children; for a people is after all but one large family, whose governor will be held responsible by the King of kings for the welfare of all its members."

The Emperor frowned, and his whole aspect proclaimed extreme dissatisfaction. "Why, then, come to me?" said he at last angrily; "for if you are obstinate, so am I, and you know it; at least as obstinate as you can be. Humph! Republic! You are no more thinking of that than I am; and besides, what should you desire it for? You are like Joseph, who bethought himself the other day of writing me an inconceivable letter, coolly desiring I would allow him to enter upon kingly duties. Truly nothing more would be wanting than the re-establishment of the papal tribute." And shrugging his shoulders he smiled con-

temptuously. "And why not," said Lucien, "if it conduced to the national interests? It is an absurdity, I grant; but if it was beneficial to Naples, Joseph would be quite right in insisting upon it."

A variety of emotions rapidly succeeded each other on Napoleon's countenance. He paced the gallery with a hurried step, repeating in an accent that evinced strong internal perturbation: "Always the same! Always the same!" Then turning suddenly to his brother and stamping on the marble floor, he exclaimed with a thundering voice: "But once more, sir,—why, then, did you come to meet me? Why these endless contentions? You ought to obey me as your father, the head of your family; and by Heaven you shall do as I please." Lucien was now growing warm, and all the discretion he had summoned to his aid was beginning to evaporate. "I am no subject of yours," cried he in his turn, "and if you think to impose your iron yoke upon me you are mistaken; never will I bow my head to it; and remember,—hearken to my words,—remember what I once told you at Malmaison."

A long, alarming, almost sinister silence succeeded this burst of generous indignation. The two brothers faced each other, and were separated only by the table on which lay that Europe, the sport of Napoleon's infatuated ambition. He was very pale, his lips compressed, the almost livid complexion of his cheeks revealing the tempest within, and his eyes darting glances of fury upon Lucien, whose noble countenance must have shown to great advantage in this stormy interview, which was to decide his future fate; nor his alone, but perhaps that of Europe; for who shall conjecture what might have happened had this really superior man been King of Spain, of Prussia, or of Poland?

The Emperor was the first to break silence: he had mastered his passion, and addressed his brother with calmness: "You will reflect on all that I have told you, Lucien; night brings counsel. To-morrow I hope to find you more reasonable as to the interests of Europe at least, if not your own. Good-bye, and a good-night to you,

my brother." He held out his hand. Lucien, whose heart was susceptible to every kindly impression, and whose reflections at that moment were of a nature powerfully to awaken them, took his brother's offered hand, and affectionately grasped it between both of his as he reiterated: "Good-bye, and a good-night to you, my brother. Adieu." —"Till to-morrow!" said the Emperor. Lucien shook his head, and would have spoken, but was unable; then opening the door he rushed from the apartment, reascended the carriage, where his friends awaited him, and immediately quitted Mantua.

The brothers met no more until the hour of Napoleon's adversity.

The scene at Malmaison, to which Lucien alluded in this interview, took place shortly before the Empire was proclaimed, when Napoleon's intentions were already known to his family, and disappointment on finding himself deceived in his calculations of making Lucien one of his most powerful lieutenants served to widen the breach which the marriage of the latter had produced. Lucien, who had hoped to see the happy days of the forum restored, and could now only look for those of Augustus, was vehement in his reproaches, accused the Emperor of being faithless to him, and of violating his word; in short, the discussion ended in an open quarrel.

"You are determined to destroy the Republic!" exclaimed the enraged Lucien. "Well, assassinate her then; mount your throne over her murdered remains and those of her children—but mark well what one of those children predicts: This Empire which you are erecting by force, and will maintain by violence, will be overthrown by violence and force, and you yourself will be crushed thus!" and seizing a screen from the mantelpiece he crushed it impetuously in his hand, which trembled with rage. Then, as if still more distinctly to mark his resentment, he took out his watch, dashed it on the ground, stamped upon it with the heel of his boot, repeating: "Yes; crushed, ground to powder—thus!"

CHAPTER IX.

Junot at Lisbon—My accouchement—The Empress Josephine as godmother—Imperial magnificence—The Grand Duchess of Berg—Queen Hortense—Commotions in Spain—Balls given by Princess Caroline and her sister—My daughter's birthday-party—Adventure of Mademoiselle Poidevin and my daughters—M. de Grancourt.

JUNOT had no sooner set foot in Lisbon than he found a detachment of the Legion of Police under the command of my old friend Comte de Novion. This corps consisted but of twelve hundred men, but these sufficed to maintain order in Lisbon.

It continued raining as it generally does in Lisbon at that period of the year (November); Junot was suffering from a nervous complaint arising from his wounds, which was always increased when inquietude of mind was superadded to fatigue of body. The pain of his wounds sometimes made him start from his seat.[1] He would not, however, allow any personal considerations to impede the accomplishment of his design. He entered Lisbon by the Saccavem gate, viz. by the road opposite the tower of Belem. He addressed a few private instructions to two grenadier officers who stood near him, directing them to convey his orders to the troops.[2]

Junot's first object was to take possession of the tower of Belem. He entered the fort, and espying a

[1] One of these wounds, which crossed the top of his head, was of frightful length and depth, and was, I believe, one of the principal causes of his death.

[2] He had with him 1200 men.

vessel leaving the harbour under a press of sail, he conjectured she had on board the Prince of Brazil or some of his suite. Without losing a moment he loaded, with his own hands, one of the guns of the fort and directed M. Tascher, his aide-de-camp, to point it. This was done with such precision that the shot passed through the rigging, and compelled the vessel to strike. She, however, had on board no person connected with the royal family of Portugal. On his return from Belem, Junot took a survey of the principal parts of Lisbon, and walked for nearly six hours.

When Junot left France for Portugal I was staying at Raincy. My pregnancy, then far advanced, afforded me a sufficient excuse for not paying my respects to Madame, and I am bound to say that in this, as in all other circumstances, she behaved with great consideration and kindness towards me. I passed two months at Raincy, and only returned to Paris a few days previous to my accouchement.

I had already given birth to five daughters, and Junot anxiously wished to have a son. The day therefore on which I wrote to him:

"You are the father of a boy!" was one of the happiest of my life. The intelligence reached him shortly after his arrival at Lisbon. He was in a transport of joy.

"I thank you," he wrote me in reply, "for having presented me with a son; I can now leave the Emperor another Junot, whose blood, like his father's, may flow for his sovereign and his country."

Junot wished the Emperor to be godfather to his son, though he had already stood godfather to our eldest daughter, but he disliked being sponsor for two in the same family. However, as Junot urged me to prefer the request, I did so. The Emperor granted it with the best possible grace, observing: "I will do as Junot wishes; but who is to be godmother?"

This question was rather embarrassing. The divorce was at this time publicly talked of, at least as publicly as people dared to talk, under Napoleon's government, of his

domestic affairs. However, my embarrassment was not of long duration, and I replied:

"If agreeable to your Majesty, I should wish Her Majesty the Empress to stand godmother."

The Emperor fixed upon me for a few moments his keen and penetrating glance, and rejoined:

"Would you not like Signora Lætitia to be godmother?"

"Your Majesty never did me the honour to speak of Madame Mère."

"Well, should you like her to stand?"

"I am," answered I, "ready to obey your Majesty's wishes."

"But this is no reply to my question. Who, I ask again, do you wish to stand godmother to your son?"

"Does your Majesty deign to allow me the choice?"

"I told you so," he replied, "an hour ago."

"Then," said I, "I request Her Majesty the Empress to stand godmother to my son."

"Ah!" he responded and gazed on me steadily for some time; at length he said:

"You wish the Empress to stand? Well, be it so."

The divorce took place in the following year. I have dwelt on the above circumstance because it has reference to a fact which gave a humorous turn to my child's christening.

The numerous Memoirs which detail the magnificence of Marly and Versailles convey no idea of the splendour which surrounded Napoleon's court during the winter of 1808. One of its greatest attractions, and that which no other court in Europe could equal, was the collection of beautiful women by whom it was graced. This may easily be accounted for when it is recollected that almost all the French generals and the superior officers of the Imperial Guard had married for love, either in France or in other countries during their campaigns. I have already spoken of the elegance which embellished the Consular Court; but we have now arrived at the period of the Empire when that elegance was doubled, nay tripled, in refinement and

magnificence. The Emperor's desire was that his court should be brilliant; and this wish, being agreeable to every one's taste, was implicitly fulfilled. The revolutionary law which prohibited embroidered coats was now forgotten, and the gentlemen rivalled the ladies in the richness of their dress and the splendour of their jewels. I well recollect the truly fantastic appearance of the *salle des Maréchaux* on the night of a grand concert, when it was lined on either side by three rows of ladies, radiant in youth and beauty, and all covered with flowers, jewels, and waving plumes. Behind the ladies were ranged the officers of the imperial household, and lastly the generals, the senators, the counsellors of State, and the foreign ministers, all clothed in rich costumes and wearing on their breasts the decorations and orders which Europe offered to us on bended knee. At the top of the hall sat the Emperor with the Empress, his brothers, sisters, and sisters-in-law. From that point he, with his eagle glance, surveyed the plumed and glittering circle.

Paris was unusually brilliant this winter. All the princes of the confederation of the Rhine; all Germany, Russia, Austria, Poland, Italy, Denmark, and Spain; in a word, all Europe, with the single exception of England, had sent to Paris the *élite* of their courts to pay their respects to the Emperor, and to fill up the magnificent retinue which followed him on a grand presentation-day from the Salle du Trône to the play in the Tuileries.

The Grand Duchess of Berg was the youngest and prettiest of the princesses of the imperial family. The Princess Borghèse, languishing and seemingly feeble, never produced so great an effect as her sister in a ballroom. Besides, the Grand Duchess danced, while the Princess Borghèse remained fixed to her sofa like an idol, of which, to say the truth, she loved to act the part. The Princess Caroline was the planet around which all the youth of the court used to be grouped, without, however, encroaching upon the gentle and gracious empire of Queen Hortense, who, beloved by all, and adored by those more immediately

connected with her, seemed to have formed the subject of M. de la Maisonfort's lively couplet:

"A chacun elle voulait plaire,
Elle plaisait,
Chacun l'aimait," etc.

The affairs of Spain now began to assume a troubled aspect. The thunder which roared over the beauteous plains of Aranjuez resounded through the Tuileries. The Emperor despatched the Grand Duke of Berg to take the command of the troops assembled on the frontiers of Spain.

This departure was by no means agreeable to the duke. He had contracted habits of gallantry which he was foolish enough to believe were those of a man of fashion, while his connections were really of the lowest and most vulgar kind. He, moreover, made himself an object of ridicule by his affected manners and dress, his curls, his feathers, his furs, and all the wardrobe of a strolling player. The Grand Duke and the Princess Caroline then occupied the Palais de l'Elysée. At the time of the marriage of the King of Westphalia the Princess Caroline had been in the habit of giving entertainments on a most magnificent scale. The winter which succeeded the marriage was distinguished by less brilliant, though equally agreeable pleasures.

The princesses received orders from the Emperor that each severally should give a ball once every week, not that Napoleon was himself fond of dancing, but he liked to see others take part in the amusement. These assemblies were usually composed of from a hundred and fifty to two hundred visitors; and the ladies, who generally numbered above fifty, were almost all young and handsome, and attired with elegance and magnificence. Never, at the balls of the Elysée or at those given by Queen Hortense, was an ill-humoured countenance to be seen, except perhaps when one of the ladies suffered under the affliction of a corn or a tight pair of shoes; for be it known that these are tortures to which every fine lady is more or less subjected. The Princess Caroline gave her balls on Fridays, Queen Hortense on Mondays, and the

Princess Pauline on Wednesdays. The eternal indisposition of Pauline, whether real or pretended, formed no excuse for evading the Emperor's command. These balls were truly delightful! what excitement they occasioned! what business for the toilet!

We also admitted our children to a share of the pleasure we ourselves enjoyed. I set this example, being the mother of the eldest of the Emperor's god-daughters. My daughter's birthday was the 6th of January, twelfth day, and I invited in her name the children of Junot's brother officers, the families of the public authorities, and of my own private friends. On this occasion from 120 to 140 children were brought together, and we engaged for their entertainment General Jacquot, the learned ape, the learned canary birds who fired off a pistol, Fitz-James the ventriloquist, Oliver the juggler, etc. How shall I describe the joy which pervaded this young assembly! what exclamations of delight! what ecstasy! Then we gave them a supper, or rather a collation of ices, pastry, and the most exquisite *sucreries* which could be procured. It was a scene of fairy enchantment!

Sometimes these little parties assembled in masks. One of the most conspicuous figures in the juvenile groups was the young Prince Achille Murat. He was a very fine boy, but a most mischievous little imp, whose boisterous romping manners formed a striking contrast to those of his cousins the Princes Louis and Napoleon, who were exceedingly sedate. The second, who succeeded the eldest in the line of succession, died even in a more distressing manner than his brother, at the age of seven and twenty. He was a remarkably fine boy. His younger brother, he who is now in Switzerland with his mother, was likewise a very lovely child. We used to call him the *Princess Louis*, on account of his profusion of fine light hair, which gave him a strong resemblance to his beautiful and amiable mother.

On the occasion of one of our juvenile masquerades my daughters encountered a comical adventure, which I will relate.

At the time here referred to Marshal Ney occupied a house in the Rue de Lille, having on one side the hotel of the Legion of Honour, and on the other the hotel of Prince Eugène. The Prince was then at Milan, and his house was occupied by the Prince Primate, a worthy man, but the most inveterate observer of forms and ceremonies I ever met with. On one of the carnival days Madame Ney invited our children to a masquerade to be given by her sons. Great was the joy of the little folks, and great the occupation of their mothers in preparing their various costumes, all endeavouring to excel one another in taste and fancy. I had just returned from Spain, and the picturesque costume of that country being still familiar to me, I prepared for my daughters complete Spanish dresses. Nothing could be prettier. Their curled hair was confined in nets of silver and pink chenille, they had petticoats of white satin trimmed with pink and silver, and bodices with long sleeves ornamented with points and braiding. Thus equipped, they set off at seven in the evening, it being arranged that their parents should not join the party till nine, that we might not interfere with the amusement of the little guests.

Mademoiselle Poidevin, my daughters' governess, was directed to escort them to Marshal Ney's. The coachman and footman who attended the children's carriage had never been accustomed to drive them anywhere but to the Bois de Boulogne, or to the *Assomption*, when the weather was unfavourable. They inquired of the other servants the address of Madame Ney, and were informed that it was the Rue de Lille. To the Rue de Lille they accordingly drove. On arriving there, the coachman, espying a large *porte cochère* with two posts, and a pair of blazing lamps, never doubted that this was the scene of festivity. He drew up at the flight of steps, the door of the coach was opened, and Mademoiselle Poidevin alighted with her two pupils, and inquired whether that was the residence of the Marshal.

"I suppose you mean *His Highness*," replied the valet, eyeing with astonishment the singular group before him.

Mademoiselle Poidevin had never heard the appellation "highness" applied to Marshal Ney, yet believed it might possibly be the style of addressing him; answered without hesitation:

"Oh! yes, certainly, His Highness," and somewhat embarrassed she advanced towards the salon conducting her pupils by the hands.

"It is singular," thought she to herself, as she traversed several badly-lighted and gloomy-looking rooms, —"it is singular that no noise, no sounds of mirth are audible. This is very strange!"

"Is His Highness aware of your visit, Madame?" said the valet, suddenly turning round to Mademoiselle Poidevin and the young masqueraders.

"Certainly," replied she, "we have been invited here for this fortnight past."

The valet still hesitated for a moment, and then motioning with his head as much as to say:

"*Ma foi!* let him settle the affair himself."

He opened the door of the salon and announced in a loud voice, "Mademoiselle Poidevin," for in her confusion she had forgotten to give the servant the names of the children.

The door was no sooner opened than Mademoiselle Poidevin started back with astonishment, and the children instinctively clung to her from alarm.

The room into which the servant was about to usher them was very large and badly lighted. In the middle was an immense round table covered with papers, and round it were seated several solemn-looking gentlemen in black. Among them was an old man, bent down with age. He wore a small black silk mantle, in front of which was an immense silver medal. The other individuals present seemed neither gayer nor more youthful than the gentleman just described, except perhaps one little man, distinguished by rather an obliquity of vision, and a sort of sarcastic smile, and who, as if regretting that he had only turned his thirtieth year, wore his hair cut *en vergette* and powdered, quite in the fashion of the last

century. All this made a strange impression on my little girls, who had entered the house of Prince Eugène, which, as I before mentioned, was occupied by His Highness the Grand Duke of Frankfurt, the Prince Primate. The gentleman with his hair *en vergette* and powdered was no other than the Duke Dalberg, who was that very evening affianced to the beautiful and accomplished Mademoiselle de Brignolé. No traces of the happy event were observable in the house, where, on the contrary, everything wore so gloomy an air that my little girls, who thought themselves disappointed of their *fête*, began to cry. The Prince, who was a most ceremonious man, made at least half a dozen bows as he advanced towards Mademoiselle Poidevin, who on her part was utterly confounded. At length, however, she summoned sufficient presence of mind to explain by what accident she and her pupils had so unexpectedly interrupted the drawing up of the Duke Dalberg's marriage-contract. The Prince Primate was much amused by the mistake, and seemed almost inclined to ask my little Josephine and Constance to dance a fandango. Mademoiselle Poidevin, however, retired with her pupils, being politely bowed out by the Prince and the Duke Dalberg.

Some days after this adventure Count Louis de Narbonne said to me:

"Do you know, Madame Junot, that your daughters caused terrible consternation the other evening at the Prince Primate's. It was supposed that some forsaken mistress of the Duke Dalberg had come with her young family to oppose the marriage."

I laughed heartily at the strange mistake. "Well," said I, "His Highness must have been not a little puzzled by the fantastic costume of the two *little orphans*."

On my arrival at Madame Ney's I found the juvenile party in the height of gaiety: charades and dancing were kept up till one o'clock, and when the younger portion of the company had retired M. Grancourt dropped in and amused us for another hour or two.

M. de Grancourt was then a conspicuous character in the *beau monde* of Paris, and one of the most curious vestiges of the last century. He was a native of Switzerland, a man of fortune, and generally known in the best society of Europe. In spite of these advantages he was, both in appearance and manner, one of the most burlesque personages imaginable. His little legs supporting an immense body, and his head surmounted by a large wig, profusely powdered and frizzed, like that worn by Fleury in the *Ecole des Bourgeois*, were not, after all, half so droll as his amusing self-conceit and his mania of fancying himself irresistibly fascinating.

M. de Grancourt had travelled much, and had mingled in the best society in Russia, Germany, and England. He was an original type of the period anterior to the Revolution. He was the intimate friend of M. d'Espinchal, with whom he had frequent disputes to settle the question of which of the two was best versed in the science of knowing everybody who ought to be known in Paris. One evening M. de Grancourt was bustling about the lobbies of the Opera, in company with a friend just arrived from the country. M. d'Espinchal met them, and asked Grancourt why he was peeping so eagerly through the panes of the boxes.

"It is I, sir," said the country gentleman, "who am giving M. de Grancourt all this trouble. I appointed to meet my wife at the Opera this evening; but I have lost the ticket of the box and forgotten the number, so I am at a loss where to find her."

"Has Madame been long in Paris?" inquired d'Espinchal.

"Only two days."

"On what tier is her box?"

"On the first."

"I will tell you in a few minutes whether she is in the house or not."

M. d'Espinchal opened an empty box, and looked round the theatre with his lorgnette. He then went to the opposite side of the theatre, and did the same. In a

few minutes he returned to the gentleman, requested he would follow him, and pointed to a box.

"Ah!" exclaimed the gentleman, "here is my wife!"

"I was sure of it," said M. d'Espinchal.

"But how, sir? you do not know her!"

"That was the very reason I found her out."

The country gentleman stared with astonishment.

"To be sure," added M. d'Espinchal, "your wife is the only lady I do not know among the hundred who are seated in the first tier. Therefore I could not be wrong."

"Well," observed M. de Grancourt, shrugging his shoulders, "this is beyond me!"

CHAPTER X.

The romantic school in literature—Napoleon as President of the Institute at St. Cloud—Discussion between Cardinal Maury and the Emperor—Napoleon's opinion of the morals of the present age compared with those of former times—His remarks on the doctrine of phrenology.

THE romantic school in literature at this period was in its infancy, and was not sanctioned by the auspices of the great names now attached to it. Nevertheless, all the young generation of the reading portion of society, that is to say those from the age of twenty to thirty, were passionate admirers of that fertile branch of literature which opened so many roads to information, and diffused a light over objects hitherto concealed beneath the shade of prejudices called *rules*. Goethe, Schiller, Shakspeare; in short, all the eminent writers of Germany and England were translated into French, and they imparted a powerful weight to the opinions of Rousseau, Voltaire, Bernardin de Saint Pierre, and André Chenier. Then came a torrent of new literary works, many of them monstrosities, it is true, but which nevertheless served to open a path to those men of real genius whose names will be handed down with honour to posterity. At the head of these may be placed Victor Hugo and his friend Alphonse de Lamartine.

The succession of reminiscences which I have just now called up present to me a multitude of details in which Napoleon is concerned, and which bear reference to literary subjects. Among these recollections there is

one in particular which forcibly strikes me, on account of its connection with many questions now agitated. It is an evening I spent at St. Cloud, on which occasion Napoleon may be said to have played the part of President of the Institute; for he spoke for upwards of three hours on literature, and the various revolutions it had undergone. Napoleon was quite a lover of the romantic school, and Ossian was his favourite poet.

The evening I have alluded to was a Sunday, and there was a party at Saint Cloud. All the Emperor's favourite *savants* were present, and many other individuals whose talent and information eminently qualified them to bear a brilliant part in conversation. Among the company were M. Rœderer, M. de la Place, Monge, and Cardinal Maury. M. Chaptal had brought with him the first plates of his *Voyage d'Egypte.* M. de Lacépède was also one of the company, and I have some recollection that Cuvier was there too. The object of this extraordinary convocation of talent was the discussion of some questions relating to chemistry and natural philosophy, respecting which some of our correspondents in Germany had sent reports. These reports referred particularly to the discoveries made in Bavaria by Baron d'Aretin. After the Emperor had heard the opinions of Berthollet and other members of the Institute, the conversation changed from the scientific subjects, to which attention had been first directed, and took a very curious turn. When I entered the salon the Emperor was speaking with great warmth; he was addressing himself to Cardinal Maury, who was always very much disposed to controversy, and who was not more courteous to the Emperor than he was to M. Brockhausen, the Prussian ambassador, to whom he once said: "Monsieur, the fact is, Racine cannot be understood in Prussia for a century to come." His abruptness of manner and loud thundering voice always made me dread a literary or political discussion in which he took part, notwithstanding his talent for conversation.

The discussion had fallen, I cannot tell how, on the

moral corruption of the French language. Napoleon by instinct could speak correctly on such a subject, but he was not competent to maintain an argument with a man like the cardinal. Every voice was hushed except those of the two interlocutors, and not a word that fell from either of them was lost. Napoleon maintained that the change which had taken place in our language was an inevitable consequence of the influence of morals. The cardinal replied that the question was not to determine the effect produced, but to inquire into the causes which had led to that effect. "Probity, virtue, filial respect," said he; "in short, all that forms the basis of every well-constructed social edifice has been destroyed, never to be recovered; and I am of opinion that this destruction has exercised a powerful influence on the corruption of language, for I presume that your Majesty does not regard the change that has taken place as a defeat tending merely to strip the language of its primitive and original character?"

This question seemed to be a sort of challenge addressed to the *Roi législateur*. Napoleon looked steadfastly at the cardinal, and, with an expression which I cannot describe, exclaimed: "Surely, cardinal, you do not imagine that I, the head of a great Empire, who am daily doomed to observe the most revolting examples of human turpitude, would think of defending the morals of the present age. There exist now, as there always have existed, corrupters and corruption, vice and atheism. We see religion forgotten by its ministers, and laws observed from fear, and not from respect. All this is the result of the subversion of order that has so long prevailed. Cardinal," he added with a smile, "I would have you be less severe upon the present generation. For my part, I think that people in a certain class are better now than they were a hundred, ay, even fifty or five and twenty years ago." Here he walked about the room, taking several pinches of snuff.

"Will your Majesty permit me to observe," resumed the cardinal, "that two classes at least, the citizens and the

peasantry, are very different with respect to purity of morals from what they were fifty years ago; and those classes make up the bulk of the population."—"You are wrong, cardinal, you are wrong," observed the Emperor sharply. "But what do you mean when you talk of purity of morals in the class of citizens? Do you allude to the period when Madame du Barry was *demoiselle de boutique?*" —"Or perhaps," said Monge, "the cardinal alludes to the time when the citizens went to mass and the peasantry paid tithes." I shall never forget the glance which Napoleon cast upon Monge at this moment—it was as eloquent as a whole speech. Monge, who, like Volney, Dolomieu, and other *savants* of the day, was a decided atheist, had mistaken the Emperor's drift, and had made a remark that was anything but appropriate. He ought not to have forgotten the sharp remonstrance he received from the Emperor for the indecorous *bon-mot* which fell from him in reference to the dispute between the Curé of Saint Roche and the performers of the Opera on the occasion of the death of Mademoiselle Chameroi. "*After all,*" said Monge, "*it is but a quarrel between actor and actor.*" Napoleon was offended at Monge's levity. His object was to restore moral and useful institutions,—in short, all the good which preceding events had subverted. For the furtherance of these views he naturally directed his attention to religion. He created *priests* but not a *clergy*, and he said: "I restore priests in order that they may teach the word of God, and not cause it to be forgotten."

Monge's observation on the subjects of the tithes greatly displeased Napoleon, and turning towards Cardinal Maury, he said: "Well, cardinal, if you please, we will re-establish tithes for this night only, and they shall be paid by those who talk too hastily." In justice to Napoleon, I must add that though he occasionally expressed his disapproval of the opinions entertained by Monge on certain points, yet he sincerely loved and esteemed that celebrated man.

The reader has seen how the scientific and literary conversation of the *soirée* at St. Cloud insensibly became

political. The little storm which the remark of Monge had produced suddenly interrupted it, and for several minutes nothing was heard in the *salon bleu* but the voice of the Empress,—who was conversing in a low tone with some of the ladies,—and the footsteps of the Emperor, who paced up and down taking his eternal pinches of snuff. At length he suddenly turned to the cardinal, and said, with an inexplicable mixture of severity and raillery: "You maintain, cardinal, that the morals of the people have become more corrupt during the last fifty years; but if I were to prove to you positively the reverse, what would you say?"—"Sire, I should say nothing," replied the cardinal, resuming his confidence; "for to resist proof would be a mark of the most perverse spirit. If I should be convinced by your Majesty, I shall have nothing to say in reply; but let us see the proof."—"Well, I would first ask whether, when you speak of the whole French people, you mean only the population of Paris? That population may, it is true, be counted as ten to one on the day of an insurrection; but, apart from that, you must grant that the civic and commercial population of the capital amounts only to two hundred thousand individuals, men, women, and children. Among this number there may certainly be exceptions. The old customs that were hidden beneath the triple spider-webs which the Revolution swept away; the old customs destroyed in certain families of the Rue Saint Denis or the Rue du Marais are no doubt regretted by those families. But enlarge the circle around you; go into the country and the neighbourhood of the convents and ask the village elders how the Benedictines and the Four Mendicant orders used to teach morality to females."—"Man is not infallible," replied the cardinal pointedly. "But look at the benefits which those men diffused around them! What treasures those very Benedictines, whom your Majesty mentioned, have bequeathed to literature! Their works will be——"—"You are wandering from the question, cardinal, you are wandering widely. Because the Benedictines wrote *l'Art de vérifier les dates*, it does not follow that they have not done a great

many things besides. But I will not exclusively attack the monks and priests in speaking of the morality of the *tiers-état* at the period we are referring to. I will ask you how that class raised its voice to defend itself when attacked by the *noblesse*, and were commanded, like slaves, to bow down before their superiors. Nothing was secure against the wild caprice of a libertine, and at that time every young nobleman was a libertine of the most lawless kind. Take, for example, the Duc de Richelieu, burning a whole district for an hour's amusement! Who is it says—

'Pour les plaisirs d'un jour, que tout Paris périsse.'

Is it not Jean-Baptiste Rousseau?"—"No, Sire, it is Gilbert."—"When did he live?"—"He was contemporary with La Harpe, d'Alembert, and Diderot. In that same satire which your Majesty has just quoted he alludes to La Harpe in the line which has been so often repeated—

'Tomba de *chute* en *chute* au trône académique.'"

—"*Pardieu!*" exclaimed the Emperor. "La Harpe may truly be said to have usurped his reputation. He was a greater atheist than any of the *coterie* of Baron d'Holbach and the Encyclopædists. He was the mean and servile flatterer of Voltaire; and he afterwards made abjurations the most absurd and contemptible, for they were not the result of conviction. Did you know him?" The cardinal replied in the affirmative; and, being an experienced courtier, he began to pronounce a sort of funeral oration on La Harpe, which was characterised by anything but Christian charity. I could not help smiling, for in his *Cours de Littérature* La Harpe speaks in high terms of the panegyrics of Cardinal Maury, when, being only an abbé, he delivered them on Saint Louis and Saint Vincent de Paul before the king. The cardinal would certainly have defended La Harpe against any other than the Emperor. But he had already *tenu tête à Napoléon*, to quote the phrase which he himself always employed, when he disputed with the Emperor an inch of ground on any question whatever. He thought he had done enough for one evening.

The conversation was kept up with spirit. The Emperor was in one of his most talkative humours. After this long digression, the scientific subjects, for the discussion of which the party had been assembled, were again touched upon. Incompetent as I was to speak on such learned topics I was obliged to answer a question put to me by the Emperor respecting M. de Fenaigle, the professor of mnemonics. I had repeated to the Empress a number of absurd things which I had heard from Fenaigle, whom Napoleon did not like. As to Dr. Gall, he despised him, and had no faith in his system. He was just then beginning in France to acquire the great reputation which he has left behind him. I had received Dr. Gall on his arrival in France; for, as the wife of the Governor of Paris, I thought it my duty to show attention to a man who was reputed to have made great and useful discoveries in science. One day, when he was dining at my house, I requested him to examine the head of my little son, who was then six weeks old. The child was brought in, his cap was taken off, and the doctor, after an attentive examination of his little head, said in a solemn tone: "This child will be a great mathematician." This prediction has certainly not been verified. My eldest son, on the contrary, possesses a brilliant and poetic imagination. It is possible that he might have been a mathematician had he been forced to that study; but certainly the natural bent of his mind would never have led him to calculations and the solution of problems. Monge and the cardinal, knowing my intimacy with Dr. Gall, asked me some questions respecting him. I was aware of the Emperor's opinion of the doctor and his system, and therefore I was not surprised when, turning to me, he said in a tone of disapproval: "So, Madame Junot, you patronise Dr. Gall. Well, you are *Gouvernante* of Paris, and I suppose you must show attention to *men of science*, even though they be fools. And what has the doctor told you?" I knew by experience that the way to deal with the Emperor was never to appear intimidated, but to answer his questions with confidence and presence of mind. I told him the result of Dr. Gall's examination

of my son's organs. "Ah! he said that, did he? Then we will not make my godson a bishop, nor even a cardinal" (here he cast a glance at Cardinal Maury), "but he shall be a good artillery or engineer officer. A man like Dr. Gall is good for something at least. I think I shall establish for him a professor's chair, so that he may teach his system to all the *accoucheurs* and *sages femmes* of Paris. It may then be ascertained as soon as a child comes into the world what he is destined to be; and if he should have the organs of murder or theft very strongly marked, he may be immediately drowned, as the Greeks used to drown the crooked-legged and the hunchbacked." The Emperor considered the system of Dr. Gall as destructive of all order and of all law. Soon after the doctor's return from Germany he inquired of the members of the Institute if there was not one among them sufficiently courageous to answer the foolish doctrine of Dr. Gall.

CHAPTER XI.

The Emperor's family—Negotiations between Napoleon and Lucien—M. Campi—His mission to Canino—Madame Lucien Bonaparte—The Duchy of Parma and the throne of Naples—Lucien's magnanimous conduct—His daughter Charlotte—Her projected marriage with Ferdinand VII. Her departure for Spain countermanded—Affairs of Spain—M. Talleyrand.

THE interior of the Emperor's family presented a curious picture. There were circumstances connected with it which, though concealed from the world, had a strong influence on important public questions, as well as upon private interests. This was the case, for instance, on the occasion of the long negotiations which passed between the Emperor and his brother Lucien from the year 1807 to 1809. About this time the Emperor wished to establish universal monarchy through the medium of the members of his family; and notwithstanding the scene which had occurred at Mantua, a new chance seemed now to offer itself of a reconciliation between the two brothers. The pretence for opening this new negotiation was the demand made by the Prince of the Asturias to Napoleon for espousing a female of his family. The Emperor was perfectly convinced that Lucien would not probably be inclined to give, or rather to sacrifice his daughter, by consenting to her marriage with a man who had acted a most unnatural part towards his father and mother. He therefore saw the necessity of managing the business skilfully, and he accordingly engaged M. Campi to be the bearer of the propositions to Canino, where Lucien then resided. M.

Campi was a devoted friend of the Bonaparte family. He was a Corsican, and his talents were conspicuous enough to justify Napoleon's choice, without reference to favour or family connections. When Lucien was minister of the interior he had employed M. Campi as his private secretary, and he entertained a high opinion of him.

The Emperor had two subjects equally difficult and delicate to propose to Lucien. The first was the marriage of Charlotte Bonaparte with the Prince of the Asturias. In this affair the Emperor behaved with a degree of duplicity which cannot be excused. It is evident that at that very moment he was revolving in his mind a plan with regard to Ferdinand which seemed utterly at variance with his communication to Lucien. But this has reference to the mysterious affairs of Spain, to which I shall presently have occasion to call the attention of the reader. M. Campi was the bearer of a letter, inviting Lucien, on the part of the Emperor, to repair to Paris in order to hear and discuss personally a new proposition which would be made to him: this was that Lucien should accept the kingdom of Naples. Joseph was to have another sovereignty, though its name was not specified; but Holland being the only one to give away, as Louis intended soon to renounce his throne, it might be presumed that the exchange was to be between Naples and the Hague. However, it was not so; for the throne of Spain was the point to which the Emperor's views were directed. He wished at the same time to have Italy at his disposal; and Lucien, whose courage, both moral and physical, he well knew, was the man suited to his purpose. On this occasion Napoleon proved how a determination once formed in his mind became stronger instead of weaker by time. He had said once in the council of State: "I never will acknowledge the wife of my brother Lucien to be my sister-in-law."

These words having been emphatically uttered in the sanctuary of the laws, he regarded them as a bond formed with himself and with the Imperial Majesty of France. But this was, in fact, only another proof of that despotic

power which the Emperor was always eager to exercise whenever any member of his family attempted to become a free agent. In proportion as Lucien's conduct was noble and honourable in asserting his political independence, the more was the Emperor resolved to force him to give up another point, which he could not relinquish without a sacrifice of honour. Napoleon entertained for Madame Lucien a feeling closely bordering on hatred. I have frequently heard him speak of her with such bitterness that Josephine, who certainly owed no kindness either to Lucien or to any of his family, one day said to the Emperor, in her soft tone of remonstrance: "Recollect, my dear, that she is a woman."

That title to consideration might have sufficed, even had Madame Lucien not been, as she really was, the type of a Roman matron; such a one as we may conceive the mothers and wives of the celebrated Romans to have been. She lived in a style of magnificence which accorded with her husband's station; but seldom stirred from her home, where she was surrounded by a numerous family, which formed a sufficient defence against the tongue of slander. Her conduct was irreproachable, and she rendered Lucien completely happy. Like him, she possessed a taste for literature, and her society served to alleviate the chagrin and irritation which occasionally resulted from the Emperor's treatment of his brother. Indeed, if it were true, as the Emperor used to say, that Lucien had contracted this union only to vex him, he at all events found in it a source of happiness which possibly might not have resulted from a marriage concluded under more favourable auspices.

Napoleon instructed M. Campi to convey to his brother the investiture of the duchy of Parma; but it was not *for* Lucien, but for his wife *alone*. As to Lucien, he was to be King of Naples. Madame Lucien was to proceed from Rome to Parma in quality of duchess, taking with her two of her children, that is to say, two of her daughters, for she was not to take either of her sons. When once beyond the walls of Rome, it was Napoleon's wish that

she should be separated from Lucien as completely and finally as death could have separated her. On condition of her making this sacrifice, the Emperor was willing to acknowledge her as his sister-in-law, and to behave towards her as a kind relation. But she was to break every tie which attached her to life, and to be separated from all she held dear!

On receiving Campi's communication Lucien instantly refused, not merely the crown of Naples, with permission to be a free agent, but also the duchy of Parma, which he conceived he could purchase only by base and dishonourable complaisance. The situation in which Madame Lucien was placed was totally different to that of her husband. What it was his duty to reject it was hers to comply with. She had only to follow the path which Fate had traced out for woman! In short, after a night passed in the most painful reflections, she declared to Lucien that she had determined to be no obstacle in the way of his elevation, that she had prepared an answer to that effect, and was about to send it to the Emperor.

"Where is the letter?" said Lucien with apparent composure. Madame Lucien gave it to him. He immediately tore it to pieces and threw it on the ground. Madame Lucien insisted on conciliating the Emperor, and securing the advantage of her husband and children at any personal sacrifice to herself. But Lucien was firmly fixed in his resolution, and it was finally agreed that the Emperor's offers should be rejected. The carriage designed to convey Madame Lucien to Parma was in attendance; everything had been prepared for the journey; but all was instantly countermanded. As to the proposed marriage of Lucien's daughter with the Prince of the Asturias, the refusal was not so immediate. On the contrary, Lucien directed preparations to be made for her departure to Spain. His daughter Charlotte was a beautiful and accomplished girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age.[1] Indeed, she would have formed a most desirable

[1] She was afterwards the Princess Gabrielli.

match for any prince in the world, and Ferdinand might have been most happy in possessing her.

The preparations for her departure were carried on with so much secrecy that the good people of Rome knew nothing of the matter, and probably I am now the first to give publicity to the affair. Madame Letiers, the wife of the director of the French Academy, was selected to accompany the young princess to Spain. Everything was ready, when one morning Lucien sent to request that Comte de Chatillon would come and speak to him. The count, who was an intimate friend of Lucien Bonaparte, had been reduced by the events of the Revolution to the necessity of exercising professionally his talent in the fine arts. This gentleman had followed Lucien in his banishment to Italy. He resided in his house at Canino, and assisted in the education of his children. Lucien, on sending for the count, unexpectedly directed him to countermand all the preparations made for Charlotte's departure. "I cannot," said he, "resolve to separate from my beloved child! and, above all, I will never consent to her connection with a court the vice and profligacy of which no one knows better than I. There is only one man who could protect her there, and that is Charles IV.; but though he might have the will, he possesses not the power. Therefore, it is better that my poor child be under the protection of her father." Charlotte accordingly remained at home.

Such is the history of the first negotiation for the marriage of Prince Ferdinand with a relative of Napoleon —a marriage which the former had solicited. M. Campi returned to France in order to report the result of his mission to Napoleon, and this affair contributed not a little to heighten the feeling of animosity which the Emperor entertained towards Madame Lucien.

A great deal has been said relative to Napoleon's project of giving to the surviving members of the Bourbon family a crown in Europe. It would be perhaps a difficult question to determine whether this project was the result of a sudden or a deliberate determination on his part.

Be this as it may, I can assert, without the fear of contradiction, that the designs which the Emperor entertained with regard to Spain did not originate long before the time when Ferdinand wrote him the letter from the Escurial. At that period the weakness exhibited by the court of Madrid led him to believe that it would be more favourable to the interests of Spain that he should give her a sovereign, than that she should be governed by an unprincipled favourite, a profligate queen, and an imbecile king. It has been alleged that M. de Talleyrand powerfully influenced the Emperor in the part he took after the affairs of Aranjuez. I do not deny that such may be the fact; but I must remark that Napoleon was not the man to allow himself to be greatly *influenced* by any one. I know, for instance, that M. de Talleyrand advised him to go to Spain to consummate the work which had been begun by that good and trusty Castilian, Izquierdo; but I am inclined to believe that M. de Talleyrand, with all his finesse, was in this matter rather the instrument than the director; and that, in this Spanish business, Napoleon outwitted him.

CHAPTER XII.

Festivities in Paris—The Grand Duchess of Berg's masquerade—A quadrille of sixteen ladies—The Tyrolean peasant-girls—Prince Camille Borghèse—His extraordinary disguise—The blue mask—Isabey personating the Emperor—His large hands—The dance interrupted—Mademoiselle Gu—— and the Grand Duchess—The new nobility—The Duc de Rovigo—General Rapp—The salute—The Duchesse de Montebello—The Pope's Bull and the ass laden with relics.

WHILST Spain was convulsed by revolutionary disorder, Paris was enlivened by a succession of brilliant entertainments. Of these, one of the most remarkable was a masquerade given by the Grand Duchess of Berg. In the course of the evening a quadrille was danced; this was really the first one which deserved the name; for those introduced at the marriage of the Princess of Baden had none of the characteristics of a quadrille, except that of being danced by four couples, dressed in red, green, and blue. The costume which the Grand Duchess of Berg selected was that of the Tyrolese peasantry, and Her Highness had arranged that the quadrille should be exclusively danced by females. We made a party of sixteen Tyrolean peasant-girls, and we were headed by our *bailli*. This venerable personage was represented by Mademoiselle Adelaide de Lagrange. The Grand Duchess, for some reason or other, did not wish the quadrille dancers to assemble at her residence in the Elysée Napoleon. She requested that they might meet at my house, and proceed altogether to the Elysée. Her Highness gave orders to this effect to Despreaux, the director of the court ballets.

About nine o'clock I had a rehearsal of the quadrille in the grand gallery of my hotel. Several of my friends who were not included in the Grand Duchess's invitation, came to see the dance, and we were unexpectedly enlivened by an incident which I will here relate.

It was half-past ten o'clock: the moment for our departure to the palace was fast approaching. I counted my masks. There were fourteen, the right number. There were the Comtesse du Châtel, the Comtesse Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, the Princess of Wagram (who was not then married), Madame de Colbert, Mademoiselle de la Vauguyon, and her sister, the Princess of Beauffremont. Then there was the Baronne de Montmorency, and some others whose names I forget. I believe the Duchesse de Rovigo was one of them. We were engaged in adjusting our masks when M. Cavagnari[1] entered and whispered me that a lady who was included in the quadrille was waiting in the next room; but as she had come too late she wished me to go and conduct her in. I cast my eyes over the list sent me by the Grand Duchess. I found my number was complete; but as the Princess de Ponte-Corvo, one of the masks, was not in my list, I concluded that she must be the lady who had just arrived. I therefore proceeded to the salon, which formed a sort of anteroom to the gallery. There I perceived, in the further corner of the apartment, a lady, whose short and bulky person was so ludicrous that at first I could not help starting back with astonishment. Imagine a figure about five feet some inches in height, but incredibly stout, and dressed in the Tyrolean costume. I approached this singular apparition; as I advanced, I became more and more amazed at the grotesque figure before me. "*Mon Dieu!* what an extraordinary person," thought I to myself. "To whom have I the honour to address myself?" inquired I.

The mask answered only by a deep sigh. I now found it impossible to contain my laughter. A second sigh succeeded, much more profound than the first, and

[1] M. Cavagnari was a confidential domestic of the duke.

it was breathed with such force as to blow up the lace trimming of the mask. Being anxious to terminate this embarrassing sort of conversation, I extended my hand to the lady, and proposed to conduct her to the gallery; when she suddenly seized me by the waist, and raising her mask attempted to kiss me. I screamed, and disengaging myself, flew to the bell, and pulled it with all my might. Truly, my precipitation might well be excused, for I felt a rough beard in contact with my chin. M. Cavagnari entered, and immediately burst into a fit of laughter. The stout lady laughed with him; and, to say the truth, I laughed too, though half inclined to be angry; for I now saw before me the unmasked face of His Royal Highness the Prince Camille Borghèse. At length I proposed to conduct His Highness to the gallery, where the ladies were not a little astonished and amused by the extraordinary *travestie.* It would be difficult to convey an idea of the burlesque figure he presented, especially when, having removed his mask, he exhibited his bluish beard, black whiskers, and bushy hair, some stubborn locks of which escaped from beneath the Indian muslin veil. The whimsical effect of all this was heightened by the contrast of the young and elegant females who were grouped around him, and whose costume he had precisely imitated. It was alternately amusing and provoking to find our Sosio reflecting us so admirably in caricature.

It was now time to proceed to the palace, and it was agreed that the prince should go with us. We found the Grand Duchess of Berg waiting to receive us in her private apartment, attended by the Princess de Ponte-Corvo, both dressed exactly in the same style as ourselves. Great merriment was excited by the introduction of our newly-recruited Tyrolese peasant-girl. We entered the ball-room headed by our venerable *bailli*, holding in her hand her little white staff, and wearing her wig most magisterially. As we were proceeding from the inner apartment to the gallery, a little mask in blue ran against me on his way to the closet, where the dominoes were changed. I was pushed aside with so much force that I

almost felt inclined to be angry. But the little blue mask was no other than the Emperor!

Napoleon liked to divert himself, as he used to say, in these saturnalia. He loved to disguise himself completely, and allow some individual to assume his character. On the evening in question Isabey was to personate him. The humour of that celebrated artist was admirably calculated to enliven a masked ball, while the Emperor made but a poor figure in such an entertainment. In personating Napoleon, Isabey found it most difficult to disguise his hands, which were exceedingly large, while the Emperor's were small and beautifully formed. With the exception, however, of his hands, Isabey personated the Emperor to perfection. The masquerade was kept up with great spirit; the costumes were elegant, and the entertainment was altogether one of the most delightful that had been given during that winter. In the course of the evening a little incident occurred which had well-nigh interrupted the general good-humour that prevailed:— Suddenly the cheerful strains of the orchestra and the gay buzz of conversation were interrupted by the tones of a loud female voice, which exclaimed in an imperious tone: "I desire that she shall instantly quit my house!" This was the voice of the Grand Duchess herself.

Those who were connected with the imperial court at the time will recollect that a very pretty girl named Mademoiselle Gu——t had been in the service of the Empress before the appointment of Madame Gazani. Mademoiselle Gu——t was a most beautiful creature, and Queen Hortense, who to every other proof of good taste joined that of loving to see agreeable faces about her, had been very kind to Mademoiselle Gu——t. She took the young lady to the Grand Duchess's ball, where she was to be one of the characters in a quadrille. Whether the Grand Duchess was really ignorant of the presence of Mademoiselle Gu——t until the moment of the exclamation above cited, or whether she maliciously wished to place the young lady in a painful situation, I pretend not to describe; but certain it is that she seemed to evince

great astonishment at learning Mademoiselle Gu——t was in the room, and instantly gave vent to her indignation in the words I have recorded. Poor Mademoiselle Gu——t, in tears, declared that the conduct of the Grand Duchess was most unjust and cruel; and could not be excused, even by the jealousy of an offended wife. The truth is, it was the love of the Grand Duchess for the Grand Duke which had given rise to this angry scene. Mademoiselle Gu——t had attracted the notice of His Highness, and that was sin enough to be thus visited by a public censure.

Queen Hortense, however, warmly espoused the cause of the young lady, and with some success. But it may easily be conceived that the whole scene had a very ludicrous effect. I might myself have quarrelled with Mademoiselle Gu——t on the same grounds, but I restrained my feelings. I consoled myself with the idea that the Grand Duchess, from the recollection of our early friendship, had taken up my cause along with her own.

Be this as it may, Mademoiselle Gu——t was amply indemnified for the painful situation in which she had been placed. The Empress took her into her service. However, it is but just to all parties to mention that very shortly after the Empress's arrival at Bayonne it was found necessary to furnish Mademoiselle Gu——t with a passport to return to Paris to her mother.

I have not yet spoken of a most important circumstance in the political life of the Emperor, viz. the creation of his new nobility. The institution of the order of the Legion of Honour had already paved the way for this, but the work was not consummated until the creation of hereditary titles, with endowments. It was indeed expected that the Emperor would earlier have directed his attention to this matter, for the creation of the duchy of Dantzic on the 28th of May 1807 sufficiently revealed his intention. I was on duty with Madame at the Tuileries, and used to accompany her to the family dinners which took place every Sunday. On one of these occasions, while I was waiting in the *Salon de service* in the

Pavilion of Flora, I perceived Savary approaching me. "Embrace me!" cried he; "I have good news."—"Tell me the news first," said I, "and then I shall see whether it be worth the reward."—"Well, then, I am a duke."—"That is news indeed," said I; "but why should I embrace you for that?"—"My title is the Duke of Rovigo," continued he, marching up and down the room in an ecstasy of joy, "And what do I care for your ridiculous title?" said I in a tone of impatience. "Had he told you that you are a duchess," said Rapp, stepping up to me and taking both my hands in his, "I am sure you would have embraced him as you will embrace me for bringing you the intelligence."—"That I will," said I, presenting my cheek to my old friend Rapp, whose frank and cordial manner quite delighted me. "And another for Junot," said he, smiling. "Well, be it so," answered I, "and I promise you I will inform him that you were the first to tell me this good news."—"And, moreover," said Rapp, "you have the best title of the whole batch of duchesses. You are the Duchesse d'Abrantès." I perceived that the Emperor had given Junot the title of the Duc d'Abrantès as a particular compliment to him. I therefore was doubly gratified. Junot was so deeply impressed with the Emperor's kindness that, as he afterwards told me, he was moved to tears on receipt of the intelligence.

We descended to dinner, which was laid in the salon at the foot of the staircase of the Pavilion of Flora. At the head of our table usually sat the Empress's lady of honour (then the Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld) or the Dame d'Atours. Sometimes, in the absence of both these ladies, the lady on duty at the palace would preside. On the day I allude to Madame de la Rochefoucauld was at her post—an honour, by the bye, which she seldom conferred upon us. I found myself quite solitary in the midst of the company. The party was composed of individuals whose manners and conversation did not suit my taste. Thus I was very glad when I saw Madame Lannes enter the salon. Her company was always welcome to me, but now it was especially so. We immedi-

ately drew near each other, and sat down together at the table. "Well," said I, "here are great changes, but I am sure they will work none in you." I was right. She might subsequently have conceived a taste for these pomps and vanities, but at that time she was a simple, kind, and perfectly natural creature. "You may indeed be sure that I care but little for them," replied Madame Lannes, "and I am sure Lannes will not feel himself elevated by them. You know his turn of mind; he is still unchanged; but there are many who surround the Emperor who entertain diametrically opposite opinions. Look around you."

I looked up, and beheld opposite to me the Duc de Rovigo, whose countenance was radiant with self-complacency. The Duchesse de Rovigo sat at some distance from us. "I'll wager," said I to Madame Lannes, "that she is not so vain of her elevation. She is an amiable woman, and not likely to assume any of these ridiculous airs." Madamé Lannes smiled.

"And what title have you got?" said I, after some further conversation. "Oh! a charming one!" replied she; "Duchesse de Montebello! Mine and yours are the prettiest titles on the list." Here she drew from her girdle a small card, on which were inscribed the names of all the dukes the Emperor had created, as also the majorates[1] appertaining to the titles. The Palace of the Tuileries had never been the scene of more ambitious agitation. From the marshal to the lowest *employé*, all were eager to obtain at least a feather of the nobiliary plume.

Our Sunday evenings at the Tuileries were not like others; for on that day we were not permitted to enter the Emperor's salon to wait for the princess. Sometimes, when the Emperor was in a good humour, he would invite the *dames de palais*, or other ladies who accompanied Madame, to enter. It happened so on the day I here allude to. "Well, *Madame la Duchesse Gouverneuse*," said the Emperor to me as soon as I entered, "are you satisfied with your title of Abrantes? Junot, too, ought to be pleased with it, for I intend it as a proof of my

[1] The pecuniary allowance attached to the title.

satisfaction with his conduct.[1] And what do they say of it in your salons of the Faubourg St. Germain? They must be a little mortified at the reinforcement I have sent them." Then turning to the arch-chancellor, he said: "Well, Monsieur, after all, nothing that I have done is more in unison with the true spirit of the French Revolution than the re-establishment of high dignities. The French people fought for only one thing: equality in the eye of the law, and the power of controlling the acts of their Government. Now, my nobility, as they style it, is in reality no nobility at all, because it is without prerogatives or hereditary succession. The only prerogative it enjoys, if prerogative it can be called, is the fortune conferred by way of recompense for civil or military services; while its hereditary succession depends on the will of the sovereign in confirming the title on the son or nephew of the deceased holder. My nobility is, after all, one of my finest creations."

About this time a curious circumstance happened to me, which affords an example of the accuracy with which the Emperor gained information of everybody's affairs and actions. I always entertained a sort of religious veneration for old family connections, in spite of my altered circumstances. Thus, whenever it lay in my power, I endeavoured to show kind attention to the good nuns of La Croix, who had educated my sister Madame Geouffre, and to the Abbé Remy, who had been her confessor. The abbé, whom I have not seen more than five or six times in the course of my life, was an honest man, but perfectly null with respect to talent, and certainly quite incapable of being the leader of a conspiracy. When the Abbé Remy came to Paris he brought me a letter of introduction from my brother Albert, from which I learned that the good priest, who had been formerly my sister's tutor, had escaped the massacres of September. I re-

[1] I have already mentioned that the Emperor had directed Junot to enter Lisbon at all hazards; and it was Junot's bold entrance into Abrantes which decided the success of the expedition. "I wished to give him the title of Duke of Nazareth," said the Emperor to me; "but was afraid that he might get the nickname of Junot of Nazareth."

ceived him as I would receive an old friend, and, had Junot been in Paris I am sure I could have convinced him that it would have been wrong to do otherwise. But Junot was then in Lisbon; and I did not write to him on the subject, conceiving it to be quite unimportant. What was my surprise when Duroc, who was always sent on missions of this sort, called one day to inform me that I had received into my house a factious priest, who had brought to France copies of the Comminatory Bull addressed to the Emperor by Pope Pius VII.

I stared at Duroc as though he had been addressing me in Greek. A Bull of excommunication appeared to me a thing so perfectly fabulous, that I never dreamed it could have existence in the year 1808. It was no less extraordinary that I should be accused of having any knowledge of it. I said this to Duroc, and he pressed the matter no further. He informed me of what I was very sorry to hear, viz. that the Abbé Remy, like the ass laden with relics (I ask his pardon for the comparison), had actually brought, in a letter of six or seven envelopes, the famous Comminatory Bull. The Emperor was in a rage. "I had seen this man, I had known him long. How happened it that I was always—always—in league with his enemies?" I was angry with Duroc for being the bearer of such an absurd charge. I was weary of this eternal repetition of unfounded suspicion; and, for the first time, during our long acquaintance, Duroc and I quarrelled. The Emperor, blinded by the reports of his police and counter-police, might have lost himself in the labyrinths of his own creating; but that Duroc, who knew me as well as he knew his own sister, should be so far misled, was a thing which I could not pardon. Duroc was a warm-hearted friend; but he too had his faults; he was not more gifted with patience than I was. He spoke to me sharply; I replied to him still more sharply. He rose and took his departure, and the result of this fine scene was that I burst into a flood of tears. M. de Narbonne, who called on me almost every day, happened at this moment to enter.

On learning the cause of my distress he told me that

he had a week before heard the whole history of the Bull. He very well knew, he said, the man who had brought this document into France; a document which, he observed, was very stupidly drawn up, and was likely to make the Pope lose St. Peter's chair; and that if the Abbé Remy had brought a copy of the Bull it was only a duplicate. I confess I did not very well understand the matter, even after this explanation. A Bull of excommunication was to me a sort of miracle. The learned word *comminatory*, which M. de Narbonne was also obliged to explain, appeared to me more calculated than all the rest to rouse the Emperor's anger. "But what," said I to M. de Narbonne, "is the cause of this sudden misunderstanding between His Majesty and His Holiness?"

It was the grand question of the French troops occupying Rome, and occupying it so as to lead to the belief that Attila and Marius had escaladed the walls. We find no traces of these terrible manœuvres in the journals of the day. The Emperor interdicted their publication in France and Italy. In Spain they were suppressed as a matter of course. It was therefore only in England and a part of Germany that any such intelligence could see the light. The accounts published in England were anything but correct, being for the most part garbled by prejudice and party feeling. I will therefore lay before the reader all the facts I can collect from my own memory and those of my friends relative to the events of that time, when we were in daily expectation of hearing that the tocsin had sounded from the dome of St. Peter's.

The circumstances attending the removal of the Pope were but little known in Paris; and yet what a noise that event and the excommunication of Napoleon made in other parts of the world. One day while we were in Spain (at Ledesma), and I was sitting at my window admiring the enchanting beauty of the surrounding landscape, Junot suddenly entered the apartment. He was gloomy and disturbed. I read in his countenance that some terrible event had occurred. "What is the matter?" inquired I eagerly. "Look," said Junot, throwing into

my lap a paper printed in the Spanish language, "read that." It was a copy of the political catechism which was then circulated in Spain. To it was appended a proclamation of the famous Don Julian, exhorting all good Spaniards to assassinate the French, because, being the subjects of an excommunicated sovereign, they were themselves excommunicated. I mention this fact in conjunction with the Comminatory Bull. I have not yet come to the Spanish war. I merely wish to point attention to the importance which was attached to the Pope's Bull, even in the perfumed valleys of Castille and Estremadura. The following is a fragment of this curious document:—

"For some time past the Holy See has been obliged to support the enormous burden of your troops. Since 1807 they have cost more than five millions of piastres.[1] You have taken from us the duchies of Benevento and Ponte-Corvo! and you have constituted us a prisoner in our apostolic residence. We appeal to all nations, and above all we appeal to you yourself, as to a son *consecrated* and *vowed*, to repair the damage, and maintain the rights of the Catholic Church."[2]

Napoleon replied to this by immediately taking possession of the provinces of Ancona, Macerata, Urbino, and Camerino, and annexing them to the kingdom of Italy. The Pope's legate quitted Paris. M. de Champagny, who was then minister for foreign affairs, but who, like the rest of Napoleon's ministers, was only a sort of chief clerk, published a long apology for the conduct of France. The Pope replied through Cardinal Gabrielli, the secretary of State, and uncle to Prince Gabrielli, who afterwards married Lucien's daughter. The answer of His Holiness was couched in those terms of peace and conciliation which became the chief of the Christian church—the Vicar of Christ. But if ever circumstances can justify the sovereign Pontiff for entering upon a war, Pius VII. may honourably claim that justification.

[1] About one million sterling.

[2] The whole of this document may be found in the *Memoirs of the Cardinal Pacca*, with many curious particulars relating to this rupture.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Emperor at Bayonne—Abdication of Charles IV.—Errors of Napoleon—Abdication of Ferdinand—Junot created Governor-General of Portugal—Embargo on cotton repealed—M. Magnien's proposal—The caricature of the Prince of the Brazils—Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain—Ferdinand VII. at Valençay—Charles IV. at Compiègne—Insurrection in Arragon—Massacres at Valencia and Seville—Murat superseded by Savary—Savary's absurdity—The provincial Junta at Seville—Letter from Louis de Bourbon—Murat made King of Naples—Reception of Joseph at Madrid—He retires to Vittoria—Affair of Baylen—Capitulation violated—Commencement of the Revolution in Spain—The Empress at Bordeaux—The Empress's return to Paris—The Spanish Junta at Bayonne—Absence of news at Paris—My interview with Napoleon at St. Cloud—*Fête* at the Hôtel de Ville—The supper—Letter from Spain—New Spanish Catechism.

AT length the Emperor set out for Bayonne, and then commenced the tragedy which had so important an influence on the destinies of Europe. All the particulars of the interviews which took place in Bayonne between the sovereign of France and the sovereigns of Spain are sufficiently known. I say the sovereigns of Spain; for Spain had then two; and all the embarrassment created by the protest of Charles IV. served only, in fact, to give the finishing touch to the work of perdition.

The course of events now advanced rapidly. Charles IV. proceeded to Bayonne, to appear with his son before the supreme tribunal of Napoleon. Ferdinand restored to him his crown; and the old monarch forthwith abdicated in favour of the Emperor of the French. Here was the commencement of those errors on Napoleon's part which marked the whole course of the Peninsular campaign.

The original fault was not merely saving the life of the Prince of the Peace, but employing him at Bayonne as minister of King Charles IV.! The Prince of the Peace had not only fallen from the royal favour, but from his position as a statesman, for Ferdinand VII. had deprived him, one after the other, of all his offices, even to the very lowest, and he was now nothing more than Manuel Godoy. This was an impolitic proceeding on the part of Napoleon; but it was not the only one. The next great error was compelling Ferdinand to abdicate. The Emperor ought rather to have given him a wife as he desired. He should have seated him on the Spanish throne, controlled all his movements (a thing perfectly easy), and then all would have been well. I am convinced that Ferdinand acted with good faith towards Napoleon, for I have found among the papers left by my husband, Ferdinand's orders transmitted through Felieu, his minister of war; and when subsequently the Marquis del Soccoro (Solano) afforded Junot the opportunity of disarming his troops, that was nothing more than the result of the bad feeling with which the Spanish people had been inspired by that multitude of Juntas, which harrassed Spain by their endless intrigues and infernal spirit. The state of things was, however, very different at Bayonne from the 19th of March or rather the 4th of May.

Next came the abdication of Ferdinand and his letter, couched in such ambiguous terms that it was calculated to set all Spain in a blaze. Thus they went on, not only sacrificing everything, but making sacrifices, only to immolate themselves, and, as one may say, to besprinkle the laurels of peace with the blood which deluged Spain. But, before the publication of the treaties of Bayonne, many of the towns had declared their independence: Seville, Badajoz, and Oviedo rose immediately on the receipt of the intelligence of the proceedings of the 2d of May. Palafox, after having escorted Godoy to Bayonne, having liberty to depart, availed himself of it to proceed to Saragossa. It is probable, though nothing is known

on the subject, that he went there with the view that Ferdinand might transmit orders to him. This, however, is of little consequence; the conduct of Palafox was at all events judicious. Whilst in Spain the storm was tranquilly gathering which was destined to overwhelm us, Junot was fortifying himself at Lisbon, and, to use the Emperor's expression, really working well.

On his arrival in Lisbon, Junot found two obstacles to the establishment of any description of government. The first was the Junta, the other the embargo which the Emperor had laid on cotton; for it may readily be supposed that Napoleon would not let slip so fine an opportunity of enforcing the continental system he had established. The effect of this measure was, that all the cargoes of cotton were confiscated, and the trade in that article ruined. A complete stagnation ensued in every other branch of trade; and the exchange in Lisbon, once one of the most busy in Europe, became in a few hours the most deserted.

Of all the valuable qualities which distinguished Junot, none were more remarkable than his clearness and promptitude of conception. This is acknowledged by all who were employed conjointly with him in any undertaking. The Duc de Valmy, Generals Thiébault and Taviel, Fouché, and Boyer, can bear testimony to this fact.

Junot acquainted the Emperor with the obstacles which impeded him. The Emperor immediately comprehended them to their fullest extent, and the next post conveyed an order for the abolition of the Junta, the establishment of a new and complete Government, with ministers and all the paraphernalia, and the assumption by Junot of the title of Governor-General of Portugal, with emoluments worth six hundred thousand francs a year. He still retained his title and office of Governor of Paris. This, therefore, was the most prosperous period of Junot's life, and the Emperor thus amply indemnified him for the pain which he had suffered a few weeks before.

Junot had no sooner assumed the post of governor-general than he turned his attention to the amelioration

of the country. He wrote the most pressing letters to the Emperor to obtain permission to remove the prohibition on cotton goods. This was a measure imperatively called for; for how, thought Junot, are we to raise a tribute from people from whom we take their all? Nothing is more necessary in affairs of this nature than a clear and conclusive reasoning.

The magazines of the East India Company at Lisbon were loaded with cotton from North and South America, and they were, by the embargo, interdicted from exporting it; for to say its carriage by land was permitted would be to speak nonsense. At length, however, the permission so much insisted on by Junot was granted. It arrived in the evening, and he immediately summoned M. Fissout, his private secretary (afterwards secretary-general to the civil department of the Government of Algiers), and M. Magnien, one of his old college friends. He directed them to write at his dictation the terms of the decree, which next day was to raise the embargo on cotton, and diffuse joy among many thousands of families. While engaged in writing M. Magnien suddenly stopped, looked up in the duke's face, and seemed disposed to say something.

"Well, what do you stop for?" asked Junot.

"I merely stop," replied he, "to see whether an idea does not occur to you, by which you may secure your own fortune and that of your children."

"How?" said Junot.

"Thus," replied the other, "and even if you purpose to take off the embargo to-morrow morning there is yet time. Cotton now sells for thirty sous per pound, to-morrow the publication of the decree will make it worth about five francs on the exchange. Commission me to purchase five hundred thousand francs' worth, and I venture to say that by to-morrow evening you will be a gainer of four millions clear profit, without even opening your purse."

To this proposal Junot at first made no reply. It was a peculiarity in his character always to observe silence on receiving any profound impression. But when

a few moments had elapsed he found no want of words to express his feelings. Thus it was in the present instance. After regarding M. Magnien for some moments with his frank and candid look, he said:

"But to whom shall we propose to make this purchase?"

"To the first person we find," replied Magnien; "what matters the seller in such a case?"

"Oh! nothing whatever," replied Junot, his expression becoming more decided as his anger increased, though the other could not divine the reason of the change. "It is a matter of utter indifference whom we rob in the prosecution of so excellent a scheme."

M. Magnien had very large and round eyes, and as Junot uttered these last words he opened them very wide.

"Yes!" continued Junot, speaking with increasing energy; "I tell you, sir, it is a matter of indifference whom we fix on for the purpose of robbing; for I should be a robber to act in the way you propose. Ay! sir, nothing but a robber."

"I do not see how that can be," replied Magnien, his eyes opening wider and wider at each word Junot spoke.

"How, sir! not know that a man from whose coffers I take three millions is robbed. And then what, pray, am I but a robber?"

"Yet I cannot see how that can happen in the present case," replied M. Magnien.

"In the devil's name," exclaimed Junot, "do you not see that the man from whom I purchase cotton to-night for one franc and fifty centimes will not have it in his magazines to-morrow to sell for five or six francs, as you say he would, and as I am very glad to hear he will. I am sure that when the unfortunate merchant should find he was deprived of the opportunity of selling his cotton at the advanced rate he would vent imprecations on me and my administration."

"But," observed the other, "he need not know who is the purchaser. The secret shall be sacredly kept."

Junot advanced to Magnien, his eyes flashing fire.

The college companion thought he was in the presence of his deadliest enemy.

"Magnien," said he, "thank our old friendship, and still more your own stupidity for your safety; for your stupidity, I am convinced, has inspired you with this fine project. It is therefore beneath me to be angry with you. For, upon reflection, I cannot believe that you, who for the last two months have been witness to all my anxiety and solicitude for the declining trade of Lisbon, can seriously recommend me to sink it still deeper by such a swindling trick. For I tell you again, that what you advise is nothing else. But enough! write on, and say no more about it."

Junot was violently excited. He said no more, but instantly formed a resolution. He dictated the decree to MM. Fissout and Magnien, and then calling the aide-de camp on duty, gave him orders to proceed immediately to the Government printer (the aide-de-camp not knowing the contents of the packet), to see it printed before his eyes, and forthwith posted in all quarters of the town. This order was executed to the letter.

I will here describe a caricature which Junot brought from Lisbon, and of which copies were affixed on the walls of the palaces of Bemposta and Queluz. This caricature is but poorly executed, and is not even engraved; but it is so original and remarkable in its conception that I shall endeavour to give a description of it.

It consists, then, of a long sheet of paper, upon which some grotesquely formed personages are designed in pen and ink. In the middle appears the Prince of the Brazils, represented by a man with a large body, ill-made legs, and a bull's head, verifying the description I have given of His Highness in a former volume of my Memoirs. From his mouth proceeds a scroll, in the manner of the English caricatures, upon which are written in Portuguese the following words:—

Comõo hum corno leva 200 *milhoës.*[1] On the left of this figure appears a woman in tears, with a wooden leg,

[1] Like a . . . he carries 200 millions.

beneath whom is written the word *Naçâo.*[1] In front of this last figure are designed four heads, all speaking by means of scrolls. One says, *O meu soldo ;*[2] the other, *Os meus ordendelos ;*[3] the third, *O meu dinheiro ;*[4] and the fourth, *As mais temas.*[5] The *Natem*, who seems to speak for all the rest, makes a very eloquent speech. She says: *Ouvi cruel ! a voz de vossos filhos. He delles nâo he vosse oy levais sois hum ladrâo. Fiedo pobres mui lamentos, ah !*[6] . Next comes a file of capuchins, monks, and lobatos, beneath whom there is also written in Portuguese, *Lobatos* and *froiles.* At the time this caricature made its appearance, the ministry, or rather the Prince's privy council, was composed of three persons, heartily detested by the people; they were the Marquis de Bellas,[7] Jose Egidio,[8] and Thomas Antonio.[9] At the other end of the sheet are designed a female figure, in a cotton night-cap, with a top-knot, to show that she slumbers, and takes everything at her ease. This represented England, and the scroll from her mouth had the inscription, *Vamos ! Vamos !*[10]. Behind the ministers above mentioned was written *Secolho caos* 200 *milhoës de Londres, nâo sahem.*[11] *Bella occaziâo por . . . nos credores, nâo lhe satisfaçes, que se regalem comos Francezes.*[12] Over the top of the picture are placed the words, *Todos una voce ;*[13] and at the bottom *A Naçâo mais ficl, mais valeroza e menas resoluta.*[14]

[1] Nation.
[2] My pay. (This figure represents the army.)
[3] My appointments. (This the civil officers of the Government.)
[4] My salary. (This the labourers.)
[5] My pension. (This the widows and orphans.)
[6] Listen, cruel wretch, to the voice of your children. That which you carry away does not belong to you. You are a thief. We are left poor and famishing.
[7] The chancellor.
[8] Private secretary to the Prince of Brazil. He likewise filled the office of Minister of the Interior.
[9] He filled the office of Minister of Finance.
[10] Let us go, let us go.
[11] If we had the two hundred millions from London, you would not go.
[12] A fine occasion for laughing at our creditors. Give them no satisfaction, let them regale themselves with the French.
[13] All with one voice.
[14] The nation the most faithful, the most valiant, and the least resolute.

The copy which I have before me, though truly ridiculous, is not too severe for the occasion, for the Prince Regent, in abandoning the Portuguese nation as he did, displayed at once a want of courage and a want of heart. The sensible portion of his people were decidedly of this opinion.

The conduct of Junot was very different. By all his measures he convinced those he governed how intent he was on doing all he could for their benefit. Bandeira, one of the richest and most active merchants in Lisbon, was commissioned by Junot to provide the supplies for the city. This was a measure of great importance, and as soon as it was accomplished, and the city rendered tranquil on that score, Junot turned his attention to the state of agriculture, and adopted plans which seemed calculated to ameliorate it. On the successful issue of this undertaking the repose and well-being of a country mainly depend, and Junot was assiduously seconded by the ablest men in Portugal. He directed the marshes to be drained, the land to be cleared, and encouraged the culture of cattle. These matters being duly attended to, Portugal was sure to be secure from the apprehension of a scarcity of meat and bread—those primary necessaries of life. Nor did he allow the army to remain idle, but rendered its presence in Portugal useful to the country; for he employed the troops in the working of coal mines, some of which were discovered at Coimbra, and at Moira.

The Junta, or Commission of Government, was now, as I have before stated, abolished, and Junot had assumed the reins of Government under the title of governor-general.

The ceremony of Junot's installation was as solemn as it was unexpected. He had convoked the Junta in the Palace of the Inquisition, a large and imposing edifice, situate in the Roscio Square; and without explaining previously the object of their extraordinary convocation, he arrived on horseback, followed by the whole of his staff, and all the individuals he had selected for his

ministers. He delivered a speech, noble, firm, and concise, in which he explained to the Junta the orders he had received, and which he was then about to execute. He then declared the Junta dissolved, and proclaimed the new Government and the new ministry.

He did one thing which was both politic and in good taste. He named two ministers for each department of the Government; for instance, Hermann and Pedro de Mello for finance; Senhor Lunyt and Sampayo for the marine. Senhor de Lagard, now counsellor of State, was the minister of police; he had just then come from Florence, and was an amiable and excellent individual. The Principal de Castro was minister of public worship and of justice.

All these important changes were effected with the most perfect tranquillity, and Portugal soon began to derive benefit from them. Here Junot found his reward, for he experienced the utmost happiness at seeing a whole kingdom regenerated under his auspices. He now possessed the power as well as the will to do good. Unhappily a single day sufficed to destroy all his dreams!

Napoleon was still at Bayonne. He had concluded the two treaties with Ferdinand and Charles IV.[1] Joseph had been recalled from Naples and placed on the Spanish throne. To Charles IV. was assigned Compiègne, and to Ferdinand the Castle of Navarre. Charles IV. had a civil list of thirty millions of reals; Ferdinand, still under the title of Prince of the Asturias (for it must be borne in mind that the Emperor never gave him any other denomination) had only an annuity allotted him of four hundred thousand francs for himself and his descendants; and in the event of his having no issue, this income was to revert to his brother and his uncle. However, the Emperor allowed Ferdinand an additional income of six hundred thousand francs from the treasury of France; which, in the event of his demise, was to revert to the Princess of the Asturias. All this produced a singular effect in

[1] The famous treaty by which Charles abandoned the heritage of his ancestors was signed on the 5th of May 1808.

Paris. Even the French were amazed at this change of sovereigns. Already the Prince and Queen of Portugal had set the example, and the Spanish royal family followed in the track with incredible celerity. Alas! the time was approaching when downfalls of royalty were to become familiar to us!

The work of Spain's misfortunes was accomplished. Ferdinand VII. had removed from Bayonne to the prison of Valençay, which he was doomed not to leave until six years after, and Charles IV. repaired to Compiègne, where the governor of the palace received him and took him into his safe keeping: this was Comte de Laval-Montmorency. A few days afterwards the Emperor received an address from the supreme Junta sitting at Bayonne, praying that he would send his brother Joseph to reign over Spain. The council of Castile and the municipal body of Madrid expressed the same wish. Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, no desire was ever more voluntary or more unanimous; and as the city was not occupied by the French troops the opinions of its inhabitants were freely manifested. Even in the presence of French troops the silence of the Spaniards was energetic. On the 23d of May, Valencia and Seville were in a state of insurrection, and on the 27th, St. Ferdinand's Day, the whole of Arragon rose. The Junta sent the Marquis de Lazan, the brother of Palafox, to recommend the latter to preserve tranquillity; but the mischief had gone too far. I have good reasons for believing that Palafox had received secret instructions at Bayonne from Ferdinand VII.; and there is also ground to suspect that England strongly instigated the insurrectionary movement in Spain. Such a proceeding was perfectly consistent with the spirit of the British cabinet. When I was conversing, in 1814, with a member of the English parliament, he expressed himself sorry that the power of Napoleon had not been attacked by a measure which, in his opinion, would inevitably have been triumphant: this was, to have proclaimed Soult King of Portugal when he wished to attain that dignity. "Imagine," said he, "what

would have been the *moral effect* produced in Europe by the defection of one of the first captains of Napoleon's army!" He was right.

The magistrates and other public authorities fell sacrifices to the popular fury in various parts of Spain. The victims selected were those individuals who had been appointed by Charles IV. or the Prince of the Peace, or those whom the Emperor appeared to have acknowledged. Don Francisco de Borja, commander of the marine service at Cadiz; Comte de Torre Fresno, governor of Badajoz; Don Santiago de Guzman, governor of Tortosa; Lieutenant-General Filanghieri, Don Miguel de Cevallos, Don Pedro Truxillo, the Marquis de Laguila, and Baron d'Albala, were *assassinated and cut to pieces* in the insurrections of Valencia and Seville.

The climate of Madrid did not agree with Murat. He was seized with colic, a disorder which is very prevalent there, and is frequently attended by fatal results. Savary superseded him at Madrid. I know not how the latter discharged his duties; but this I know, that he made himself extremely ridiculous. He used to be served by servants kneeling; I am aware that this may appear incredible; but let those who doubt the fact inquire among the inhabitants of Madrid;—the answer will be that General Savary, when at table, had his goblet handed to him by a page on his knees.

About this time the famous provincial Junta was formed at Seville. Doubtless the Spaniards were not disposed to receive Joseph; yet, when the Junta of Bayonne named him as sovereign, it may be observed, that the signatures of those who approved the new constitution were exceedingly numerous. The list includes the names of the Duke del Infantado, the Duke del Parque, the Duc de Frias, the Marquis d'Ariza, the Prince de Castel-Franca, the Comte de Fuentes, the Archbishop of Burgos, the Marquis de Santa-Cruz, the Comte de Fernand-Nunez, Fray Augustin, General de San Juan de Dieu, Fray Miguel d'Acevedo, etc. etc. But in this long list there appeared another signature which was worth all the rest. I will

give it, with the letter to which it was affixed, and which is addressed to the Emperor.

"SIRE—The surrender of the crown of Spain which has been made to your Imperial and Royal Majesty by King Charles IV., my august sovereign, and which has been ratified by their Highnesses the Prince of the Asturias and the Infants Don Carlos and Don Antonio, imposes upon me the gratifying obligation of laying at the feet of your Imperial and Royal Majesty the homage of my attachment, fidelity, and respect. I pray that your Imperial and Royal Majesty will deign to acknowledge me as your most faithful subject, and make known to me your sovereign intentions, so that I may give proof of my eager and cordial submission. Heaven grant long life to your Imperial and Royal Majesty for the good of the church and State.—I am, Sire,

Your Imperial and Royal Majesty's
Most faithful subject,
LOUIS DE BOURBON,
Cardinal de Scala and Archbishop of Toledo.

Toledo, 22*nd May* 1808."

A fine letter, truly, to be written by any one bearing the name of Bourbon, even admitting the submission to Napoleon to have been compulsory!

The Emperor was still at Bayonne, busied in making arrangements for the government of his brother Joseph. Murat was declared King of Naples. By thus seating a prince of his family on every throne in Europe, Napoleon hoped to consolidate his power. Alas! he soon learned by cruel experience that among sovereigns, as among private individuals, the ties of blood are but a feeble security for the performance of duty, when personal interest intervenes. Murat departed for Naples, accompanied by his wife, who was at length rendered perfectly happy by the thought of filling a throne; for the ducal chair which she had hitherto occupied had been anything but agreeable to her. Knowing her as I did, I am convinced that her joy at this good fortune must have well-nigh turned her brain. But, after

Joseph Bonaparte

J Bonaparte

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all, this joy was perfectly natural;—I do not here mean to convey any reproach to the princess.

On the 9th of July, after the victory of Medina de Rio Seco[1] had opened to Joseph a road to his capital, he left Bayonne for Madrid, which he entered on the 20th of July. The new sovereign was received in profound silence. The Spanish people had not yet had the opportunity of appreciating his good qualities, and, above all, his wish to render them happy. He had not been a week in Madrid when the disaster of Baylen, which was felt in all parts of the Peninsula, obliged him to seek a retreat at Vittoria. The ministers, five in number, Mazzaredo, Cabarus, Urquijo, Azanza, and O'Farril, followed him without hesitation; Cevalus and Pinuela remained in Madrid. On Joseph's entrance an unfortunate circumstance occurred: this was the positive refusal of the council of Castile to recognise him. I am enabled to speak with certainty of this fact. It was not known in France, because, as may naturally be supposed, it was not inserted in the *Moniteur*. We were so completely kept in the dark that when King Joseph left Madrid to return to Vittoria, for fear of being carried off by General Castanos, who had just beaten General Dupont at Baylen, the *Moniteur* stated that *the French army in Spain was going to remove its quarters to a place where it would have the benefit of milder air and better water.*

General Vedel has been loudly accused of having abandoned General Dupont. This accusation was probably made only to screen the guilty party. That General Dupont was involuntarily in fault is possible; but still he was nevertheless in fault; and the odious affair of Baylen ended with the disgrace of a violated capitulation. It would seem that the Spaniards thought themselves justified in not keeping their faith with men so unmindful of French glory.[2]

Whilst Spain was rising in revolution, while the bonfires of incendiarism were blazing on her hills, and the

[1] This battle was gained by Marshal Bessières on the 4th of July. It was a very sanguinary conflict. The Spanish force amounted to 40,000.

[2] See *Chronologie de l'Histoire de France*, by Montgaillard, p. 467.

alarm-bell was sounding from all her steeples, we were living at Paris in the profoundest ignorance of the important events which were developing themselves in that neighbouring nation. The Emperor was still at Bayonne, for which place the Empress had set out, taking the road through Bordeaux, as it was the Emperor's pleasure that this part of France, which had sustained so much injury from the war, should at least be soothed by fair words and gracious manners, which Josephine so well knew how to adopt. She received orders to make herself agreeable, and she succeeded in enchanting the Bordelais. This I learned when I passed through that town on my way to the Pyrenees.

While the Empress was there the Emperor was at Bayonne, organising, or rather disorganising Spain with an ardour which bordered on infatuation: we poor females who were left at Paris waited impatiently even for a single letter which should quiet the alarms unauthenticated rumours could not fail at such moments to inspire; but there stood Bayonne, like a great gulf, between us and our correspondents, and not a word reached us but what it pleased the master to make us acquainted with. The result of this capital manœuvre, the invention of Louvois, but perfected in our time, spared certainly even greater uneasiness than it inflicted, but kept us in a state of absolute ignorance.

The Emperor returned to Paris early in September. He had remained longer at Bayonne than he intended, but the affairs of Spain had not proceeded quite so passively as he had anticipated. Not only had some impediments arisen within the country, as the opposition of the council of Castile, but even the written opinions of those grandees of Spain who composed that bastard Cortes called the Junta were not adequate to the effect which Napoleon expected from them,—the calming and satisfying the public mind. This Junta was precisely the same thing as the famous chamber of two hundred and twenty-one. Did it satisfy France? I rather think not; yet we are much more submissive in accepting what is put upon us than are

the Spaniards. They signed, because their right hands were not paralysed, and because, when Napoleon raised his eye of fire, and said in his low and sonorous voice, with an accent attuned to the diapason of the most elevated soul: "*Obey my commands!*"—because when he looked and spoke thus it was impossible to resist him—these grandees of Spain signed then; and upon the guarantee of their signature Joseph entered Spain, and Napoleon returned to Paris. On re-entering his fine capital, had he been well informed he would have found, for the first time a sinister change in the minds of men. Their active will he could restrain, but thought is always free, and this faculty had had ample occupation since the affair of Spain had been in agitation. The public began to reason upon this strange history. No tidings arrived of the army of Portugal; and two months had elapsed without a single letter from that country reaching Paris when the Emperor arrived from the south to stay only a few days, being about to set out immediately for Erfurth.

My uneasiness about Junot became excessive. I had frequently seen the arch-chancellor in the Emperor's absence, and so entirely ignorant did he appear that, unable to believe what was nevertheless a fact, that the Emperor himself had received no letters from Junot, I began to conclude that some great misfortune had occurred. We had then no idea of the nature of the Spanish war, and this total cessation of intelligence appeared impossible. Even an intimate friend of mine, who had means of learning through England what was passing in Portugal, received no news; it was distracting. Immediately, therefore, upon the Emperor's return, I wrote to him to learn if he knew with any certainty that Junot was still living, and supplicating him to send me a single word that might relieve my anxiety. Some days passed before I received an answer, which came at length through the arch-chancellor, and with it a lecture upon my presumption in interrogating the Emperor upon matters touching his politics. I thought this remonstrance somewhat singular, but received it with profound submission; and as soon as

the arch-chancellor left me I despatched a letter to the Emperor, requesting an audience that same day, as I had a favour to solicit. The Emperor was then at St. Cloud and I was at Neuilly.

The cause of my request was of some importance. Since Junot had been Governor of Paris, whether he was absent or present, I had always done the honours of the city *fêtes* at the Hôtel de Ville. This time, as usual, though the Emperor had been absent on the 15th of August, the city was desirous of celebrating the St. Napoleon, and the list of those ladies who were to receive the Empress had been brought to me for presentation to the Grand Marshal. It was perfectly natural to me to preside at these entertainments, when everything was in its right course; but at present matters were very far otherwise. I felt the unpleasantness of my situation, and this determined me to request an audience. I received an order to be at St. Cloud at nine o'clock in the evening. On my arrival I found the Emperor in his closet, looking upon the little private garden reserved for his use; the door was open, and at my entrance he stood on the step of the door, looking straight before him with the fixed and vacant stare of a person deep in thought. He started at the opening of the door, and, turning sharply towards me, asked with an expression of petulance why I would not believe what he had ordered the arch-chancellor to tell me. "Your husband is perfectly well—what the devil do you mean by these conjugal jeremiads?"—"Sire, my mind is relieved since your Majesty has had the goodness to send me word that I might be easy; but in the situation in which I stand at this moment I am come to entreat your Majesty to permit me to decline going to the Hôtel de Ville to-morrow."—He was still looking towards the garden-door, but on hearing this he turned hastily round, and said in a very singular tone of voice: "Hem!—what do you say?—not go to the Hôtel de Ville?—and pray why not?"—"Because, Sire, I fear that some misfortune has occurred to Junot. I beg your Majesty's pardon," I continued with firmness, for his bent brow pre-

saged a storm, "but, I repeat, I have no tidings of Junot —*neither has your Majesty any*—and I am unwilling to expose myself to hear, perhaps of his death, in a public ballroom." I know not how I acquired so much audacity, but I had it. The Emperor looked at me angrily, then shrugged his shoulders, but eventually commanded himself. "I have told you that your husband is in good health—why will you not believe me? I cannot prove it, but I give you my word."—"It is certainly enough to satisfy me, Sire, but I cannot write a circular to communicate this satisfactory assurance to the four thousand persons who will be present at the city *fête*, and who will think it very extraordinary that I should present myself so publicly when I have such strong cause of uneasiness." —"And what should these four thousand persons know about your cause of uneasiness?" he exclaimed in a terrible voice, and advancing towards me with an impetuosity of manner which almost made me afraid of him. "This is the result of your drawing-room council, letters, and all your gossipings with my enemies. You declaim against me; you attack all my actions. What was that which the Prussian minister, one of your friends, was lately saying at your house about my tyranny towards his king? Truly I am a very cruel tyrant. If their great Frederick, that they make so much noise about, had had occasion to punish as much disloyalty as I have, he would have done it more effectually. And, after all, Glogau and Custrin will be much better guarded by my troops than by the Prussians, for they have no great cause to be proud of their defence of them."

This was perhaps the tenth time since my return from Portugal that the Emperor repeated to me what had been said at my house. On the former occasions I was conscious that the truth had been told him; but, in fact, I never heard the minister of Prussia, who certainly visited me frequently, say a word that bore the least analogy to the sentiments which the Emperor imputed to him. The Baron de Brockhausen was a man of great circumspection, very mild, saying little, and perfectly to be trusted. He

stood, moreover, in the difficult position of representing an unfortunate and humiliated nation, and no one was less suited to maintain such an attitude. He consequently shut himself up in absolute silence, and, though he visited me almost daily, we sometimes laughingly remarked after his departure: "The baron has uttered seven words this evening." He was otherwise a truly respectable man—an excellent father, and one of the most estimable Prussians I have ever met with. This knowledge of his character convinced me at once that the Emperor was only endeavouring (to express myself in his own phrase) *to pump me*,[1] and I was also certain that if such a subject of conversation had ever been entertained in my society, M. de Brockhausen was the last person who would have opened his lips upon it. I therefore firmly replied that His Majesty had been misinformed, and I would undertake to say that such words as those he had just repeated had never been uttered in my house.

He stamped with his foot, and, approaching me as quick as lightning, exclaimed: "So, I have told an untruth?"—"I have the honour to answer," said I very calmly, "that your Majesty is misinformed."—"Oh! to be sure—that is what you all say when you are spoken to as on this occasion."—"According to your Majesty's observation, it would seem that I am not the only person accused, and I think I may affirm that others are so as unjustly as myself." The word *all* had not escaped me.

The Emperor, when anything nearly affected him, and he did not give vent to his feelings in words, concentrated in the expression of his countenance all the oppressiveness of his power. He fixed this look with its utmost weight upon me; I looked down, not from fear, as he might observe, but only that it did not become me to dispute in this manner with him. When I again raised my eyes he was still looking at me, but with a very different, and, to say the truth, very strange expression; and never in the course of my life had I felt less disposed to endure that expression, or the interpretation that might be put upon it.

[1] Me tirer les vers du nez.

"What are your Majesty's commands?" said I, receding towards the door; the Emperor did not answer immediately, but presently said: "I forbid you to repeat what has passed here; do you understand me? See that you obey! or I will let you know who you have to deal with."—"I shall obey you, Sire! not for fear of your anger, but that I may not have to blush before conquered foreigners at letting them perceive our family misunderstandings."

I made my obeisance and prepared to go. I was in haste to leave the room; yet I was desirous, before I went, to settle the question which brought me thither, and I told the Emperor that it seemed to me more suitable that I should not make my appearance at the Hôtel de Ville, where my station placed me in the foreground immediately after the Empress, at a moment when such reports were current respecting the army of Portugal. He resumed the expression of sovereignty: "And what," said he, in a tone calculated to strike to the heart and make one tremble,—"what are those reports?" This time I could not resist a sensation of fear, and replied in a low voice: "They say it is lost—that Junot has been compelled to capitulate like Dupont, and that the English have carried him to Brazil."—"It is false! It is false, I tell you!" and he struck his fist upon the table with such violence as to throw down a heap of papers. "It is false!" he exclaimed again, swearing this time like a sub-lieutenant of dragoons. "Junot capitulate like Dupont! it is a tissue of falsehoods, but precisely because it is said you must go to the Hôtel de Ville. You must go, do you hear?—and even if you were ill, still you ought to go. It is my will—good-night." On returning to my carriage I wept like a child. The Emperor seemed to be very severe towards Junot and me. However, upon reflection I felt assured that nothing unfortunate had occurred to my husband, since he persisted so pertinaciously upon my going to this ball. On my arrival at Neuilly I found a friend there waiting to learn the result of my petition; he took the same view of the subject;

and when, after a long promenade under the balmy limes which bordered the canal, he took leave of me to return to Paris, I felt reassured, and much more tranquil.

I went to the *fête;* regulated like its predecessors, and equal in magnificence, I know not why it appeared dull and melancholy. The Emperor either did not come at all, or came but for a moment. I was so absorbed in my own feelings that I cannot now remember whether he came or not. I do not understand how it happened that he who usually was so tenacious of his popularity with his good citizens of Paris should not on this occasion have made an effort to gratify them. The *senatus-consultum* authorising the levy of eighty thousand conscripts of the classes of 1806, 7, 8, 9, and 10, to be forthwith brought into actual service had just appeared, and had struck a kind of stupor upon the city. There was even some talk of calling out eighty thousand conscripts of the class 1810, as yet scarcely eighteen years of age; they were to be reserved, it was said, to guard the coasts. The Emperor knew all the reports that were circulated, and was certainly not ignorant of what was said in the shops of Paris. Here, then, was his motive for insisting on my appearance at this entertainment. Had I been absent, the most absurd of the suppositions current concerning the fate of Junot and his army would have acquired a dangerous consistency. Thus it is that such men as Napoleon consider private interests and feelings as perfect nullities in the political balance. I have since learned that the battle of Vimiera, which was fought on the 21st of August, was near destroying Junot and the army! Was the Emperor totally ignorant of this battle on the 4th of September? I think not; no doubt he would have acquired some confused intelligence of it through the medium of England.

This *fête* was excessively dull, or so at least it appeared to me. The Empress was present a very short time, and would not stay to supper. I had a dreadful headache, but did not like to retire at the same time; it would have looked absurd. I stayed to supper, and some foreigners of distinction accompanied me into a separate room, in

which a table of fifty covers was laid out. The ladies only took their seats round it, the gentlemen stood behind them. Count Frochot, then prefect of the Seine, was not only a man of sense, but possessed all the qualifications that could be required to take the lead with advantage in such a ceremony. He was a perfectly well-bred man, joining politeness with dignity, and doing the honours of the civic feast with as much ease as those of his own house. In the connection with which my place in the entertainment threw me with him, he acted in the most graceful manner possible; but, to say the truth, in Junot's absence I had no business whatever at the Hôtel de Ville, and matters would have proceeded on this occasion perfectly well without me. The court was thoroughly agreeable; and this qualification, so essential in society, was peculiarly useful to him in the vast galleries of the Hôtel de Ville, where were congregated not only the most considerable capitalists of France, but all the great, the noble, the eminent for birth or favour, whom Europe deputed as her representatives at Paris. There was Metternich, the Austrian ambassador; M. de Tolstoy from Russia; the Baron de Brockhausen, the minister of Prussia; the ambassador of Spain, and the crowd of envoys from the German courts, among which Bavaria, Saxony, and Wirtemberg held the rank of kingdoms.

About this period I received a confidential and very interesting letter from Madrid, written to me only, by a Spaniard possessing a truly great and generous mind. I am obliged to withhold his name, and regret that family considerations impose this reserve upon me. This letter was addressed to me because its writer was a friend of mine, and because, knowing my situation in the imperial court, he hoped that I might prove the means of some important truths reaching the Emperor's ears. He did not know that Napoleon never listened to a woman. I regretted, however, that I had not received this letter before my memorable audience, as I should certainly have spoken of some of its contents without giving the whole up to him. "Spain," the writer says, "is lost; probably

you have no idea of the causes of the evil. First on the list stand the disasters of Baylen ; Castanos has made great advantage of the signature of one of your great officers of the Empire. He reports that the captains of Napoleon no longer hold by him, since Marescot, who had no reason to sanction Dupont's disgrace (you see I speak as a Frenchman, because I am a man of honour and a soldier), was eager to sign the convention. But this is not all ; King Joseph's unfortunate departure from Madrid a week after his entry—dear duchess, you know that distrust produces distrust—by proving to the Spaniards that he had no confidence in them Joseph pointed out to them the party they should adopt. Oh! my poor country! may the Virgin and the saints be her protectors, for she is in great necessity! A supreme Junta is established at Aranjuez, the beautiful shades of which have witnessed melancholy scenes and bloody tragedies. The waters of the Tagus have been dyed with Spanish blood. A civil war, it is true, divided Spain in the cause of Philip V. and the archduke. But this is of a totally different nature. The quarrel between your Emperor and the Pope has been the mainspring of the mischief. If you did but know what a catechism is taught the children ! All this would have been spared if the Emperor Napoleon had put Godoy upon his trial and caused him to be hanged. Instead of this he treats with him ! It is lamentable. I send you a specimen of the catechism which is dispersed throughout Andalusia. How important it would be that the Emperor should see it !"

The remainder of the letter contained little more than repetitions of the above sentiments, except the following fragments of the catechism alluded to :—

" Child, what art thou ? "—" A Spaniard, by the grace of God." —" What do you mean by that ?"—" An honest man."—" Who is our enemy ? "—" The Emperor of the French."—" What is the Emperor Napoleon ? "—" A wicked being, the source of all evils, and the focus of all vices."—" How many natures has he ?"—" Two : the human and the diabolical."—" How many Emperors of the French are there ? "—" One actually, in three deceiving persons."— " What are they called ? "—" Napoleon, Murat, and Manuel Godoy, the

Prince of the Peace."—"Which is the most wicked?"—"They are all equally so."—"What are the French?"—"Apostate Christians, turned heretics."—"What punishment does a Spaniard deserve who fails in his duty?"—"The death and infamy of a traitor."—"Is it a sin to kill a Frenchman?"—"No, my father; heaven is gained by killing one of these heretical dogs."

These were the principal heads of a catechism which the Spanish priests taught the children, as many great persons very well knew.

CHAPTER XIV.

News of the Convention of Cintra—Landing of the British troops—Patriotism of Comte de Bourmont—Battle of Vimiera—Council of generals—Admiral Siniavin—General Kellerman treats with the English generals—Anecdote—Siniavin's treachery—The Convention—My departure for Rochelle—Meeting with Junot—Arrest of M. de Bourmont—Anecdote of the Emperor of Russia—Napoleon and Alexander—The arch-chancellor's *fête*—Count Metternich and the Duc de Cadore—War with Austria—Defeat of General Moore.

AT length tidings from Portugal reached France; they were disastrous for Napoleon, but honourable for Junot and all belonging to him. How noble was his conduct! The glory of the French arms remained untarnished, and to him alone was that due. How often since his terrible death have I wept over that imperishable monument of his victory over England—*the Convention of Cintra!* Alas! he to whom his whole life was devoted alone disowned its merit. One evening when Junot gave a ball at the Government House, an officer belonging to the staff of General Thomières, commandant of Fort Peniche, arrived with pressing despatches. The tidings they contained were fearful and certain. The English, to the number of twelve thousand men, had effected a landing with an immense train of artillery and every species of warlike munition. Junot directed the officers about him to increase their attentions to the ladies and the gaiety of the ballroom, while he himself retired to his closet and ordered General Laborde immediately to march towards the enemy in order to prevent the whole truth from reaching the city at once. For some days this apparent security

answered its purpose; but, notwithstanding General Laborde's victory over the English at Roliça, another victory gained in Spain, the announcement of the march of twenty thousand French troops through Braganza to succour Lisbon, the entry of Joseph into Madrid, and the *fêtes* in celebration of this event, still the spirit of insurrection raged at Lisbon, and was kept in check only by the presence of Junot. It was nevertheless absolutely necessary to meet the enemy. On the 15th of August, after celebrating the Emperor's birthday by a grand dinner and a splendid performance at the Opera-house, Junot returned at midnight to his private apartments, and assembled there the ministers and General Travot. He told them he was about to set out to give battle to the English; charged them with their immediate duties; pressed with emotion the hand of General Travot, whose noble character he highly esteemed, and to whose care he was confiding the capital; and quitted the Government House to seek his death—for at that moment he little expected ever to see again his country, his wife, or his children.

I must not here omit an anecdote of a man often attacked, and whom I always feel desirous of justifying. Comte de Bourmont was at this time among the French refugees at Lisbon; it was in his power to go over to the English or to join the Portuguese insurgents; but, instead of doing either the one or the other, he sought Junot and thus addressed him: "Monsieur le Duc, I have never disowned my country: I am a Frenchman, you are attacked; a resolute heart and two stout arms may be useful to you, and I come to offer them: are you willing to place me upon your staff?" Junot was, perhaps, of all men in the army the most capable of appreciating such conduct; he approached M. de Bourmont, took his hand, which he pressed warmly, and in a tone of emotion replied: "M. de Bourmont, I not only accept your services, but I pledge my honour that no difficulties shall be thrown in the way of your return to France; you have my word, which never fails." And he kept it effectually. M. de Saint Mezard, an officer of the ex-royal bodyguard; M. de Viomesnil,

nephew of the marshal, and many other emigrants, acted in a similar manner; but the example was set by M. de Bourmont.

Junot then proceeded to meet the enemy, who was advancing upon Lisbon by the route of Thomar, numbering above 13,000 effective troops, besides an army of 60,000 Spanish and Portuguese insurgents, the whole country and all the chances of the future in their favour; while Junot's army barely amounted to 9200 men, destitute of resources. Under these circumstances Junot was eager to engage, and being, above all, desirous of forestalling an attack, he determined to meet the enemy. The battle took place on the 21st of August; the conduct of the army throughout the day, which the oppressive heat of the weather rendered truly laborious, was such as to maintain the glory of our eagles and the purity of our standards, which, thanks to the valour of their defenders and the ability of their chiefs, returned unsullied to France. Notwithstanding all this courage and zeal, the battle was lost; happily our army remained on the field after the fire had ceased, which enabled them to cover the retreat of the wounded, but we lost 1000 men killed and 800 prisoners, of which number not more than 150 were disabled.

In these almost desperate circumstances Junot assembled Generals Loison, Laborde, Kellerman, and Thiébault, to consult upon the next steps to be taken. To retreat, even by forced marches, across Spain, was impossible; one chance only afforded a ray of hope. I have not yet mentioned the Russian squadron which Junot found in the Tagus on his arrival at Lisbon, and which had ever since been treated by the French army as belonging to a nation whose chief was the brother of our Emperor's heart. Junot, then, had a right to expect that the co-operation of Admiral Siniavin, who commanded eight vessels, would be of the utmost value to him in this extremity. He had yet to learn that the assistance of an ally is only to be reckoned upon in the time of success. Siniavin was an unsociable animal, and it may be observed that when the

Russians are savage it is not by halves. The father of this admiral was probably one of the number of those who preferred losing their heads to surrendering their beards; at all events, he belonged to a barbarous race. In relating the events of this memorable period I have adhered strictly to the papers left by the Duc d'Abrantès, and to the details communicated to me by the Duc de Valmy and Generals Thiébault and de Laborde. The result of the conference called by the duke was to send General Kellerman, furnished with full powers, to the English camp, to see what could be done in the way of negotiation. The English general was Sir Hew Dalrymple, and next under him was Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington.

At eleven o'clock in the morning of the 22d, General Kellerman took the road to Vimiera, and was astonished not to meet with any outposts; for a moment he believed the enemy was in retreat, and he has himself related to me a circumstance which proves the accuracy and acuteness of his judgment. "In proportion as I advanced," said he, "without meeting a single English cockade, my confidence revived, and recovered by degrees a self-consequence which was complete when, on my arrival at the English headquarters, I found myself admitted to treat on terms of perfect equality." It was not till three in the afternoon that General Kellerman found himself in front of the English outposts, which were precisely in their position of the preceding day; and so great was the uneasiness of the English, that, notwithstanding he had attached his white handkerchief to the end of his sabre, he had to face about thirty musket shots before he was recognised as a negotiator. At length he was conducted to Sir Hew Dalrymple, who had arrived that very morning to supersede Sir Arthur Wellesley; just to sign the Convention of Cintra—truly it was hardly worth while! General Kellerman understood the English as perfectly as the French language; but he took care to conceal his knowledge: in war, stratagem is justifiable, but in the existing situation of the French army every possible advan-

tage was fair play, and the general made no scruple of using this. This *ruse* proved extremely useful to him; for, after he had opened the basis of his proposition, the two generals retired to the embrasure of a window, and he heard one of them observe in a low tone: "We are not in a very good position; let us hear what he has to say."

At this moment dinner was announced, and General Kellerman, having been invited by Sir Hew Dalrymple, sat down with the English officers. The dinner was gay, but so extremely frugal as to satisfy the general that what he had heard of the scarcity of provisions in the English camp was true. While the party continued at table an officer returned who had been sent to Figueras. Nothing having yet transpired to show that the Duc de Valmy understood English, Sir Arthur and Sir Hew inquired eagerly of the officer in English what news he brought; to which he replied: "Sir John Moore has not yet arrived at Figueras." This was the same Sir John Moore whom the Emperor afterwards so effectually drove into the sea at Corunna. He was to bring an additional force of fourteen thousand men, the absence or presence of which was of the utmost importance at this crisis.

In drawing up the preliminary articles the interests of our allies were stipulated for. "What!" exclaimed Sir Arthur Wellesley; "do you pretend to include the Russian fleet in your treaty?"—"Russia is our ally," replied the Duke of Valmy, "and it is impossible for us to abandon her fleet. But I shall not be sorry if you reject this article, as in that case the admiral, in his own defence, will be obliged to disembark his crews, we shall be enabled to recall our garrisons, and shall thus obtain a reinforcement of ten thousand fresh and veteran troops, which will enable us to deliver Portugal in three weeks." The two English generals again withdrew to the window, and General Kellerman overheard the words: "That would be very well, but the ten thousand Russians!" It is manifest that, without intending it, the Russians were very useful to us.

At length the preliminaries were concluded, and General

Kellerman returned to the French headquarters, accompanied to the outposts by Lord Burghersh, and overwhelmed with civilities by the English officers, who, having previously entertained a high opinion of his military character, had now received sufficient proof of his diplomatic abilities. An anecdote related by General Kellerman will prove how generous and noble in social and private life are those same Englishmen, whom in public affairs we find so little worthy of esteem. Colonel Taylor, a much esteemed English officer, possessed a remarkably fine horse; its colour was dark bay, its figure perfect; but its qualities were even more excellent than its beauty; it obeyed a word as a sign, and went through all the performances of a dog. The colonel was killed at Vimiera in an engagement between the troops under his command and those of the Duc de Valmy. His horse was taken and brought to the duke. As soon as the English learned that it was in his possession they requested General Kellerman to set any ransom he pleased upon it, that it might be restored to his regiment, which was anxious to preserve and take charge of it in memory of its master. The general refused the ransom, and courteously returned the noble charger; but the English officers chose a horse of the finest breed, and presented it to the French general, through the hands of Sir Arthur Wellesley, with that peculiar graciousness with which English gentlemen know so well how to adorn their private transactions.

"Ah!" exclaimed Junot: "if this Russian admiral would but second us with six thousand additional men, and such coadjutors as you, I would not quit Portugal!" Nothing was yet signed. General Kellerman undertook this new mission; he proceeded to Admiral Siniavin; requested of him five thousand men from his crews, undertook to furnish them with arms, and to place them in the forts, whence he would thus be enabled to withdraw a similar number of French troops. The Russian was over-persuaded and promised; but after the lapse of a few hours this man, whom his sovereign ought to have exiled to Siberia for his baseness, retracted, and wrote to Junot that he

could not land a single man ; and that, moreover, he should make his own terms with Sir Charles Cotton, the English admiral. This resolution was as injurious to the Russians as it was to the French, and was, moreover, disgraceful to the former. Junot has told me that he suffered more in receiving this letter from Siniavin than in the loss of the battle of Vimiera ; a deceived hope is, in fact, more distressing than the confirmation of an expected misfortune. Then this violation of a pledged word—this perfidy to an ally ! He perceived in the conduct of Siniavin a sort of presage for the Emperor—perhaps a warning, for the Czar might have been equally seen in it. To me it has always been inexplicable that a proceeding, not only so injurious to Junot, but so indefensible in a military point of view, had not procured for its perpetrator the reward of a journey to Tobolsk. Such inconsistency in the conduct of Alexander at the very moment of the conference of Erfurth is perplexing.

Junot, finding himself by the Russian admiral's proceedings left at liberty to treat separately for himself, nominated General Kellerman to act for him. Sir George Murray was the representative of the English general, and a convention was concluded upon the bases already agreed upon, although the arrival of Sir John Moore with the troops under his command had materially changed the respective positions of the two armies. It is just to acknowledge that honour and good faith characterised the dealings of the English officers. Notwithstanding the ability of General Kellerman many difficulties arose, upon which Junot observed : " I ask no favour. If I am refused what I demand for my army, I retire upon Lisbon, blow up the forts, burn the arsenal and the fleet, and master of both banks of the Tagus I retreat upon Spain, leaving behind me terrible monuments of my journey." I have heard him lament that he had not executed this resolution ; and yet he would add : " I must have starved my army, which would much more certainly have experienced that fate than on its march into Portugal. Under such circumstances every alternative was disastrous." General Thié-

bault considered the plan to be impracticable; and his opinion, as chief of the staff, necessarily had great weight in the ultimate decision. With respect to blowing up the forts, and burning the fleet and the city, I believe Junot to have been capable of doing it.

At length M. de Grave, aide-de-camp to the Duc d'Abrantès, quitted Lisbon, and arrived at Paris, after a voyage rendered tedious by dreadful weather, early in October, bringing to the Emperor the definitive convention which had been signed by the two generals-in-chief on the 30th of August; upon which Colonel Duncan had been sent as a hostage to the Duc d'Abrantès, who gave up the adjutant-commandant Desroches to the English general in the same capacity.

Having opened the letter which the same aide-de-camp brought to me from Junot, I read with unbounded joy the copy it enclosed of this glorious convention, the stamp of perhaps the finest military achievements which the annals of our Revolution record. Let its merits be judged of by a comparison with that of Baylen!

Junot was expected to land at Rochelle or some neighbouring port; I therefore set out for that place on the 4th of October, the day after M. de Grave's arrival, taking with me Madame de Grandsaigne, wife of the first aide-de-camp to the Duc de Abrantès, but leaving my children in Paris, as I concluded my husband would return with me. Alas! I knew not that the Emperor viewed matters through a medium quite at variance with mine.

On our meeting, Junot opened his heart to me, describing all that he had suffered and was suffering. The Emperor had written him some letters, excessively short as usual, and in the last had told him he must never re-enter Paris without victory, to *efface the remembrance of Lisbon.* The tears stood in his eyes as he repeated this expression. "I believe," said he with bitterness, "that all Europe will judge me differently. What could I do?" Junot then unveiled a part of the intrigues devised to injure him in the Emperor's estimation. It was clear that the same persons who afterwards contributed to their

master's ruin were already paving the way to it by detaching him from his truest friends. Bessières had been so repeatedly offended that he was almost tempted to retire to his estates. So had Marshal Lannes. Duroc began to be sensible of dependence, and Berthier to feel its full force. In my opinion the Convention of Cintra, obtained solely by the moral force of the character Junot had acquired, was the counterpart of the battle of Nazareth in Palestine, fought on the 8th of April 1799, in which Junot, with three hundred Frenchmen, defeated the advanced guard of the grand vizier, killed with his own hand Ayoub-Bey, surnamed Abou-Seff (father of the sabre), and produced an incalculable moral effect on the two armies of the East.

The French army was landed at Rochelle and various other ports on the coast. Junot arrived in the *Nymph* frigate, Captain Percy, who treated him with great consideration. The fortune of war subsequently afforded me an opportunity of discharging the debt on behalf of my husband towards a relation of Captain Percy (an aide-de-camp, I believe, to the Duke of Wellington), who was prisoner in Spain. Owing to the opinion expressed by the Emperor, our joy on this reunion was overclouded; our intercourse had not its usual freedom;—the future dimmed, we talked not of home. When I spoke of the alterations in our hotel, Junot answered with bitterness: "What is it to me? I shall never see it."

We were one day at table when he received a letter from Nantes announcing the arrest of M. de Bourmont; upon reading which, with a countenance inflamed with rage, he uttered a terrible oath. "And I had pledged him my word of honour that he might land in perfect safety!" exclaimed he, rising in fury; "this is a trick of M. Fouché. But we will see who gains the day." Accordingly he wrote, and M. de Bourmont was released, but arrested again a few days afterwards; on hearing which all my ascendency over Junot was insufficient to appease him: he immediately set out full speed for Angoulême, through which town he had learned that the Emperor was

to pass on his return from Erfurth. I knew that Savary would be there; and though Duroc, Rapp, and Berthier were also of the party, yet, knowing Junot, I feared his violence of character, and dreaded the Emperor. Nothing could detain him; my entreaties were of no avail. Alas! Napoleon ill understood that strong yet tender spirit, so full of energy, yet as affectionate as that of an enamoured woman. On his return to Rochelle the gloom of his brow had increased, though he had obtained M. de Bourmont's admission into the military staff of the army of Naples with the title of adjutant-general, and also the Comte de Novion's pension of six thousand francs; the Emperor accorded nearly all he desired. For instance, M. de Viomesnil, M. de St. Mezard, and a number of officers of the old regime, who, remembering that they were Frenchmen, refused to bear arms against their country, though they had fled from France when her scaffolds were thirsting for their blood, were indebted to Junot's interposition for the termination of a fifteen years' exile. "Why, then," I asked, "are you sad? Was the Emperor unkind to you?"—"No," said he with a forced smile, "but he was not kind." He was not to enter Paris, the Emperor had repeated to him, but must first return to Lisbon.

The star of Napoleon Bonaparte was at this time shining in the zenith of its splendour. Alas! its radiance blinded him. The interview at Erfurth, in which the Emperor of Russia gave him so many proofs of fraternal friendship, was a snare of destiny to lure him to his ruin. One anecdote of this meeting is well known, but is too apposite to this subject to be omitted here. When Talma in the part of Philoctetes pronounced the line—

"The friendship of a great man is a gift of the gods!"

the Emperor Alexander, rising from his seat, threw himself into the arms of Napoleon, with an emotion so manifest and sincere that no one could doubt the sentiment which excited it. I can guarantee the truth of another, and there are Memoirs in existence which will perhaps one day appear, and will confirm it. When Count Nicholas Romanzoff came

about this time to Paris, he was assailed on the way, both by Austria and Prussia, with arguments and inducements to join the famous alliance, to which Sweden was already pledged; but the Russians, M. de Romanzoff, and before him M. de Tolstoy, were inviolable in their fidelity, and turned a deaf ear to all such remonstrances.

Another fact, apparently indifferent, perhaps eventually decided the destiny of Napoleon. Being one day in company with the Emperor Alexander at Erfurth and conversing confidentially with him as with a brother, Napoleon mentioned Ferdinand VII., spoke of the uneasiness he occasioned him, of the trouble of detaining him in captivity, and of his intrigues with dairymaids (such kinds of amours being always odious to Napoleon he alluded to them in disgust). The Russian Emperor looked significantly at him for some moments, then smiling, turned away his head in a very eloquent silence. "Do you, then, possess a talisman for mastering this evil genius?" said Napoleon, laughing, observing that Alexander shrugged his shoulders with contemptuous impatience. "Why, really," replied the other, "when the captivity of an enemy is as inconvenient to the conqueror as it must be annoying and wearisome to the conquered, the best thing that can be done for both is to put an end to it." Napoleon stood for a moment motionless, but made no reply. It is certain that he did not adopt the counsel; and that, when in 1815 he had to choose an asylum, this sentence of Alexander's recurred to his memory; and probably he likewise reverted to it when in 1814 I sent him a message through the Duc de Rovigo, in consequence of a long conversation that I had held with the Emperor of Russia at my hotel in the street of the Champs Elysées, which at that time I still occupied. Unfortunately, in 1808 and 1809, Napoleon was too much the dupe of Alexander's friendship, and afterwards he had not sufficient confidence in it. But such was the constitution of his mind, that neither his sentiments nor actions could ever accord with those of other men.

After several weeks passed at Erfurth in discussing the destinies and most serious interests of Europe, amidst the

gayest and most brilliant *fêtes*, Napoleon crossed France, only to march upon Spain, and the Empress returned to Paris to celebrate the commencement of the new year. The arch-chancellor gave her a ball in his gloomy mansion of the Carousel, formerly the Hôtel d'Elbeuf. I never knew a *fête* given by Cambacérès to be gay, not even a fancy ball, however inexplicable the cause; but the present surpassed all its predecessors in dulness, although d'Aigrefeuille, who acted as grand chamberlain and principal master of ceremonies, was in himself, with his little sparkling eyes, short, round, and singularly attired figure, a sufficient provocation of laughter to all who beheld him. The arch-chancellor's coronation robes had been made with a train much longer than the Emperor chose to permit, and it was consequently shortened. Cambacérès, who, as every one knows, loved economy, and had no objection to dispense the munificence required by his accession to the title of grand-dignitary without paying too dearly for it, made d'Aigrefeuille a present of the velvet and ermine clippings from the curtailed mantle. D'Aigrefeuille was enchanted, but as the parings of violet velvet would have required too much seaming for a coat, he laid the fur, which unfortunately coming from the extremity of the garment afforded no ermine tails, in numerous bands upon an old court dress of sky-blue velvet which had belonged to his grandmother. This grotesque habiliment, with its uniform whiteness, resembled that of a cat or a rabbit, and, with the round, red, and jovial face of the fat little man peering above it, was altogether irresistibly ludicrous. The amusements were sombre, the Empress was serious, there was a scarcity of ladies; war with Austria was talked of, and Count Metternich, lately returned from Vienna, notwithstanding his habitual courtesy, wore an air of constraint which his perfect politeness could not entirely subdue.

Count Metternich had made a journey to Vienna towards the end of November, under pretence (though in reality on affairs of the utmost importance, announced previously to leaving Paris) that he should not be more than two or three weeks absent. The Duc de Cadore,

forgetting that M. de Metternich was no way accountable to him for his proceedings, thought fit, at this assembly, to rally him in a half-angry tone on his long procrastinated return. "Do you know, sir," said he, "that we may reasonably take exception at this delay; and, indeed, though you still protest that your intentions are pacific, we may justly construe it as a confirmation of the rumours promulgated by the English journals."—"I can only repeat to your Excellency," replied M. de Metternich, "what I have frequently told you on that head, that the Emperor, my master, desires to continue at peace with France. As for the delay of my return, I assure you it had no other cause than the obstacle which the entrance of General Oudinot's corps into Germany presents to free egress by the way of Bavaria."

The acuteness and fine tact of this reply bears the stamp of the school of the Prince de Ligne. I afterwards asked M. de Metternich if he had really made it; he laughed, but gave me no answer. "Did you say so?" I again asked. "Should I have done amiss if I had?" said he, still laughing. "Certainly not."—"Then probably I said so, but I do not remember it." The words, however, were actually his; and the Duc de Cadore had not capacity to contend with this model of all that the high aristocracy can furnish of elegance and exquisite polish, combined with the most perfect and unembarrassed assurance.

M. de Metternich must have stood high in the estimation of the Comte de Stadion, then at the head of the Austrian counsels, to be selected as ambassador to Napoleon in the then circumstances of Austria; and already did the fair-haired ambassador display symptoms of that talent which gave him his after supremacy amongst the steersmen of the European state vessel. The Emperor Napoleon's opinion of him, at first erroneous, was corrected; but it was then too late, the mischief was irreparably done. He had been treated at court with a coldness that showed no friendly intentions. As an instance, amongst others, of the disrespect he experienced, his countess was once, on a grand court day, neither invited to sup with the Empress

nor with either of the princesses; to complete this insult, an article was inserted in the *Moniteur*, under diplomatic auspices, detailing an imaginary conversation between the ambassador and the Duc de Cadore, which certainly never occurred, in which the former, in demanding the cause of the slight offered to his lady, was made to appear in a most ridiculous light.

M. de Metternich, thus publicly humiliated, annoyed in his domestic privacy, attacked in his most valuable privileges, deceived in all he had a right to expect from the justice of a sovereign whom he approached under a title sacred even amongst savages, wounded in his dearest affections when his wife and children were detained as hostages in Paris, his very life menaced, constrained to fly like a criminal in a carriage with closed blinds, must have been more or less than man could he have excluded resentment from his bosom. He became the irreconcilable enemy of France; whereas, dazzled by Napoleon's ascendant genius, he might have been irresistibly influenced by the same charm which enthralled the Emperor Alexander. Austria declared war against us at that sinister moment when our political horizon was darkening on the side of Italy, and the Emperor was seeking victory in the mountains of the Asturias. Napoleon's parting words to the Legislative Body, when joining his army in eager pursuit of the English were: "*They have at length invaded the Continent.*"

His anticipations of victory were justified by the event; he saw the leopards of England fly before him the moment he appeared: Moore and his troops were destroyed by his all-conquering legions. Why, then, did he not stay to complete the conquest of Spain?

CHAPTER XV.

The Emperor's promise to Junot—Berthier's letters—Junot's departure for Saragossa—Siege of Saragossa—Its horrors—Junot's wounds—The Emperor's unkindness—Reduction of Saint Joseph—Napoleon's unreasonable complaint—General Thiébault summoned to headquarters—His remarkable interview with the Emperor—Napoleon's return to Paris—Sinister forebodings—Exile of Mesdames de Staël and Recamier—Madame Recamier's refusal to be the Emperor's *friend*—Fouché's interposition—Extraordinary note—Fouché's ambitious projects—The Duchesse de Cadaval—Marshal Lannes ordered to Saragossa—Rescue of Armand de Fuentès by Junot—Marshal Lannes and the treasure.

To return to Junot. In the momentary opportunity that he had to converse with the Emperor at Angoulême, he said to him: "Sire, the only favour that I solicit from your Majesty is to send me again to Lisbon. Let me replace with glory on its walls those eagles which I brought thence undisgraced. I entreat you, Sire, suffer me to return to Lisbon." The Emperor promised, and appointed him to the command of the 8th division, formed of the same troops which had evacuated Portugal in consequence of the Convention, and were inflamed with desire to reconquer their lost title of the army of Portugal; while Junot himself, not humiliated, but sensibly distressed by his retreat, had never so ardently longed, as he expressed it, *to draw a trigger.* He hastened his departure; and the Prince of Neufchatel wrote to him on the 16th from the Emperor's headquarters at Chamartin, a league distant from Madrid, an order to repair to Burgos, there to collect and organise his forces and supplies with all expedition; and, in case of need, to support Soult at Saldanha: concluding with: "You will not, however, M. le Duc, march to the support

of the marshal unless you yourself consider such a movement absolutely necessary. Your first care will be to disarm the country, and to maintain its tranquillity," etc. This letter was despatched in duplicate—a precaution already rendered necessary by the frequent capture of couriers by the guerilla chiefs, Don Julian the capuchin, and the elder Mina.

The following is a second letter received by Junot, dated also from Chamartin the very next day, and beneath the date is inserted, in the autograph of Berthier, the word noon.

"CHAMARTIN, *17th December* 1808,
Noon.

"The Emperor commands, M. le General Duke of Abrantes, that you set out personally, instantly on the receipt of this letter, attended only by your aide-de-camp, and repair to Saragossa, where you will take the chief command of the 3d division, now under the command of the Duke of Conegliano, His Majesty having thought proper to summon that marshal to the imperial headquarters in order to appoint him to another destination. The chief of your staff of the 8th division will remain with that division, and General Harispe will remain with the 3d. The Duke of Conegliano has orders to bring with him only his aides-de-camp; you will therefore find the staff, commissariat, artillery and engineer department of that army complete. You will leave the provisional command of the 8th division to the senior general. You will likewise leave all the staff officers, the engineers, artillery and commissariat, in their present state. *Before you advance to Portugal, Saragossa must fall.* His Majesty, M. le Duc, confers on you the command of Navarre, Pampeluna, and the 3d division. The Duke of Treviso is at this moment before Saragossa. He is especially instructed to cover the siege of that city on the side of Barcelona, and of Catalonia. You, M. le Duc, are directed with the 3d division, now placed under your command, to besiege Saragossa and reduce it. I give you notice that General Guillemont and Adjutant-General

Loucet are marching with four thousand *miquelets* or mountain chasseurs by the valley of Arragon upon Jaca. This corps is at your disposal. His Majesty recommends you to leave in Pampeluna no more than the garrison absolutely requisite for the defence of the town and citadel, in order to strengthen, as much as possible, the besieging corps before Saragossa.

"You will find herewith the order to the Duke of Conegliano to surrender into your hands the command of the 3d division, of which he is to be informed only by yourself, and in person; you will see the importance of this necessary disposition to prevent a moment's lapse or uncertainty in the command.

"Press the siege of Saragossa vigorously. You will find General Lacoste, the Emperor's aide-de-camp, very useful; he is well acquainted with the country.

"The Prince of Neufchatel, Vice Constable,

"Major-General to the Emperor,

"ALEXANDER.

"P.S.—You need not take any gens-d'armes of the 8th division; set out with your aides-de-camp only."

The style of this letter is worthy of remark. It was dictated by the Emperor himself; he alone could thus mask his breach of promise under this *necessity of reducing Saragossa.*

Junot set out for Saragossa with an oppressed heart: but I will venture to say the Emperor was in error in not sending him to Portugal with the 8th division: that army was recruited by him and attached to its chief, and every member of it regarded Lisbon as an Eden.[1]

Junot's letters from the siege of Saragossa, if the successive attack of every house can be called a siege, were truly distressing. While the plague which raged within

[1] I love the recollection of dear Lisbon! of her blue sky—the perfume of the orange—her cool and luxurious shades—her savoury fruits—her life of love and idleness—and her easy indifference, a hundred times preferable to the ravening and objectless activity which consumes us under our leaden sky, where we have heat without sun, flowers without odour, and fruits without flavour.

the city extended its ravages also beyond the walls, and continually forced upon the commander the heart-breaking spectacle of his soldiers perishing at his feet from a disease more mortal than the balls of the enemy, a fresh house was every day assaulted, which the Spaniards defended from room to room; and every foot of ground conquered was the grave of a Frenchman or a Spaniard. "I cannot endure this sight," wrote Junot; "I want a heart of stone, or rather I should have no heart." Armand of Fuentès, one of our most intimate friends, was a prisoner in Saragossa; and Palafox, to whom he was related, had closely confined him to shelter him from the popular fury: the melancholy tone of the letter, in which Junot informed me that he had acquired this information, showed how much he dreaded the idea of springing a mine under the feet of his friend. He had undertaken this siege against his will, and with a disinclination that pervaded every act and event connected with it, and affected his health; he suffered acutely from his wounds, especially from that which graced his left cheek and those in his head generally.

In the month of January he wrote to me: "There are moments in which I am tempted to blow out my brains. If my hand was not withheld by a remembrance of thee and of my children, one touch of the trigger would terminate my sufferings." This letter terrified me, but I did not yet know all. The Emperor would not endure an hour's delay in the execution of his commands, and he had said: "Go to Saragossa, *and take the city.*" Saragossa, then, was at any price to be reduced; but it had not yet fallen, and each conquered stone of the fortified houses was purchased with a portion of the best blood of France. The short dry tone of the Emperor's letters speedily intimated his dissatisfaction at the delay; yet Junot had taken the convent of Saint Joseph, transformed by the Spaniards into a terrible redoubt.

Yet did the Emperor, with reports before him addressed directly to himself, detailing the result of every operation, showing that the troops were daily led against houses whence, under safe cover, fell showers of balls, complain

that this siege was not at once brought to a close. Oh! it is painful to reflect on the misery thus inconsiderately inflicted on an ardent and affectionate heart like Junot's, which was as much grieved as revolted by such injustice.

After the Emperor had despatched Junot to Saragossa he summoned to the imperial headquarters all the general officers who had belonged to the army of Portugal. The following account of General Thiébault's audience was written by himself for these Memoirs :—

"Having been ordered to repair to the headquarters at Valladolid, I arrived there at the moment the Emperor was going to the parade, and followed him thither. General Legendre, ex-chief of General Dupont's staff, was also present, and it was there that the Emperor asked him: 'How is it that your hand did not wither in thus signing the disgrace of France?' There seemed to be a fatality in the coincidence of our arrival, since there was an analogy, though no identity in our situations. I knew I could be reproached with sacrificing nothing to the preservation of waggon-loads of corrupt gold; but still I was the ex-chief of the staff of an army which, in yielding to the enemy a country it was entrusted to defend, had saved only appearances. I congratulated myself, therefore, on receiving no order during this parade, and was walking contentedly to my lodgings when General Savary overtook me, and said: 'The Emperor orders you to be at his quarters in a quarter of an hour.' While preparing to appear before Napoleon, under circumstances of moment, although I had nothing on my own part to justify, it was impossible to wave the question, How am I to act with regard to the Duke of Abrantes? I could not deceive myself so far as to deny that in military matters there had been mistakes in Portugal, which, however, could not all be imputed to him; while his devotion to the Emperor and the service was unbounded. He was calumniated and denounced by such men as Loison, Hermann, etc., whom he had loaded with riches. Napoleon, even at Valladolid, was surrounded by the Duke's enemies, amongst whom Savary must be numbered. I should have

gratified many of them by contributing my mite of calumny against him, but in so doing I must have disgraced myself; for, besides, it is always dishonourable to inculpate a commander in the opinion of the sovereign. I loved the Duke of Abrantes, and was under obligations to him; but could I have cancelled both these considerations, my resolution would have been the same—to undertake his defence.

"When I entered the great hall of the Palace of the Inquisition, of which the Emperor occupied the first floor, Napoleon was traversing it in the width between the fireplace and the middle window; and as he stood till I approached him, and then resumed his promenade, I walked beside him during the hundred minutes of a conversation of which I here give some fragments. 'Well,' said he, prefaced only by *Good morning, sir*, 'so you capitulated with the English, and evacuated Portugal!'—'Sire, the Duke of Abrantes yielded only to necessity, and extorted an honourable treaty from men who, if commanded by him, would not even have granted us a capitulation.'—'The loss of Lisbon was the necessary result of the affair of Vimiera. It was there, sir, that you should have defeated the enemy, and not have committed such serious errors.'[1]

"I comprehended that the Emperor was resolved not to name the Duke of Abrantes, and therefore I did not regard the *you*, when addressed to myself, as anything personal: on the other hand, aware that the tactics of that battle could not be defended, I felt it better to be silent than to enter into discussion with him. He continued, 'And pray, sir, where did you learn to attack in front an enemy who occupies a formidable position? You might as well take a bull by the horns, or knock your head against a wall. Did Marshal Soult proceed that way at Corunna? No! he turned the enemy, and drove him out of the Peninsula.'—'Sire, Marshal Soult, at

[1] Napoleon's delicacy in never mentioning the name of Junot during the whole course of this conference, and of his reproaches to General Thiébault, surprises me, and would have sensibly affected my husband.

Corunna, was opposed to an enemy who, incapable of maintaining himself in Spain, was hastening to embark; and whose forces were continually diminished, while those of the marshal were increasing by the successive arrival of fresh corps. The Duke of Abrantes, on the other hand, unable to retain Portugal, engaged at Vimiera an enemy who, during the battle, and beyond the possibility of such an event being anticipated, was reinforced by five thousand men, who were disembarked within sight of his camp. And if the Duke of Abrantes could not force the position of Vimiera, neither did Marshal Soult prevent the embarkation of the English army.[1] As for the manœuvre you have done me the honour to point out, Sire, new examples are unnecessary to the demonstration of that great maxim for ever established by your Majesty's immortal campaigns—that an enemy may be annihilated by force, but is defeated by skill.' A short silence ensued, the Emperor looking at me: 'Besides, sir, is it with fragments of your army that you should meet an enemy? You had twenty-six thousand men, and fought with ten thousand! And that because you had scattered more than twelve thousand men at Peniche, at Almeida, at Elvas, at Santarem, at Lisbon, in the fleet, and on both banks of the Tagus.'"

General Thiébault declares he was confounded to find that the Emperor knew this report by heart, though contained in more than a hundred pages.

"'I am entirely mistaken, Sire, if the separation of nearly the whole of these brigades and garrisons from the main army was not inevitable; and if your Majesty will suffer me to submit a few observations for your consideration, I presume that you will find in them some justification of the Duke of Abrantes.' His silence authorising me to proceed, I added: 'The English army that was disembarked on the coast had no place of refuge, and, on the loss of a single battle, would have been under the necessity of

[1] Above all, he could not prevent its return; and the second campaign of Portugal should be considered in conjunction with this conversation, in order to justify my husband from the imputations which it might be supposed to cast upon him.

abandoning their baggage and wounded. So situated, the acquisition of Peniche was important to General Wellesley; and for the same reason it was incumbent on General Junot to prevent their taking it, more especially as the Peninsula is as easy of defence as difficult of attack; and Peniche lost, Sire, it is evident that all must have been over with us in the north of Portugal. It was to such considerations that the Duke of Abrantes yielded, in leaving eight hundred Swiss there. Your Majesty had ordered that all vessels in seaworthy condition should be repaired and armed. We had already one of eighty guns, a second ready to join the squadron, two frigates of fifty guns, and a third on the stocks, besides a few brigs and corvettes. These vessels, Sire, were necessary not only for defending the mouth of the Tagus, and supporting the Russian fleet against any enterprise of the English blockading squadron, but also to guard the pontoons occupied by the Spanish troops we had disarmed, and to keep Lisbon in check. In such critical circumstances the ships could not be left to their crews; this was the reason for having placed there one thousand men: I will say nothing of the forts.'—'The forts must be defended. But what necessity for pushing two thousand men to the left bank of the Tagus?'—'Sire, that measure was suggested by considerations of equal delicacy and importance. Eight Russian vessels, under the command of Admiral Siniavin, were blockaded in the Tagus. The only good anchorage in that road is near the left bank, which was covered with insurgents, increasing daily in numbers and hardihood, who, had that bank been evacuated by us, would soon have been reinforced by detachments from the English vessels; and as they would have lost no time in bringing guns to bear, the situation of the Russian fleet must have been untenable, and the difficulties of our own situation in consequence greatly aggravated. What complaints, Sire, would that admiral, in such a case, have addressed to his court! An admiral, who, moreover, only sought an excuse to make common cause with the English. May he not have speculated on surrendering, and imputing that step to a wilful desertion?

And how much would the Duke of Abrantes have been distressed to have furnished him with such a pretext, or to have occasioned any grievance to the Emperor Alexander. Political motives, therefore, decided our military arrangements.'

"To this the Emperor made no reply, and walked for some time in silence.[1] At length he said: 'And Santarem?' I could find no excuse for the thousand left there, and was silent in my turn, wishing only to defend where I could incontestably convince. 'And Lisbon?'—'Our position, our resources, our security, Sire, all depended on the possession of that city.'—'Capitals, sir, are always guided by events. Conquerors at Vimiera, you would on the field of battle have secured the tranquillity of Lisbon.'—'That may be the case, Sire, in regular, but not in popular wars.' (*Another look.*) 'In the latter, Sire, the capital is always the most dangerous and most difficult to restrain. And when, like Lisbon, it constitutes an important part of the State, to abandon it is to lose all its resources, and every other dependence with it.' Again he fixed his eyes on me in silence; then advanced a few steps, and at length said: 'But Elvas, sir and Almeida,—what need was there of garrisons there?'—'We expected succour, Sire; General Dupont's division appeared to be marching on Lisbon, either to secure the possession of Portugal, to open a retreat for us, or to command the west of Spain. This division could reach us only through Almeida or Elvas. To abandon these fortresses, therefore, comprised the abandonment of the entire provinces in which they are situated. So, at least, the Duke of Abrantes judged.'

"These reasons being admitted, and other questions or subjects furnishing me with an opportunity of enlightening the Emperor with regard to the Duke of Abrantes, I described the distress he suffered, under the fear of displeasing or grieving His Majesty, and perceived that the Emperor listened with satisfaction; and, as if pleased with the part I had acted, was thenceforward much more unre-

[1] This openness to conviction, when pressed upon him by the force of truth, was an important trait in the Emperor's character.

served. The new campaign which the Emperor was about to open in Portugal, under the auspices of Marshal Soult, served as a theme for continuing the conversation. In describing the itinerary the marshal was to follow, his Majesty observed: 'It is substituting the crossing of rivers for that of mountains.' In fact, the line of Gallicia embraces the crossing of the Minho, the Douro, the Vouga, and the Mondego. 'Sire,' I answered, 'the passage of the most formidable rivers is preferable to that of the mountains in Beira and the Tras os Montes. The difficulties of the passage of rivers, and the means of surmounting those difficulties, are equally well known. But those which these mountains present are incalculable. And let me have the honour to add that Marshal Soult, in following the itinerary your Majesty is pleased to point out, will always march by practicable and beaten tracks; that he will be surrounded by abundance in a country where he has ample room for manœuvring; and, in crossing the three principal rivers, will be supported by three strong cities—Tuy, Oporto, and Coimbra.' He was pleased with a reply so entirely in accordance with the plans he had traced, and, on the whole, appeared satisfied with the interview."

The Emperor once more returned to Paris after having defeated Sir John Moore, taken Madrid, and, as he believed, chastised the Spaniards. The brilliancy of his court was great, but still more clouded by fears and anxieties than in the preceding year. "War!—war! was the universal text of the Emperor. Cardinal Maury, M. de Cheval, Count Louis de Narmy, the physician Halley, Millin, all my friends, conversed on coming events with an anxiety that alarmed me. All agreed that the dangers of the northern war would be increased tenfold by that of Spain. Alas! I knew it but too well, and saw around me nothing but uneasiness and the troubles of many immediate friends. Junot was at this time interested in the exile of Madame de Staël and Madame Recamier, because, at the request of the former, and convinced that the Emperor might by mildness have converted her into a partisan as useful as

her enmity would be dangerous, he had made every effort to soften him in her favour, until Napoleon, in a rage, exclaimed: "So! you too are going to ally yourself with my enemies."—"It is extraordinary," said Junot one day to me, when speaking of the exile, "that the Emperor, who knows enough of my heart to be assured that my blood and life are at his service, will connect you and me with his enemies! His enemies are mine, with only this difference, that I desire no vengeance on my own, while I would exterminate his."

Madame Recamier's exile was shortly after this announced publicly, in consequence of her visit to Coppet, and occasioned sensations to Junot such as he doubtless little expected to have experienced from any of the Emperor's acts; yet such was, at this moment, the delicacy of his situation, that he dared not, or only dared tremblingly to question so unjust a proceeding. "Laura," he once wrote to me, "my heart is oppressed and sick when I think of the exile of Madame Recamier. I told you long ago that I had once passionately loved her: my friendship is now only that of a brother, but united with a sentiment of respectful admiration. She is so superior a being! I thank you for appreciating her. You know she does you equal justice, and cherishes for you the attachment I should have so much rejoiced in. I had hoped to bring you together next spring! and how are my wishes frustrated? alas! by a blow which renders desolate the future existence of an unfortunate woman, who deserves the homage of all who pronounce her name. My Laura, I conjure you to see the Empress—see Queen Hortense—see the Emperor—but no, you must not speak to him. Alas! how can he who is so just, so great, so remarkable for goodness—how can he voluntarily oppress a feeble woman!"

Madame Recamier deserved all the eulogies Junot poured upon her: not he only, but Murat, Eugène, Bernadotte, Masséna, and many other brave and loyal French patriots regarded her with real friendship, and proclaimed her the best as well as the most beautiful of

women. My own friendship for her is founded on the conviction that the most noble and generous sentiments animated her pure heart.

There are circumstances in her history, the importance of which her almost infantine innocence was perhaps incapable of fully discerning. M. Recamier, before his reverse of fortune, wishing his wife to enjoy all the pleasures natural to her age, gave her a country-house at Clichy, to which the best society of Paris immediately flocked, and Madame Recamier, in the full blaze of beauty—young, gay, and happy—thought only of benevolence and amusement. But the serpent found access to this Eden, and to its pure and beautiful Eve. Fouché presented himself, and his station ensured his admission. He soon invited her to accept the post of lady of honour to the Empress. "I have no inclination for it," she replied in a soft and insinuating tone, as though fearful by too positive a refusal to provoke the vengeance of covert power; for she did not suppose the Emperor a stranger to the intrigue. "That is the answer of a child," rejoined Fouché; "consider the Emperor's situation,—he wants a guide, a female friend, and where can he find one? Amongst the wives of his generals? That is impossible, it would excite scandal."—"And why are you so obliging as to imagine that scandal would spare me?"—"The case is quite different. You are, to be sure, as young as any of them; but your marriage and the station in which it places you, has established your reputation; it is pure and unblemished. You are privileged to be the Emperor's friend, for it is a friend and not a mistress that he wants," and so saying his little twinkling eyes ran over the figure of the young Psyche, while her countenance beamed with native modesty, intelligence, and sweetness.

"I know the cravings of the Emperor's heart," he added; "I know he is unhappy at not being understood, and that he would gladly exchange hours of victory and noisy acclamations which play round the ear without reaching the heart, for a few minutes of social and confidential converse. He is weary, too, of daily encountering

scenes of jealousy, from which the pure and sacred connection I wish to see established between you and him would be exempt."—"But," objected Madame Recamier, quite unconvinced by these profound arguments, "how can I ascertain that it would be agreeable to the Emperor that I should accept this situation; but especially how would it please the Empress, whose establishment is full, that I should displace either her niece, or her friend Madame de la Rochefoucauld. But, moreover, shall I tell you, I love my liberty."—"I recommend nothing to you that will interfere with your liberty; you are not requested to undertake any burdensome duty. Your post in the household will be that of the Empress's friend, but particularly the Emperor's. The friend of Napoleon! the friend of the Emperor! consider a little! reflect on my proposition, and I am certain, if you are not prejudiced, your noble and generous soul will accept it with delight."

Madame Recamier was mortal, and it must be acknowledged that the friendship of Napoleon was at that time an *ignis-fatuus* capable of dazzling any being not wholly ethereal, even to ruin. The idea of swaying with a kindly influence the destinies of so many millions of men — of sometimes arresting a devastating torrent — might well extort a smile! Seduction is ingenious: the serpent, like that of Paradise, displayed his shining scales of purple, azure, and gold. His syren voice spoke music; and never was temptation more cunningly presented to the female heart.

While these discussions were pending, Madame Recamier received an invitation from one of the Emperor's sisters to breakfast at her hotel. There the conversation turned on friendship, and the charms of such a sentiment between a man and a pure and virtuous woman: "The Emperor is worthy of such happiness," said the princess, "and fully capable of appreciating it; but he has no such friend. And how is one to be selected for him from amongst the multitude of our court ladies?"

Shortly afterwards the princess inquired whether Madame Recamier liked the theatres, and which she

preferred? She was partial, she replied, to the French comedy. "Oh! then," said the princess, "my box is at your service; it is in the lower tier, and therefore requires no ceremony of dress; promise me to make use of it." Madame Recamier promised, and the next morning received the following note:—

"The managers of the French Comedy are informed that Her Imperial Highness the Princess —— gives Madame Recamier admission to her box. They are likewise informed, that when Madame Recamier uses the box she is to choose her own company; and that no person is to be admitted, even though a member of the princess's or the G—— D——'s household, without Madame Recamier's special permission.

"L——PS,

"Secretary to Her Imperial Highness the Princess ——"

Madame Recamier's unsuspecting mind received a new light from the perusal of this billet; she returned thanks, but never made use of it. The box faced the Emperor's. Will it now be said that men take no revenge? I hope, and would fain believe, that the Emperor was not concerned in all this. But Fouché, by promoting her exile, revenged the overthrow of many ambitious projects. He would gladly have restored the halcyon days of Louis XIV., or of Louis XIII. and Mademoiselle de la Fayette; and himself, by retracing one step only, might have enacted a second Père la Chaise, though I believe the red satin would have been more agreeable to his inclinations.

Reverting to Lisbon, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of relating an interesting trait of the Duchesse de Cadaval, and an ingenious method of awakening the memory of a friendly enemy. The duchess, whose sweetness and intellectual graces acquired our warm regard, was a Frenchwoman, and daughter of the Duke of Luxembourg. Junot not only offered her personally in Lisbon every proof of friendship within his power, but afterwards in writing renewed his assurance of devotedness. When the royal family emigrated to Brazil the duchess accompanied them, because a court equally stupid and suspicious

would not leave her two sons behind. Thus compelled to abandon one of the best ordered houses in Lisbon, without protection, she was much concerned for its fate, being unable, under such circumstances, to recommend it in writing to Junot's care, or to confide a message for him to any one. But an old servant, whom she had left behind, begged to speak with the duke immediately on his arrival, and requested that he would visit the Hôtel de Cadaval. He complied, and the aged valet led him into a small parlour habitually occupied by the duchess. Here everything was in the neatest order, an escritoire purposely left open contained nothing but the very letter in which Junot protested his friendship and desire to prove it. He was thus furnished with the means of testifying his sincerity.

How much must the duchess now suffer on account of the war which devastates her adopted country! I knew her amiable and excellent son, now the victim of popular odium, when he was the joy and happiness of his mother and family. His sister Adelaide, older than himself, was diseased and could not walk; but her two young brothers would lift her by the shoulders and pass whole hours in assisting her to take exercise, never suffering a domestic to relieve them of their fraternal duty.

Junot was long detained before Saragossa; my brother-in-law, who arrived from thence at Paris, gave some dreadful details of the siege, and another letter of Junot's still increased my anxiety.

"When man is in a state of suffering," he wrote, "he must possess a legitimate power to arrest his suffering, and suicide is his most natural and rational course."

I mentioned this letter to Duroc, who desired to see it, and having read it, struck his forehead in sorrowful apprehension; for that excellent friend knew that, three days before, Marshal Lannes had been ordered to Saragossa with the direction in chief of the siege, in which he was to be assisted by the Duke of Treviso and Junot.

I never perfectly understood the Emperor's conduct

on this occasion. Perhaps he never formed a clear judgment of the siege of Saragossa, and expected, by deputing Marshal Lannes there, to accomplish by one vigorous effort the capture of the town. But Lannes did no more than Mortier, Junot, or a thousand others might have done without him. *The town will be taken on such a day, there are so many houses left*, was now become a matter of mere arithmetical calculation; and the arrival of Lannes to snatch from him the fruits of his long and barren toils was a severe blow to my husband.

General Rapp, one of the best of created beings, refused the command of the 6th division in Russia, when, Junot having offended, Napoleon would have superseded him. Yet in Russia appearances were against Junot, whereas at Saragossa they, as well as the reality, were in his favour. Lannes was indisputably the bravest of all our generals, and Junot always did him justice; but in this instance he performed the part, in the military phrase, of a *bad comrade*. That Junot so regarded the act is evident, because he told me the following spring:

"I ordered my horses, and was on the point of departing when I heard the sound of the cannon, and was riveted to the spot . . . Otherwise . . ."

He had conducted the siege, or rather the reduction of houses and convents erected into redoubts, from the 20th of December to the month of February, when Lannes undertook the easy task of overwhelming the ruined remnants. To avoid useless repetition, I will only add that a final attack was directed against that heroic city through the Corso; moving batteries were brought to bear; and at length, utterly exhausted, it fell. Junot courted death on that sanguinary day; marching through and over fire; but, strange to say, he, who had been wounded in every former collision with an enemy, escaped unharmed through the fury of this struggle.

He wrote to me on the morrow that Marshal Lannes had contrived to make even success irksome to him, by taking no more notice of him in the report than if he had been meanwhile engaged in the siege of Seringa-

patam, except by merely saying: "At this time the Duke of Abrantes was crossing the Corso."

A few days before the final assault Junot learned, by means of spies, that Armand de Fuentès was in one of the houses appointed to be undermined, but the particular house could not be ascertained; this information, therefore, afforded him new anxiety, but no means of dissipating it.

His first care, on the reduction of the city, was to seek his unhappy friend, and he found him alive. But deliverance after four months' confinement in a damp vault, without warm clothing, almost without nutriment; deliverance by the hand of a friend, restoration to life, to light and happiness, to the enjoyment of the azure sky and the pure breeze; all these joys were too much for his poor head. He was enjoined strict abstinence, promised compliance, and was at first obedient, but afterwards became intractable; fell ill, and died at the end of a week, in cruel agonies, at the age of thirty-nine. His brother, Alphonzo Pignatelli, died also far from his home, in the arms of servants at an inn, on his road to the *Eaux-Bonnes*. Both expired amid riches, esteem, affection, happiness, with a lengthened and smiling futurity in prospect.

Saragossa taken, the fifty thousand infectious corpses which this fatal siege had created thrown into the Ebro or the trenches, and a sort of hollow tranquillity established, the conduct of the monks was inquired into for the purpose of making *an example*—a measure deemed necessary; but, necessary as it might be, was likely to operate at least as injuriously as beneficially, especially in the manner in which it was effected.

Several monks were tied up in sacks and thrown into the Ebro; but the river, rejecting fish of such an unusual species, cast them on its banks; and the horror and detestation of the French, which the people evinced on discovering their monks strangled and drowned, was beyond all bounds.

The other monks, it is true, were terrified; and one morning a deputation from the Chapter of Saragossa pre-

sented themselves on their knees before Marshal Lannes, entreating the favour of his accepting the small present they brought him, a third of the treasure of their cathedral of our Lady of the Pillar; the other two thirds they destined for the Dukes of Abrantes and Treviso.

The marshal angrily told the deputed canons that they should first have offered to the Dukes of Abrantes and Treviso the shares intended for them.

In Junot's state of mind his reception of the deputation may be conceived. Demanding whether they meant to make game of him, he drove them out almost by the shoulders.

The Duke of Treviso, who had not the same excuse for ill-humour, was rather more polite, but he also declined acceptance. The canons restored the jewels to their church, enchanted that our Lady had protected herself from the misfortune of foregoing a single diamond.

The very same evening, however, Marshal Lannes sent one of his officers to demand the treasure, and carried it to Paris.

I have too sincere a regard for the marshal to exaggerate facts, or even to relate them with any intention of traducing him, but the truth must be told.

Junot, seeing the turn affairs had taken, resolved to provide himself with an attestation from the first chaplain and guardian of the reliquary of our Lady of the Pillar that the treasure had been delivered up to Marshal Lannes. This document, with many others, he left to me with the evident intention that I should avail myself of them in case I should enter upon his public vindication.

CHAPTER XVI.

New campaign in Germany—Battle of Aspern-Essling—Bombardment of Vienna—Death of Marshal Lannes—The Roman States annexed to the French empire—Bull of excommunication—Marshal Soult determines to accept the attributes of royalty—New disasters in Portugal—Captain Schiller and the Countess W——g—*General Danube*—Prince Eugène at Leoben—Peace with Austria—The Emperor's return—Opinion at Paris—Inauspicious omens.

WHILE I was wandering amongst the lovely valleys of the Pyrenees, whither I had been ordered by my physicians, the plains of Germany were again ensanguined with war and her lands visited with those disastrous scourges whose aggravated wounds were reserved with fearful usury for us. Masséna was crossing the Inn, burning Schardings, and reviving in our memories the hero of Genoa and Rivoli. Napoleon himself sowed the laurel seed before all his generals, leaving them only the trouble of stretching out their hands to reap the harvest. The Emperor was a thunderbolt of war at the commencement of that campaign. Enraged that the enemy had the audacity, though tremblingly, to forestall him, he rushed upon them with the fury of a lion, and, if I may use the expression, *sawed* the Austrian army asunder, compelling it to retreat precipitately and in confusion amongst the defiles of the Bohemian mountains; where, incessantly harassed by the swift succeeding strokes of that ponderous club which the fair and delicate hand of Napoleon so efficiently wielded, they could scarcely for ten days recover breath to fly before him who again commanded the ancient ramparts

of Vienna to bow down. This campaign, however, was not like that of Austerlitz, crowned with laurels interspersed with flowers: mourning followed in the train of triumph, and every bulletin plunged a thousand families in tears! For Napoleon's puissant voice could still command the soldier to march! and he marched—to die! and he died. The forty-sixth regiment of the line marched from Scharding to Ebensberg, a distance of twenty-six leagues, in five and thirty hours.

We frequently received letters from headquarters, and the army was still advancing. Vienna resolved on defence, and sustained a severe bombardment for thirty hours; but the attention of the Aulic council was directed less to fortifying than provisioning the capital; for, when taken, she furnished supplies sufficient, as one of our inspectors declared, for a whole campaign. The Archduke Charles met Napoleon at the battle of Essling; and death was rife in both armies; ours lost its bravest chief in Marshal Lannes. The butchery was horrible. The archduke proclaimed a loss on his own side of 4300 killed and 12,000 wounded. From this admission of the enemy, generally below the truth, our loss may be estimated.

From Vienna was issued the imperial decree for annexing the Roman States to the French Empire, leaving to the Pope the choice of residing at Rome, and a revenue of two millions of francs. The Emperor had long vehemently declaimed against the danger of a foreign prince exercising spiritual authority in France. Besides, it was argued that the Roman States were bestowed by Charlemagne and only resumed by Napoleon. Pius VII., forgetting that himself had consecrated the head he now devoted to perdition, fulminated a Bull of excommunication. "Let monarchs once more learn that by the law of Jesus Christ they are subjected to our throne, and owe obedience to our commands; for we also bear sovereign sway, but it is a far more noble sovereignty," etc. Alas! the avenging blow which at last too surely struck him came in a more substantial shape than this impotent Bull. It is inexplicable, or to be explained only by the dizziness which such

stupendous and still extending power produced, that the Emperor, aware of the situation of Spain, should at such a time have courted new difficulties, by violating the domicile of St. Peter, for the futile ambition of appointing prefects of the Tiber and the Rhine! Ah! how dearly did he pay for that pale and melancholy glory! How are his laurels soiled, how gloomy is their verdure! Policy must not be arrested in its course! True! Neither could that fatality which swept onwards to his destruction, when in 1814 an unequal struggle against overwhelming numbers too sadly convinced him how costly was the sacrifice of 400,000 men to the demon of fanaticism in Spain.

Meanwhile the French army in Arragon, thanks to the condition in which Junot had left it, obtained some success. General Suchet, who fully justified Junot's expectations, completely defeated General Blake at Belchitte. The *adventure* of the second expedition to Portugal happened about the same time; I call it an "adventure," because the facts were perfectly romantic. That gleam of ambition, the undefined shadow of which was thrown across his path by one of his captains, was one of the most extraordinary incidents of Napoleon's reign. A member of the English Parliament justly observed that it was the policy of the English Government to support, or even to incite the inclinations of Soult; to place in his hand and on his head the attributes of royalty. In the English work of Colonel Napier this important affair is passed over in one line, just declaring that there is no truth in it. The colonel, I am persuaded, drew his materials from an authentic source; and had he condescended to communicate them, they would doubtless have proved as satisfactory to his readers as to himself; but he will excuse my objecting that a single line is inadequate to such an affair.

There exists a biography of Marshal Soult, published at Brussels, under the fictitious name of Julien, though its real author is an eminently gifted friend of the marshal's, which gives a totally different version of the story, assert-

ing that the Emperor, in delivering his final instructions, told the marshal: "Monsieur le Maréchal, the Duke of Abrantes, by my order, has declared that the house of Braganza had ceased to reign. Repeat the proclamation; and if, for the preservation of Portugal, it is necessary to give her a new dynasty, I shall see yours with pleasure." This version may be correct, and is even plausible, but it should either have been suppressed or supported by substantial proof. Those, however, who were about the Emperor at Schoenbrunn when Loison arrived and related, with the venom of a serpent, the whole disastrous history of Soult's army, well know the effect the news produced upon him; he turned pale and was seized with one of those nervous affections to which he was occasionally subject. Subsequently, in the course of the same day, he spoke of the affair in a tone of raillery which he certainly could not have adopted had he been its instigator; and said, laughing, but with that bitter laugh that was far from embellishing his expressive countenance: "Ah! ah! —King of Portugal!—yes—King of Portugal, truly!—Nicholas 1st—Is not his name Nicholas?—Nicholas! —it should rather have been Nicodemus!" Some people have affected to deny this whole scene, because the Emperor could not call Soult Nicholas, when his real name was Jean. Did he really believe the name to be Nicholas, or did he merely choose to place it in juxtaposition with that of Nicodemus? This question I cannot resolve, but I can positively vouch for the words.

Alas! we had not yet done with that unhappy Portugal; another army was yet to be engulfed in that all-devouring abyss. When accompanying my husband into Spain the evidence of my own senses confirmed the frightful disasters of Soult's retreat, which one of my best friends, then colonel of a cavalry regiment, had painted to me in colours which made me shudder and weep with pity and indignation. This retreat contrasted well with the Convention of Cintra, and showed the relative abilities of our chiefs under their respectives circumstances. It is, indeed, boasted that we did not negotiate the second

time; but the alternative is something like that of the Countess W——g in the campaign of Sobieski, who being young and beautiful, the Turks waylaid her on her road to Bavaria with the design of presenting her to the Grand Vizier. "But I escaped them," said she triumphantly; "the Turks did not even see me."—"And how did you manage it?"—"I encountered Captain Schiller, who detained me six weeks with him." This famous captain of pandours made little distinction between friends and enemies in affairs of gallantry.

The death of Marshal Lannes created a great impression, not only in the army but throughout Europe. But in France probably this misfortune was less felt than it would have been had it occurred at any other time. The battle of Essling was one of those fatal occasions in which death strikes with such multiplied and indiscriminate blows, that, in the universality of private grief, a public loss, such as that of Marshal Lannes, makes less impression. The Emperor had been warmly attached to Lannes, but he had also been often offended with him; and now, perhaps, involuntarily showed that his regret was that of the sovereign for a man of talent, and that as a friend he was little affected. He even jested upon the battle of Essling; observing that the Austrians had this day met with an ally they had not reckoned upon: and that *General Danube* had proved himself the best officer of their army. It was to the destruction of the bridges that the Emperor referred; but I knew not why I never could accustom myself to his forced laugh; there was no mirth in it, neither was there anything ridiculous. I feel, even in the recollection of it, as in an unnatural atmosphere, in which I seem to breathe with difficulty, and only recover from the oppression by looking up and contemplating him on the summit of that column, forged from the hostile cannons which he threw so lavishly into the furnace.

Still victory was faithful to our arms. Prince Eugène beat Jellachich at Leoben, a place equally memorable to Austria and Napoleon. The consequence of this victory was the easy junction of the armies of Germany and Italy.

In France great uneasiness was felt respecting the grand army. The Emperor suffered no news to arrive but what it was his pleasure to send; and every one knew that the words of the bulletins were not to be taken for gospel. I was at the time in the Pyrenees, and had more authentic information than was generally possessed, because my letters came direct from Germany, and I read no newspaper. I had regular communications from Junot, who commanded the Saxon and Bavarian troops, but I kept them to myself when they did not agree with the bulletins, as in the case of the battle of Essling. Prince Eugène's victory over the Archduke John at Raab, in Hungary, is one of the events of this campaign in which the Emperor had the greatest cause to rejoice, but he spoke of it merely as an ordinary affair; its consequences, however, were immense.

At length the Emperor made peace with Austria. The treaty was signed by the Duke of Cadore and Prince Metternich, father of the present chancellor. This peace was a terrible blow to Austria, but she signed it without murmuring! vengeance was not far distant! The Emperor, who only stopped a few days at Munich on his journey, re-entered Paris amidst the first burst of joy at the return of peace, yet he might easily perceive a change of sentiment in his capital. The campaign had been so murderous, the victory so obstinately disputed, that France began to consider her laurels too dearly purchased: then, for the first time, a hostile ball found its way to Napoleon's person. It was at Ratisbon: the ball was a spent one, and it struck his heel,—but the heel was Napoleon's, and the ball came from the enemy. The whisper arose: *what if the ball had struck two feet higher?* Then the death of Lannes —that of Lasalle by assassination from the hand of a young fanatic. Death thus roaming, under different forms, about the person of the Emperor, seemed, though it dared not touch him, to say: "Take care of thyself!" All these were inauspicious omens.

CHAPTER XVII.

Approaching divorce—Conversation with the Empress—Her distress—*Fête* at the Hôtel de Ville—The ladies appointed to receive the Empress countermanded—Her Majesty's sufferings at this ball—The Emperor and the Queen of Naples—Berthier—The divorce pronounced—Affecting incident—Josephine at Malmaison—The Rhenish deputation—A Pasquinade.

ANOTHER interest blended itself with politics, with which it was closely combined: this was the divorce of the Emperor; no one dared speak openly of it, but nevertheless it was a very general subject of confidential discussion. The drawing-rooms of Paris were then in a singular state of restraint, which men even of thirty years of age cannot now understand; for, as they were of course dismissed to the nursery or to their beds before the hour of assembly, they are not aware that politics were an interdicted subject, except when spoken aside or mysteriously; but so many private interests were bound up in this divorce, that they were too strong for restriction, and it was talked of,—in a low voice, it is true—but still it was talked of.

I had an interview with the Empress at Malmaison; I went thither to breakfast by invitation, accompanied by my eldest daughter Josephine, to whom she was much attached. I had sent her a plant from the Pyrenees, and she wished me to see it in the hothouse. But in vain she attempted to employ herself with those objects which pleased her the most; her eyes were frequently suffused with tears; she was pale, and her whole manner marked indisposition. "It is very cold!" she repeated, drawing

her shawl about her; but, alas! it was the chill of grief creeping about her heart, like the cold hand of death. I looked at her silently, for respect prevented my opening such a subject of conversation. It was my duty to wait till she spoke first, which she soon did. We were in the hothouse; the child running through its galleries of flowers, and the Empress and I following slowly in silence. She suddenly stopped, gathered some leaves of a shrub near her, and, looking at me with a most melancholy expression of countenance, said: "Do you know that the Queen of Naples is coming?" It was now my turn to look pale, but I answered immediately: "No, Madame."—"She will be here in a week." Another pause. "And Madame Mère, have you seen her since your return?"—"Certainly, Madame; I have already been in waiting." Upon this the Empress drew closer to me; she was already very near, and, taking both my hands, said, in a tone of grief which is still present to my mind after an interval of four and twenty years: "Madame Junot, I entreat you to tell me all you have heard relating to me. I ask it as an especial favour—you know that they all desire to ruin me, my Hortense, and my Eugène. Madame Junot, I again entreat as a favour that you will tell me all you know!"

She spoke with the greatest anxiety; her lips trembled, and her hands were damp and cold. In point of fact she was right, for there could be no more direct means of knowing what was passing relative to her than by learning what was said in the house of Madame Mère. But it was indiscreet, perhaps, to ask these questions of me; in the first place, I should not have repeated the most insignificant sentence which I had heard in Madame's drawing-room; in the second, I was quite at ease upon the subject, for since my return from the Pyrenees I had not heard one single word respecting the Empress pronounced by Madame. I gave her this assurance upon my honour; she looked at me with a doubtful expression: I repeated my assurances, and added that I might positively affirm that since my return I had not heard the word *divorce* uttered by Madame or the princesses. The strength of

mind of the unfortunate wife failed totally on hearing the dreadful word pronounced; she leant upon my arm and wept bitterly. "Madame Junot," she said, "remember what I say to you this day, here, in this hothouse—this place which is now a paradise, but which may soon become a desert to me—remember that this separation will be my death, and it is they who will have killed me!"

She sobbed. My little Josephine, running to her, pulled her by the shawl to show her some flowers she had plucked, for the Empress was so fond of her as even to permit her to gather flowers in her greenhouse. She took her in her arms, and pressed her to her bosom with an almost convulsive emotion. The child appeared frightened; but presently raising her head, and shaking the forest of light silken curls which clustered round her face, she fixed her large blue eyes upon the agitated countenance of her godmother, and said: "I do not like you to cry." The Empress again embraced her tenderly, and setting her down, said to me: "You can have little idea how much I have suffered when any one of you has brought a child to me! Heaven knows that I am not envious, but in this one case I have felt as if a deadly poison were creeping through my veins when I have looked upon the fresh and rosy cheeks of a beautiful child, the joy of its mother, but, above all, the hope of its father! and I! struck with barrenness, shall be driven in disgrace from the bed of him who has given me a crown! Yet God is my witness that I love him more than my life, and much more than that throne, that crown which he has given me!" The Empress may have appeared more beautiful, but never more attractive than at that moment. If Napoleon had seen her then, surely he could never have divorced her. Ah! in summing up the misfortunes of this fatal year, that divorce must be added to render them complete.

This conversation, of which I have only reported the principal features, made a deep impression upon me. On my return to Paris an hour afterwards I repeated it to Junot, and I still wept while relating to him that deep

but gentle grief, so affecting to the feelings. I also told Junot that the Empress desired to see him at the Tuileries at noon the following day.

It was now the 25th of November, and everything was prepared for celebrating the double anniversary of the coronation and the battle of Austerlitz. The city of Paris determined to take the lead in the rejoicings, and Count Frochot had made the most sumptuous preparations for the entertainment at the Hôtel de Ville. The court of the Hôtel was to be as usual transformed into an immense ballroom, to which the old gallery formed a superb avenue. Though indisposed, I prepared to fulfil my duty, and on the 2d of December arrived amidst a general sadness which affected the whole court. The Emperor himself, while he put on a show of gaiety, set an example of constraint—a misfortune was foreseen, and in truth the separation of Napoleon Bonaparte from Josephine must ever be considered a very great one.

The Emperor had expressed a wish that the ball should commence early, because it was his desire to see every one, and especially as few *court* dresses as possible. He repeated: "I see them daily at the Tuileries; the city of Paris gives me a *fête*, and it is the city of Paris I wish to meet." I left home at three o'clock, because I had been told that the Emperor and Empress would dine at the Hôtel de Ville, and, if so, I was to wait upon the Empress. At the Hôtel de Ville I found everything in the most admirable order, but had not much opportunity of inspecting the preparations, as the rooms were already filled with the ladies invited. I proceeded to the small salon beside the staircase, where I found the ladies assembled whose names had been sent in to me. They were mostly young, pretty, and very elegant, or at least very polite and pleasing. We remained in the salon. I knew that the Queen of Naples had arrived in the morning, but I knew nothing more. Junot, whom I questioned above ten times, did not know what answer to make; he was in the condition of a man who, having had a very agreeable dream, awakes and wishes to find

the reality. I was therefore quite ignorant of any change of plan until M. de Ségur came into the room. Calling me into the recess of one of the windows, which in this ancient building were as deep as a small room, he said in a low voice: "The face of affairs is changed; your beautiful attendants may take their departure to the upper part of the room, and yourself also, my fair *gouvernante.* You have nothing further to do here. The Empress," he continued in a still lower tone, "is to be received by Frochot only. Do you hear what I have been saying?" He had reason to ask the question, for I stood like a statue. "And why this prohibition?"—"I know not; or rather I do know, but I do not choose to say." He laughed,—but I could not join the laugh; this strange command sounded in my ears like a bell tolling the knell of the unfortunate Empress. Napoleon, while he braved public opinion, was always desirous of ascertaining it, and though he did not suffer it to direct his proceedings, it had its weight in his decision. He seized the opportunity, therefore, of this popular *fête* to infuse the idea that the divorce was contemplated; he wished it to be entertained as a doubtful opinion, to be commented upon in whispers, and not as an authenticated event admitting of no revocation. Such were the impressions which passed rapidly through my mind, and I believe they were correct.

I was returning to my companions to explain to them the necessity of our immediately taking the places reserved for us in the throne-room when Junot and M. Frochot entered together. "What can be the matter?" said Frochot, addressing me; "you are perfectly blue; are you cold?" On the contrary, I was burning hot. I explained to them the whole affair, and both were thunderstruck; but at the same moment we heard a movement out of doors, and Junot observed: "You have not a moment to lose; if you should *follow* the Empress into the throne-room, although you had not gone to meet her, the Emperor will consider it the same thing, and will be angry. You and these ladies must therefore proceed immediately to

your places." I know not what Frochot said to them, but they were content, and I was excused interfering. We went up to the throne-room, and had scarcely taken our seats before the drums announced the Empress's arrival. Never shall I forget her appearance on that day, or the costume which so admirably became her. Her countenance, always gentle, was on that occasion veiled in grief. She had not expected the solitude she had encountered on the staircase. Junot, however, met her there at the risk of displeasing the Emperor, and so, by his contrivance, did some ladies, who did not know for what purpose they were there. The Empress was not deceived, and when she entered the grand salon, when she approached that throne upon which she was about to take her station in the presence of the great city perhaps for the last time, her legs failed her, her eyes filled with tears, and she seated herself immediately. No wonder that she did so, for after passing through that long gallery and all the preceding apartments in the state of mind which everything since she alighted from her carriage was calculated to produce, she must have felt ready to sink; yet her face was clothed in smiles! Oh, the tortures of a crown! She was followed by Madame de Rochefoucauld, her lady of honour, and two ladies of the palace, whose names I do not remember, for on that day I saw only her. I sought her eyes the moment she sat down, and would willingly have fallen at her feet to tell her how much I felt for her. She understood, and cast upon me a look of the deepest melancholy, which, perhaps, her eyes had never expressed since that crown, now robbed of its roses, had been placed upon her head. Junot was beside her. "Were you not afraid," I afterwards asked him, "of the wrath of Jupiter?"—"No," said he, with an air of gloom that affected me; "I never fear him when he is wrong."

The drums beat again, and in a few moments the Emperor appeared, advancing with a hasty step, and accompanied by the Queen of Naples and the King of Westphalia. I have already said that a change of sentiment respecting the Emperor pervaded the capital. He

had conquered, indeed, a hostile monarchy, but tottering and mutilated as that monarchy was, it had risen against us with such tremendous might that France was covered with emblems of mourning. His laurels began to be less verdant. Again the establishment of eight fortresses which would serve as State prisons were talked of; a divorce was in agitation; Josephine was beloved, and the good citizens of Paris murmured at the proposition. The Emperor's countenance as he entered the Hôtel de Ville very plainly expressed that he was aware of all this.

The Queen of Naples, whose gracious and condescending smile seemed to demand from the Parisians a welcome on her return amongst them, spoke to every one with extreme affability. The Emperor, desirous also of being agreeable, walked round the ballroom, conversing, asking questions, and followed by Berthier, who, dangling after his master, filled the office of chamberlain rather than of grand constable. A slight circumstance, in which Berthier was an actor in the course of that evening, contributed to give me pain. The Emperor rose from his chair of State and descended the steps of his throne to make a last visit to the ballroom; at the moment of rising I saw him incline towards the Empress, probably to desire she would follow his example. He stood up first, and Berthier, in his precipitation to follow him, entangled his foot in the Empress's train as she rose. He narrowly escaped falling himself, and though he caused the Empress to stumble, hurried on to join the Emperor without one word of apology. Certainly Berthier had no intention of being disrespectful to her, but it was carelessly done. He was in the secret, and knew the drama that was about to be represented; certainly he would have had more consideration a year earlier. The Empress stood for a moment with remarkable dignity, smiling at his awkwardness, while her eyes filled with tears and her lips trembled. Though the weather was bitterly cold the heat in these thronged apartments was excessive. The Emperor made the tour of the grand gallery, talking to persons on the one side, while the Empress took the other.

At length the divorce was announced [1]—and, though expected, the effect which the news produced in France

[1] "The divorce was, unquestionably, a melancholy reverse of fortune for Josephine, which she felt most severely, but she bore it with magnanimity. The particulars of the interview between her and the Emperor are very affecting. When Napoleon mentioned the necessity of a divorce, he approached Josephine, gazed on her for a while, and then pronounced the following words: 'Josephine, my excellent Josephine, thou knowest if I have loved thee! To thee, to thee alone do I owe the only moments of happiness which I have enjoyed in this world. Josephine! my destiny overmasters my will. My dearest affections must be silent before the interests of France.'—'Say no more,' she replied, 'I was prepared for this; but the blow is not less mortal!'

"Josephine, on hearing from his own lips the determination of the Emperor, fainted and was carried to her chamber. At length the fatal day arrived.

"On the 15th of December 1809 the Imperial Council of State was convened, and for the first time officially informed of the intended separation. On the morrow the whole of the family assembled in the grand salon at the Tuileries. All were in court costume. Napoleon's was the only countenance which betrayed emotion, but ill concealed by the drooping plumes of his hat of ceremony. He stood motionless as a statue, his arms crossed upon his breast; the members of his family were seated around, showing in their expression less of sympathy with so painful a scene than of satisfaction that one was to be removed who had so long held influence, gently exerted as it had been, over their brother. In the centre of the apartment was placed an arm-chair, and before it a small table with a writing apparatus of gold. All eyes were directed to that spot, when a door opened, and Josephine, pale but calm, appeared, leaning on the arm of her daughter, whose fast-falling tears showed that she had not attained the resignation of her mother. Both were dressed in the simplest manner. Josephine's dress of white muslin exhibited not a single ornament. She moved slowly and with wonted grace to the seat prepared for her, and there listened to the reading of the act of separation. Behind her chair stood Hortense, whose sobs were audible, and a little farther on towards Napoleon, Eugène, trembling as if incapable of supporting himself. Josephine heard in composure the words that placed an eternal barrier between her and greatness, between her and the object of her affection. This painful duty over, the Empress appeared to acquire a degree of resolution from the very effort to resign with dignity the realities of title for ever. Pressing, for an instant, the handkerchief to her eyes, she rose, and with a voice, which but for a slight tremor might have been called firm, pronounced the oath of acceptance; then sitting down, she took the pen from the hand of the Comte Regnault St. Jean d'Angely, and signed it. The mother and daughter now left the salon followed by Eugène, who appeared to suffer most severely of the three.

"The sad interests of the day had not yet been exhausted. Josephine had remained unseen, sorrowing in her chamber, till Napoleon's usual hour of retiring to rest. He had just placed himself in bed, silent and melancholy, when suddenly the private door opened and the Empress appeared, her hair in disorder, and her face swollen with weeping. Advancing with a tottering step, she stood, as if irresolute, near the bed, clasped her hands, and burst into an agony of tears. Delicacy seemed at first to have arrested her progress, but forgetting everything in the fulness of her grief, she threw herself on the bed, clasped her husband's neck, and sobbed as if her heart would break. Napoleon also wept while he endeavoured to console her, and they remained

baffles description,—amongst the populace and the middle class especially. It was like their guardian genius deserting them. The upper class were for the most part indifferent, but still there reigned even here a sentiment, a sympathising melancholy; the ladies of the court, whose life of ceremony is apt to deaden the affections, were actuated at least by their personal interests, and did not know how these might be affected by the new comer. Already Josephine's goodness was regretted; for her kindness none can ever attempt to deny; and indulgence, the only objection to be made against her in this respect being the too general extension of her goodness and recommendations. The effect of all these varying shades of feeling, whether of affection or self-interest, was to produce a certain degree of stupor in society. I was profoundly afflicted, and went the very next day to Malmaison.

One incident in particular gave a still more dramatic effect to the melancholy close of a career so distinguished by the favours of fortune. Prince Eugène, whose affection for his mother is well known, being at the time in Paris, found himself necessitated by his office of arch-chancellor of State to carry to the senate the message which announced his mother's divorce. "The tears of the Emperor," said that noble young man, "do honour to my mother." And his own, which flowed profusely through this dreadful day, were a consolation in the midst of her sufferings.

The Empress received at Malmaison all who chose to pay their respects to her. The drawing-room, the billiard-

a few minutes locked in each other's arms, silently mingling their tears, until the Emperor perceiving Constant in the room, dismissed him to the antechamber. After an interview of about an hour, Josephine parted for ever from the man whom she so long and so tenderly loved. On seeing the Empress retire, which she did in tears, the attendant entered to remove the lights, and found the chamber silent as death, and Napoleon sunk among the bedclothes so as to be invisible. Next morning he still showed the marks of suffering. At eleven, Josephine was to bid adieu to the Tuileries, never to enter the palace more. The whole household assembled on the stairs in order to obtain a last look of a mistress whom they loved, and who carried with her into exile the hearts of all who had enjoyed the happiness of access to her presence. Josephine was veiled from head to foot, and entering a close carriage with six horses, rapidly drove away, without casting one look backwards on the scene of past greatness and departed happiness." — Memes's *Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*, p. 337.

room, and the gallery were full of company. The Empress never appeared to greater advantage. She sat at the right of the chimney, beneath Girodet's fine picture, simply dressed; with a large green *capote* upon her head, which served to conceal her tears, which would flow whenever any one came who particularly reminded her of the happy hours of Malmaison and the consulate. It was impossible to see without emotion the strong impression of grief which marked her countenance. She raised her eyes to every one who approached, even smiled at them; but if the visitor was one of her old associates the tears immediately stole down her cheeks, but quietly and without any of those contractions of the features which make weeping inimical to beauty. No doubt Josephine's despair must have been painful to the Emperor; whether he could have resisted her mute expression of mental agony I know not.

I went again to Malmaison a few days afterwards with my little Josephine, whom her godmother had desired me to bring: this time, as I was alone with her, she did not scruple to open all the sorrows of her heart, and she spoke of her grief with an energy of truth quite distressing. She regretted all that she had lost; but it is justice to say that far above all she regretted the Emperor. The attentions of her children in those days of suffering were admirable.

At this time of painful feeling to the Emperor—for he loved Josephine—Napoleon received visits from the whole Rhenish confederation; the King of Saxony, the King and Queen of Bavaria, the King of Wirtemberg; all, in short, came to Paris to make him a visit, which would scarcely admit of more than one construction—for not only was the divorce in process, but the official authorities had pronounced the marriage void.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The German kings at Paris—The Queen of Naples at the Tuileries—Her parties unsociable—Duets with the Grand Duke of Wurtzburg—The king's visit to Josephine at Malmaison—The carnival—The patrimony of St. Peter withdrawn from the Pope—Negotiations superintended by Lucien Bonaparte—The Pope carried off from Rome—General Miollis at Rome—Expatriation—A storm—Port of Cagliari—Lucien and his family prisoners to the English—Malta—Palace of the Grand Master—Captain Warren—Arrival at Plymouth—Castle of Ludlow—Lucien's removal to Thorngrove—Domestic scenes—Lucien's literary pursuits—Visit of the Duke of Norfolk.

I KNOW not whether this unlucky divorce influenced our tempers, but Paris was never so dull as at that moment —amidst the finest *fêtes* the Empire witnessed, except those of the marriage and the coronation. All those kings who encumbered the avenues of the palace froze our spirits, without inspiring the distant respect which should be the attribute of royalty. In our ill-humour we found fault with all of them. The court was disunited; there was no central point of union. In vain the Queen of Naples lodged in the Tuileries; the household of her brother did not like her; and though pre-eminent as flatterers, we make but sorry hypocrites. Queen Hortense was really loved; all was freedom in her society; she set every one at ease. Music, conversation, drawing, billiards, whatever each person liked best; in short, every one was amused—which never happened under the auspices of the Queen of Naples, except on occasion of a ball; and except, indeed, when she sang duets with the Grand Duke of Wurtzburg. Never in my life have I heard anything so ridiculous as

the combination of their voices; neither of them had the smallest notion of diffidence, nor the smallest idea of singing; yet they sang on, both together, as if they really had voices! They were princely voices at best. It was said of La Forest, one of the opera singers, that he must have a wooden voice; this would not have been ill applied to the royal duettists. Oh! those concerts of Her Imperial Highness the Princess were odd affairs! yet she had some ladies in her household who might have taught her what good music was. I have often, for example, wondered how it happened that Madame Lambert did not belong to the establishment of Queen Hortense, where her talents for music and painting, and her love of the arts, would have been justly appreciated.

All the crowned heads, Majesties and Highnesses, assembled at Paris at the commencement of the year 1810, paid their respects to the ex-Empress at Malmaison; and while consolatory, as indicating the Emperor's will that she should be respected as the wife of his choice, yet these visits were oppressive to her,—such, at least, they appeared to me to be. In my visits to Malmaison, the Queen of Naples was always the subject of our conversations. Her conduct since her return to Paris evinced a great desire to please; she made superb presents to all the ladies of the court. My daughters, though young children, received from her each a suit of coral ornaments, one of which, wrought in relief, was very beautiful. It was in this visit that she presented to the Emperor the well-known superb set of chess-men, in Vesuvian lava and coral.

The carnival approached; the Emperor commanded that it should be gay and brilliant; the authorities of Paris prepared to obey the imperial mandate, and ball succeeded ball without intermission. But how different was the winter from its predecessor! Mourning was universal, and every one entered into society to divert the feelings from melancholy retrospection. Nothing was real, and no pleasing remembrances remain of the forced festivities of this spring; almost every one with whom I

have conversed upon the subject agrees in the same recollection of it.

While Napoleon was procuring at Paris the dissolution of his marriage, his affairs went on badly at the court of Rome. He found there a powerful antagonist in Lucien, who, grateful for the asylum which the Pope had nobly granted him, was indignant at seeing him despoiled of his possessions by the Emperor. He endeavoured to infuse a new vigour in the councils of the Vatican. For several months the correspondence between the cabinet of the Tuileries and that of Rome was active and important; its object was to refuse all further concession to Napoleon, and to dispute the possession of such of the Papal dominions as he had already seized; and when at length an imperial decree was launched from Vienna, commanding the Pope to descend from St. Peter's chair,—for to command him to surrender the Roman territory was much the same thing,—Cardinal Consalvi, stimulated by Lucien, wrote under his dictation a letter calculated to astonish the Emperor. Without speaking of the supremacy of the court of Rome, which Lucien no more wished than Napoleon to re-establish in France, it asserted with justice that the Pope would not be despoiled of his own dominions. But all this resistance had no effect, the States of the Church were united to the French Empire, and the situation of the Pope became critical.

Murat, then at Naples, transmitted to General Radet at Rome, Napoleon's orders for the removal of the Pope to France; and on the 5th of July 1809 the general called upon His Holiness to obey the Emperor's commands. The Pope replied that his double dignity of Sovereign and Chief of the Church placed him beyond the jurisdiction of the French Emperor. "His predecessors," said he to the envoy, "have saved mine, but this gives him no claim, except on my gratitude." He shut himself up in the Quirinal, and clothed in all the pontifical ornaments, seated himself in a chair of State, peaceably to await the coming of General Radet. The French functionary presented himself in the middle of the

night at the principal door of the palace, and finding it closed, forced his way into the apartments of the Sovereign Pontiff by a window on the ground-floor, took possession of his person, compelled him to enter a carriage, and instantly drove off on the road to Grenoble, according to his orders. Passing the next morning through Viterbo, Radet perceived an alarming degree of fermentation in the popular mind; he hurried the postillions through the necessary operation of changing horses, and hearing on all sides cries which threatened an interruption to his important mission, he called out: "On your knees! the Holy Father is about to give you his blessing." The people prostrated themselves in an instant, and when all their faces were in the dust, Radet himself violently applying the whip to the horses, drove off with the rapidity of an arrow, and without the assistance of the postillions, leaving the inhabitants of Viterbo to vent, in harmless maledictions, that rage against us which in another minute would have probably exhibited itself in a more dangerous manner.

Pius VII. remained but a short time at Grenoble; he was soon transferred by the Emperor's orders to Savona, where, kept a close prisoner, almost in sight of his gaolers, he was only allowed the liberty of performing mass. General Miollis arrived at Rome to take the command of the city. Lucien then found himself in a strange position. From the commencement of his exile the fine arts, literature, and the education of his children had formed his sole occupations and amusements. The Mæcenas of every man of talent in Rome, he was adored by the artists, whom he employed and understood, for Lucien was never moderately beloved; he was a being of superior worth! Immediately on the departure of the Holy Father he retired to Tusculum, where he superintended his excavations, and where General Miollis watched him with an inquisitory intrusiveness which Lucien soon found intolerable. With no other title than that of the proscribed brother of the Emperor, for his exclusion from the order of succession threw him, as it

were, out of the family circle, seeing the imperial domination crossing the Alps and Apennines to seek him in his studious retreat in the bosom of his numerous family, he determined to quit Europe, and wrote to the Duke of Rovigo, then minister of police, to obtain passports for the United States of America.

The Emperor was aware of the demand, without doubt; but he did not appear in the affair, and the answer of the Duke of Rovigo was the transmission of the passports, sanctioning Lucien's expatriation, but in fact exile. He then wrote to Naples, requesting Murat to send him an American vessel, released from all embargo. Murat sent the vessel with the most gracious promptitude: Lucien, it seems, frightened them all! The American ship soon arrived at Civita Vecchia. The entire gallery of Lucien, all the treasures he had found in his researches at Tusculum, were carefully packed up under the inspection of M. de Châtillon, who superintended the department of the arts in Lucien's household. But the cases were not all put on board, the greater part was left with Torlonia, the chief banker of Rome. Lucien carried with him all his numerous family portraits, together with that of Pius VII. "He has been a hospitable friend to me," said he, "I must not forget him." At length, in the month of August 1810, the exiled family quitted Civita Vecchia. It was truly a singular spectacle to see the brother of Napoleon abandoning Europe to seek an asylum in the New World, carrying thither a heart devotedly French and a purely patriotic spirit.

The captain set sail in spite of contrary winds, but had not long cleared the coast before a tremendous storm arose which threatened the ship with utter destruction. Lucien, always possessing the calmness of true courage, required of the captain to put into the port of Cagliari, which they were approaching. The princess and children were ill, assistance and repose were therefore necessary, and Lucien had letters from the Pope recommending him to the protection of the sovereigns on whose territories he might chance to touch in his exile. On

reaching Cagliari, M. de Châtillon landed, and carried to the Sardinian minister a certificate of the illness of Lucien's family, requesting permission for him to land for the purpose of recovery. This affair, which if it had concerned a French family of unknown name would have been settled without difficulty, became strangely complicated by the name of Lucien Bonaparte. The Sardinian minister humbly replied that such questions concerned Mr. Hill, the British envoy, and that to him alone its decision belonged. In vain M. de Châtillon declined the authority of England; Mr. Hill decreed that M. Lucien Bonaparte, the American vessel, and all that it contained should be captured in the port of Cagliari. Lucien turned pale on hearing this decision, and exclaimed, with truly French feeling: "I will not submit to it!" That heart of iron and fire, susceptible also of all the tender emotions, swelled with unutterable grief and indignation as he cast his eyes on his proscribed family and felt that he ought to sway a sceptre for their protection. Notwithstanding the illness of his wife and children he would not permit them to land, and thus passed fourteen days—the most distressing, perhaps, of his life. "We must go," he said at length, "and let us see if they will dare to execute their threat."

The American ship sailed out of the port; the two English frigates seeing its preparations, had stood out the preceding evening; and scarcely had the American advanced a mile, before one of the frigates, the *Pomona*, Captain Barry, fired a shot, and commanded the captain to lay to. The American was only a merchant ship, but the captain's spirit revolted from thus surrendering a passenger who had entrusted his person and family to his care: "I will not bring to," said he to his lieutenant. Captain Barry, receiving no answer, launched his boat, and came himself with two officers alongside the American ship, which he knew to be incapable of defence. The captain, however, intended to defend himself; on perceiving the English captain in his boat he waited till he was within pistol-shot, and then would have fired if Lucien had not suddenly given him a smart blow on the arm

which compelled him to drop the pistol. With much difficulty he was persuaded to surrender, and the English captain announced to his prisoners that he should convey them to Malta. Captain Barry was then, what he probably still is, if the cannon, sword, and tempest have spared his life so long, that perfectly agreeable character which is natural to an English gentleman; for I may truly affirm that in all my intercourse with the various nations of Europe I have nowhere found individuals so perfectly pleasing and polite in language, manners, and habits as the really well-bred Englishman. In the interval between their capture and their arrival at Malta he paid the family every attention that kindness and respect could suggest, and a voyage in the Mediterranean permit. On reaching Malta they were conducted to the *Lazaretto;* Lucien solicited permission to remove his wife and children, but was refused by the governor, General Oakes, with an obstinacy worthy of St. Helena. It would seem that the British Government prides itself in being represented by men capable of every act of cruelty! The object of this policy I cannot understand.

Lucien was condemned to three days' quarantine; and, this useless vexation over, was permitted to take up his residence in the Fort Ricasoli, where he found only damp walls, without an article of furniture, and was obliged, at his own expense, to procure even chairs and bedding from the town of Valetta. Even the naval officers were indignant at such unworthy treatment; and Lucien, however unwilling to complain, felt it due to the name of a Frenchman to submit his wrongs to the British Government. Its answer arrived at length, ordering that the prisoner should be removed to the castle of St. Anthony, the residence of the Grand Master in the proud days of the order, and treated with the utmost consideration, until it was determined in what manner he should be finally disposed of. In this Gothic castle, which his elevated mind led him to teach his children rather to consider as a retreat than a prison, he and Madame Lucien employed themselves in protecting their young family from *ennui*,

and, in so doing, defended themselves also from its attacks. Surrounded by a locality full of romance, where every tower had its tale, and every stone seemed the memento of some illustrious name, Lucien compelled new traditions to take their place beside the old, and consoled his wounded spirit by a closer acquaintance with the Muses; here he proceeded with his poem of Charlemagne—venting the grief of exile in words of harmony.

Towards the close of the year Captain Warren arrived in the frigate the *President*, to convey Lucien and his family to England. He requested as a favour that he might be allowed to sail for England accompanied by M. de Châtillon, and to leave his wife and children till the spring, hoping that a personal application to the Prince Regent would have the effect of restoring the liberty of which he had been illegally deprived. But again he met with a refusal; in vain he urged the natural fears of a husband and a father, in committing the safety of his tender charges to the mercy of the elements at so inclement a season. "I have my orders," was still the reply of Captain Warren. Everything on board the frigate was arranged with attention to their comfort, and the conduct of the officers was respectful and accommodating; but the cold and haughty character of Captain Warren increased the disagreeableness of a six weeks' voyage in the midst of winter and dreadful weather. Its tediousness was caused by the great round they were compelled to make to avoid the coast of France; Captain Warren's orders being peremptory to keep out to sea, perfectly armed, and on no account to surrender his prisoner. They reached at length the harbour of Plymouth in frightful weather; here again he encountered inhospitality, the ship was not permitted to anchor, and rode out through the night in so tremendous a storm, that the hazard was every moment imminent of being wrecked on the rocks of that dangerous coast.

How grateful was Lucien for the protection of Heaven, when, after that tremendous night, he landed in safety with his children at Plymouth! He here found Mr. Mackenzie, a State messenger, authorised to offer him an asylum, and

the rights of hospitality in their most extended sense. Lucien, with, his usual nobleness, returned his thanks with dignity and coldness, and continued: "I have been made prisoner illegally, and I protest against everything which myself and family have undergone since we quitted the port of Cagliari: I demand to be allowed to pursue my journey; and beyond that, sir, I refuse all the offers of your Government; for I can accept nothing from a nation which is the enemy of mine, nor from a Government that makes war upon my brother."—"Then," replied Mr. Mackenzie, coldly but politely, "I am obliged to fulfil my commission." The following day Lucien was conducted to the castle of Ludlow, and placed under the charge of Lord Powis, lord-lieutenant of the county of Salop, and father-in-law of the Duke of Northumberland. He was recommended by all means to induce his prisoner to put himself in direct opposition to the Emperor. His constant refusal produced a more rigorous captivity, and he was confined to a circuit of two miles round Ludlow, the antique and gloomy castle of which was of sinister omen, having been the habitation of the unfortunate children of King Edward. He obtained, however, at length, permission to quit Ludlow, and to take up his residence at Thorngrove, on the road to Worcester, a charming mansion, which he had himself purchased of M. Lamotte, a Frenchman established in England, for eighteen thousand guineas: it is surrounded by a park, enclosing a garden and hothouse, and possesses all those exterior and interior comforts so peculiar to the home of an English family.

Having tastefully completed the arrangements of his new habitation, and hung the drawing-room with his family portraits, he laid down rules for the domestic life he intended to lead here. His love for the arts and sciences gained strength in this friendly retreat; he had always been fond of astronomy, and now pursued it with ardour. He visited Herschel,[1] and purchased his famous telescope

[1] It was during this visit that Lucien became acquainted with Miss Caroline Herschel, sister of the astronomer, who occupied herself in writing the calculations made by Sir William and Lucien. This lady was well known in the literary circles of the time.

for fifty thousand francs: he then built an observatory, calculated ephemerides, and announced a new planet in the Milky Way; he was not mistaken, and has the prior right to the merit of this discovery. Thorngrove became a Lyceum. Lucien composed several comedies, which were acted in his domestic theatre; also the tragedy of *Clotaire*, a work of real merit, which was performed before an audience of more than two hundred persons, nearly all chosen from the middle classes of the neighbourhood; for, considering the ministry as his enemies, he would have no intercourse with Tories. As the author, he chose to judge of the effect of the piece, and would therefore take no part in it; M. de Châtillon performed Clotaire; Madame Lucien played well in the becoming costume of Clotilde; the two children were represented by her young sons, Charles and Paul; the wife of Clotaire by Lucien's eldest daughter Charlotte, now Princess Gabrielli; and Sigerie, the confidant of Clotaire, by Christina, also his daughter by his first wife [and now married to Lord Dudley Stuart], who, in the scarcity of actors in the family, was obliged to take a male part. It seems to me that Ludlow, the first prison of Edward's children, must have suggested to Lucien the plot of this tragedy.

The drama, however, was not the only subject of his muse during his residence at Thorngrove; here he completed his poem of *Charlemagne*, and produced that of *Cirneide*. The Princess of Canino also, stimulated by his example, composed a poem on the subject of *Bathilde, Queen of the Franks;* it is well sustained, in six cantos, with verses of ten syllables in varied rhymes. I shall have occasion to speak of it again with relation to an extraordinary fact, of which I do not believe the Emperor capable; but which proves, at least, the extent to which a base inclination to flatter his imputed wishes was carried by those around him. M. Châtillon was employed, at the same time, upon a small poem called the *Odyssey of Lucien; or, The Exile.* He also sketched forty-eight designs for the illustration of *Charlemagne* and *Bathilde;* these sketches, which must necessarily embody the intentions of the authors,

as they were drawn under their superintendence, were being engraved in London by the celebrated Heath, when the restoration interrupted the series.

Every member of the family of Thorngrove was actively engaged. Every Sunday the works of the week were brought forward; an examination took place, also a competition for prizes; the day was closed with a concert, in which the young ladies sang, M. Châtillon played the violin, and Father Maurice the piano.

Thus did Lucien embellish his retreat with everything that could tend to make time pass pleasurably; living like a really wise man, without any false pretensions to philosophy. His style of life excited much curiosity in England, but he studiously retired from observation with a calm and natural dignity which inspired general respect. The Duke of Norfolk, desirous of becoming acquainted with him, visited Thorngrove; where, cheerful, agreeable, and witty, he attracted the affections of the whole family during the three days he passed with them.

CHAPTER XIX.

Junot ordered to Spain—I accompany him—Our journey—Counter-order to proceed to Burgos—French justice—My fright—The horrors of war—Vittoria—Letters from my children—Rumoured death of Durosnel—News conveyed to Madame Durosnel—Lavalette inexpert at dissimulation—General Solignac—Cleansing of Burgos—Cruelty of the soldiers at Arguano—The Spaniard's sacrifice.

EARLY in the year 1810 Junot received orders to proceed to Spain and there take the command of the 8th division. This new proof of the Emperor's confidence gave him no pleasure, for in this profitless Spanish war all the sentiments of humanity had been outraged, the glory of our arms had vanished, and victory itself was unavailing. But it was necessary to obey. I followed him, and here declare that my own will alone determined me to take this step, to which the Emperor reluctantly consented.

Junot's instructions were to reach Bayonne with as little delay as possible; and we set out on the 2d of February, when the cold was excessive. "You cannot accompany me," said he. "Let us set out," I replied, "you will find my strength greater than you expect."

I equipped myself in a gray cashmere riding-habit, a well-furred Polonese cap, having first had my hair cropped, fur boots, and a large travelling cloak; and thus defended I stepped at midnight into a close *calèche* with Junot, and set out for Bayonne.

We travelled without stopping from Paris to Bordeaux, and there halted for a few hours to enable me to visit my aged and venerable friend Madame de Caseaux, who

with her daughter had but a few years before enjoyed one of the largest fortunes in France; but it was rapidly vanishing through the trickery of relations; and finding it nearly dissipated, Laura, resolving to preserve her mother's gray hairs from the privations of poverty, had recently come up to Paris to solicit justice. Junot and I received her as a sister, and promoted her suit by every means at our command; but as its object was not yet accomplished we left her in possession of our hotel.

In those moments of inexpressible agony which must always attend even a voluntary exile, a friendly glance, a consoling word, is balm to the heart; and never since I quitted Paris for Spain has mine experienced such sweet, such soothing calm, as during that nearly silent half-hour, when leaning on Madame de Caseaux's bosom, her embrace of tenderness recalled the happy days of my childhood; those days of peace and paradise when my heart was a stranger alike to the golden visions of courts and to their attendant miseries.

Twenty hours more conducted us to Bayonne, and these were partly employed in reading the foreign newspapers given to us by our banker at Bordeaux, and which we examined with avidity, well aware that our own had long published only what suited the Government. The English papers were the most interesting, and already dilated on the approaching marriage of Napoleon, though the Diocesan Court had only annulled his union with Josephine on the 18th of January, which sentence was afterwards confirmed by the Metropolitan Court.

During the same journey Junot corrected my opinion of Marshal Soult, assuring me that so superior were his talents that it was a matter of astonishment to him that the Emperor had not entrusted to him the chief command in all Spain.

"But he could not command Marshal Jourdan," said I, with the prejudice of my childhood concerning precedency.

Junot laughed heartily. "Marshal Jourdan!" said he at length; "my dear little Laura, do not you know why he is a marshal?"

I stared in amazement. "Why, because——"

"You know nothing about it,—is not that the truth? Well neither do I, for the whole army has equal pretensions to the distinction.—But Soult! the deuce! he is quite another person! He is, after the Emperor, the most intelligent and capable of all the French generals."

Yet how perversely are men's sentiments and actions sometimes at variance. When Soult was appointed major-general in Spain in the place of Jourdan, Junot, like the others, refused obedience; and I shall presently have occasion to show the deplorable inconvenience resulting from such insubordination amongst the French chiefs.

Overcome with fatigue on our arrival at Bayonne, I merely disencumbered myself of my riding-habit, and throwing myself on a bed was presently in a sound sleep, from which Junot awoke me with an embrace and *adieu.*

Starting up, I rubbed my eyes.

"What do you mean?—*Adieu!*"

"Yes, I here find new orders to enter Spain immediately and to reach Burgos on the 15th, I have not therefore a minute to lose. You will rejoin me by the first convoy, and I shall leave you an escort of five hundred men of the battalion of Neufchâtel—men that you may depend on—so be satisfied."

"Not I, indeed. I did not leave home to travel with convoy, or to attend to my personal conveniences.—I shall go with you."

Junot looked at me with mingled astonishment and emotion.

"You will go with me? and without rest?"

"This instant."

"I will defer my departure, then; lie down again, and sleep for a few hours."

"Not a single minute."

"Laura, you are unwell."

"No, I am quite well."

"Your hand is burning. I will not allow you to resume your journey yet—the vanguard of the first division commenced its march yesterday: a few hours'

delay, therefore, will be no breach of duty. We will set out at noon."

"I assure you opposition only annoys me: let us set off this instant: desire M. Prevot to have my horse saddled, and remember that I never intend to cause you a moment's delay: let that be understood between us once for all—will you?"

I extended my hand to him as to a brother-in-arms; and indeed the adventurous life on which I had entered placed me on a level with that sex whose courage I was compelled to assume. I had maturely weighed the enterprise and prepared myself for all emergencies. Junot was therefore obliged to conform and we departed, travelling alternately in the *calèche*, on horseback, or on foot, through the Spanish-looking streets of Bayonne, with its smiling environs, inhabited by the happiest peasantry and most beautiful girls in France; the sandy solitudes of St. Jean de Luz, where we first inhaled the soft and aromatic breezes of the south; Alegria, the home of the Mendizabals; Villa Franca; Villa Real, with its pretty churches; the picturesque valley of Bergara with its Gothic chapel; Mondragon, its sunny vale, and its mines and mills of bloodstone; and the Salvator Rosa scenery of Salinas.

But how deplorably were all these landscapes disfigured by the horrors of war, an evidence of which presented itself to me one evening, the fourth of my travels in Spain, under a form that I can never forget. Quite worn out with walking, I proposed entering the *calèche*, which always followed us; Junot consented, and fell asleep the moment we were comfortably seated. Too much fatigued to follow his example, I sought refreshment at the carriage window, gazing on the steep and winding road by which we were climbing the side of a mountain composed chiefly of brownish granite, almost covered with moss, but here and there diversified by groups of stunted oaks; my thoughts, which wandered far from these surrounding objects, were recalled by my eyes resting, through the increasing gloom of twilight, upon the strange appearance

of an isolated oak at a short distance before us, the branches of which seemed to be broken and swinging heavily in the wind. While I was seeking my eye-glass to see it more distinctly we reached the spot, and at the moment I stretched my head out of the window my forehead encountered the touch of a human foot!—the foot of a bloody and horribly mangled corpse, suspended from the tree: a specimen of French justice! nor was it alone: beside it hung three of its former comrades!

The shriek that escaped me in the first moment of horror awakened Junot and startled the sleepy postillion; the latter instantly stopped his mules, leaving us stationary close to this spectacle, more terrific than imagination can conceive, and on which, in spite of myself, my eyes would instinctively rest! Oh! how long afterwards did that fearful scene haunt my dreams!—how often did the ghastly countenances, still expressive of demoniac rage, the torn and clotted limbs, return to my almost diseased vision, at which even the mules, pinching their ears, dilating their nostrils, and recoiling with an audible demonstration of terror, made a painful and lasting impression.

"Will you proceed," cried Junot to the postillion in a voice of thunder, at the same time smartly striking the nearest mule with his cane. The *calèche* started with the celerity of lightning.

"What is the matter with you? it is a necessary evil," said Junot to me, quietly reseating himself in the corner of the carriage, and resuming his nap.

But oh! I could not sleep! for many a night the balmy soother of our fears and griefs was scared from my pillow!

"Child," said Junot, when I afterwards reproached him with his indifference, "you should not have faced war if you cannot endure such sights. What is it you have seen? four rascals who had probably massacred some sleeping Frenchmen, or some woman, old man, or even child! Take my advice, and reserve your sensibility for other misfortunes."

A few days afterwards, amidst the tufts of thyme and

lavender, and the box and juniper bushes growing amongst the rocks of Pancorvo, our soldiers discovered the fragments of a body which the assassins had cut to pieces, and on one of the mutilated arms recognised the vestige of a French uniform! Ah! Junot was right, the misfortunes of this war were terrible indeed!

Vittoria would be anywhere remarked as a pretty little town, but its architecture appears to particular advantage in Spain, differing as it does from the prevalent style of the country. The square is large and airy, and the whole aspect of the place indicative of industry and activity. Here I received, with a mother's transport, news from my children; the first which our uninterrupted progress had permitted to reach me. Ever anxious about that absent portion of myself, which occupied my thoughts every hour in the day, I had written from Bordeaux to my good friend Lavalette, director-general of the post, requesting him to forward my letters by *estafette;* he, the best of fathers and of men, understood my maternal feelings, and fetched himself from my hotel, before my daughters left it with their aunt for Burgundy, the little packet which I now received by an *estafette* for Madrid. It contained two charming little letters from my girls, and at the foot of Josephine's my little Napoleon had scribbled his name,—his hand being of course guided, for he was but two years old. The delicious joy of that moment can be conceived only by those who have been far separated from home, country, friends, and darling children!

Lavalette is another dear friend to whose name the tomb alone responds.

His character was such as Sterne would have delighted to depict—a curious combination of archness with ingenuousness, waggery with veracity and sincerity; at actual dissimulation he was very inexpert, of which I have heard a whimsical instance.

At the battle of Wagram, Napoleon sent an order to one of the marshals by his favourite equerry and aide-de-camp, General Durosnel, and suddenly uttered a cry as he watched him with his telescope through the field. He

had seen Durosnel struck by a bullet and rolling in the dust.

His death was a cause of mourning; he was yet young, and by his intelligent gallantry had acquired the love and esteem of his comrades, as well as of the Emperor, who eulogised him in the bulletin.

But there was one being whose heart was struck by this fatal bullet: the young and loving widow, whose visions of paradise were changed, in a moment, to grief and despair.

Durosnel, as upright as brave, had nothing to leave her; her expectations of provision rested on the Emperor; but, at all events, she could no longer reside in Paris. Her father, therefore, came from the country to fetch her, and preparations were making for their departure, when, about ten days after the news had reached Paris, the Empress Josephine received a letter from the Emperor, in which he said:

"Durosnel is not killed,—he is not even wounded, the bullet struck only his horse; *let his wife know this.*"

The commission was not easy of execution. So inured is the poor human heart to every variety of suffering that grief in any form cannot surprise it; but joy, a joy that snatches us at once from despair to bliss; oh! that must not be too rudely administered.

The Empress, knowing the effect her news must have on Madame Durosnel, was in great perplexity, and meditated going herself to her, when Lavalette and his wife arrived to breakfast with Her Majesty.

"Ah! Heaven has sent you to my aid," she exclaimed.

Then, explaining the whole affair, she imposed the task on Lavalette, and adding the caution of: "Take care what you are about, for you may *kill her;*" she pushed him by the shoulders, and sent him to Madame Durosnel. The good-natured Lavalette gladly undertook to carry peace to an afflicted bosom; but just as he reached the door he began to be staggered by the

amount of happiness his tidings imported, and to comprehend the delicacy of his mission.

"*Diable!*" thought the *ambassador*, as he ascended the stairs; "I almost repent my hasty compliance."

It was barely eleven o'clock; an ill-assorted hour for a visit, as the father would probably have hinted, but the Empress's name silenced all objections, and he was immediately introduced into Madame Durosnel's boudoir; where she was seated on a sofa, silent and sorrowful, dressed in weeds, weepers, and all the mournful paraphernalia of early widowhood. As he gazed on her pale and altered countenance, and on the languid eye, raised to meet his, he thought:

"The Empress is right,—I shall certainly kill her."

He sat down beside her, but after the first salutation had not a word to offer; while Madame Durosnel, supposing he came to announce some favour from the Emperor, properly waited till he should open the conference. Finding him, however, obstinately silent, she at length began with a trembling voice:

"Her Majesty is doubly gracious in condescending——"

Lavalette started as if suddenly aroused from a dream.

"Madame," said he, "are you beginning to feel consolation?"

"Ah, sir!" was all the wretched mourner could reply, and her face was instantly bathed in tears.

"Deuce take it!" he inwardly ejaculated; "if she reverts to her despair, what can I do?"

And he began turning over every expedient that put her upon the scent; none appeared more likely than inquiring whether she believed in ghosts.

"Alas! no, sir; would that I could both believe and see them," and her tears flowed afresh.

In proportion as her grief interested him did the perplexity of her comforter increase; but as something must be done, he at last devised a tale of a woman buried in a trance, and recalled from the tomb by the gravedigger opening it with a design of plunder. This story he related with all the accompaniments of romance, and

dwelling with especial emphasis on the ineffable joy of his heroine's family on recovering their beloved from the jaws of death. . . .

"Alas!" ejaculated Madame Durosnel in a voice interrupted by sobs, "they were very happy!"

And she buried her head in the cushions, both to weep at liberty, and to avoid the sight of a man who seemed to be making a jest of her affliction.

Lavalette began to think his task hopeless, but resolving on a new attempt, he assumed an air of cheerfulness that contrasted strangely with his anxiety. Putting on his best smiles, he asked Madame Durosnel whether she had breakfasted.

"Ah! *Mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed, beginning to suspect the Empress Josephine's nephew was somewhat crazed.

Lavalette grew impatient, and repeated the inquiry.

"I do not know, sir," she answered, "whether you are aware that your discourse is very extraordinary.—I beg permission to retire."

"And how is it, Madame," retorted Lavalette, "that you cannot discover the real object of my mission?"

His expressive countenance conveyed all the rapture his news imported, and Madame Durosnel, as she surveyed it, fell back on the sofa, exclaiming:

"Ah! what can have happened?"

"Why, nothing at all! nothing has happened! Do you now understand me, Madame? will you divest yourself of those villainous weeds?—Your husband is not dead!" and having uttered the decisive words he sunk down exhausted with the effort. Meanwhile, an alarming shriek from the overjoyed wife brought her father to her aid, and Lavalette hastened to escape. The blunt manner in which, after all his reflections, he had communicated such joyful tidings had nearly overset Madame Durosnel's reason.

Two years afterwards, at Prince Schwartzenburg's ball, this lady was thrown down and trampled on in the confusion occasioned by the fire; her husband found her in a state of insensibility, and a man standing over her occupied

in abstracting her earrings from her ears. Her arms and legs were dreadfully burned, while, strange to say, her silk stockings were scarcely singed.

To return to Spain. At the miserable little village of Bribiesca we met General Regnier, whom I had not seen since the Egyptian campaign. The animated expression of his astonishment at the rencontre formed an agreeable contrast with his habitual reserve. I, however, always admired his calm dignity, and his comrades acknowledged his military talents.

Alas! our next meeting was in a desert yet more wild than Bribiesca.

I rejoiced on arriving at Burgos, where the duke's headquarters were fixed, for I was seriously ill, and much in want of repose. Here I enjoyed all its charms, and the consciousness that I was not compelled to raise my head from its pillow at the sound of the drum imparted real luxury to the sound of the morning *reveille.*

General Solignac was under great obligations to Junot for procuring him employment at the recommendation of the Grand Duchess of Berg, in spite of Napoleon's invincible repugnance to him; and we found him stationed *ad interim* at Burgos, in lieu of General Thiébault, whose generous conduct, talents, and enlightened humanity had converted the anathemas which the Castilians so liberally vented against us into blessings.

He had been invested with the government of Old Castile, on taking possession of which he found that Burgos, although one of the most important posts in Spain, had been for two months unrestrained by the presence of any authority. It is impossible to give an idea of the amount of devastation, pillage, and assassination to which its vicinity was exposed. On one side, the most revolting injustice was daily committed, and atrocities frequently perpetrated upon us in reprisal; these were again avenged, and a chain of horrors thus established, which afforded no hope of termination. But General Thiébault had the courage to break through it.

Justice, with her tribunals and her judges, had fled as

before the sword of the exterminating angel; the few remaining inhabitants were indifferent to life, and wandered like spectres through the ill-paved streets of Burgos, without wounding their feet against pointed stones, for the ground was covered with a thick bed of filth, the infected receptacle of more than a hundred human and two hundred animal carcases. Is it not astonishing that its mephitic exhalations had not added the plague to the catalogue of woes which afflicted the unhappy Peninsula! Another month's delay, and that scourge must have followed.

Thiébault, on his arrival, saw nothing within a circuit of four or five leagues round the city but ruin, despair, and death. The condition of the barracks, the detached depots, and, above all, of the prisons and hospitals were deplorable.

Don Blanco de Salcedo, the prefect, was a worthy man, but incompetent to remedy this mass of evil. When called upon he seconded General Thiébault with laudable zeal, but with little hope of success; and when the general proposed to begin by cleansing the city, he shook his head, saying, "Your Excellency might as well attempt to cleanse the Augean stable."

But Thiébault had not forgotten Junot's recent achievement of clearing the streets of Lisbon in 1807, of the mines caused by the earthquake of 1755, and of all other obstructions, which was not one of the least considerable benefits conferred by his government.

The present undertaking was equally successful, and in a few months Burgos put on a new face. The shops were reopened, the markets frequented, justice resumed its course; prisons and barracks were erected, and a promenade planted along the bank of the Arlanzon, to which spot the general, willing to flatter at once the fanaticism and chivalry of the Castilians, removed the St. Peter of Cardena, and the bones of the Cid and Donna Ximena, whose tomb had been violated by our dragoons. The tomb itself he rebuilt, and it still remains, preserved with religious care, in a garden, bordered by the same river, which the Dowager-Marchioness de Villuena has since pur-

chased from the city of Burgos. The prefect, corregidor, intendant; all the authorities, in short, of Burgos, were unanimous in their tribute of praise and gratitude to Thiébault.

His predecessor I will not name: it is unnecessary to add to the pangs of remorse the martyrdom of public censure, but his name was pronounced with abhorrence, and the following is an instance of the terror he inspired:

A regiment was sent from Burgos against a guerilla party, under the Marquis of Villa Campo, and ordered to treat the Spaniards with the most rigorous severity, especially the inhabitants of Arguano, a little village near the famous forest of Covelleda, whose deep shades, intersected only by narrow footpaths, were the resort of banditti and guerillas. A principal feature of the whole Spanish war was the celerity with which all our movements were notified to the insurgent leaders, and the difficulty we experienced in procuring a spy or a trustworthy guide. The battalion had to march through a frightful country, climbing rugged rocks, and crossing frozen torrents, always in dread of unforeseen and sudden dangers. They reached the village, but perceived no movement—heard no noise. Some soldiers advanced but saw nothing—absolute solitude reigned. The officer in command, suspecting an ambush, ordered the utmost circumspection. The troops entered the street, and arrived at a small opening, where some sheaves of wheat and Indian corn, and a quantity of loaves, were still smoking on the ground, but consumed to a cinder, and swimming in floods of wine, which had streamed from leathern skins that had evidently been purposely broached, as the provisions had been burned to prevent their falling into the hands of the French.

No sooner had the soldiers satisfied themselves that, after all their toils and dangers, no refreshment was to be obtained, than they shouted with rage . . . but no vengeance was within reach!—All the inhabitants had fled!—fled into that forest, where they might defy pursuit.

Suddenly cries were heard issuing from one of the

deserted cottages amongst which the soldiers had dispersed themselves, in hopes of discovering some food or booty; they proceeded from a young woman holding a child a year old in her arms, whom the soldiers were dragging before their lieutenant.

"Stay, lieutenant," said one of them; "here is a woman we have found sitting beside an old one who is past speaking; question her a little."

She was dressed in the peasant costume of the Soria and Rioja mountains, and was pale but not trembling.

"Why are you alone here?" asked the lieutenant.

"I stayed with my grandmother, who is paralytic and could not follow the rest to the forest," replied she haughtily, and as if vexed at being obliged to drop a word in presence of a Frenchman,—"I stayed to take care of her."

"Why have your neighbours left the village?"

The Spaniard's eyes flashed fire; she fixed on the lieutenant a look of strange import, and answered:

"You know very well; were they not all to be massacred?"

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders.

"But why did you burn the bread and wheat, and empty the wine skins?"

"That you might find nothing; as they could not carry them off there was no alternative but burning them."

At this moment shouts of joy arose, and the soldiers appeared carrying a number of hams, some loaves, and, more welcome than all, several skins of wine, all discovered in a vault, the entrance to which was concealed by the straw the old woman was lying on. The young peasant darted on them a glance of fiendish vengeance, while the lieutenant, who had pondered with anxiety on the destitute condition of his troops, and the sinking sun, rejoiced for a moment in the unexpected supply. But the recent poisoning of several cisterns, and other fearful examples putting him on his guard, he again interrogated the woman:

"Whence come these provisions?"

"They are the same as those we burned; we concealed them for our friends."

"Is your husband with yonder brigands?"

"My husband is in heaven!" said she, lifting up her eyes, "he died for the good cause,—that of God and King Ferdinand!"

"Have you any brothers amongst them?"

"I have no longer a tie . . . except my poor child"—and she pressed the infant to her heart . . . the poor little creature was thin and sallow, but its large black eyes glistened as they turned to its mother.

"Commander," exclaimed one of the soldiers, "pray order division of the booty, for we are very hungry and thirsty."

"One moment, my children; listen," said he, eyeing the young woman with suspicious inquisition, "these provisions are good, I hope?"

"How should they be otherwise?" replied the Spaniard contemptuously; "they were not for you."

"Well! here's to thy health then, demonia," said a young sub-lieutenant, opening one of the skins and preparing for a draught; but his more prudent commander still restrained him.

"One moment. Since this wine is good you will not object to a glass."

"Oh, dear no! as much as you please."

And, accepting the mess glass offered by the lieutenant, she emptied it without hesitation.

"Huzza! huzza!" shouted the soldiers, delighted at the prospect of intoxication without danger.

"And your child will drink some also," said the lieutenant; "he is so pale, that it will do him good."

The Spaniard had herself drunk without hesitation, but in holding the cup to her infant's lips her hand trembled; the motion, however, was unperceived, and the child also emptied his glass. Thereupon the provisions speedily disappeared, and all partook both of the food and wine. Suddenly, however, the infant was observed to

turn livid, its features contracted, and its mouth convulsed with agony, gave vent to piteous shrieks. The mother, too, though her fortitude suppressed all complaint, could scarcely stand, and her distorted features betrayed her sufferings.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the commandant, "thou hast poisoned us!"

"Yes," said she with a ghastly smile, falling to the ground beside her child, already struggling with the death-rattle.—"Yes, I have poisoned you,—I knew you would fetch the skins from their hiding-place—was it likely you would leave a dying creature undisturbed on her litter! Yes—yes—you will die, and die in perdition —while I shall go to heaven——"

Her last words were scarcely audible, and the soldiers did not at first comprehend the full horror of their situation; but as the poison operated, the Spaniard's declaration was legibly translated in her convulsed features. No power could longer restrain them; in vain their commander interposed; they repulsed him; and dragging their expiring victim by the hair to the brink of the torrent, they threw her into it, after lacerating her with more than a hundred sabre strokes. She uttered not a groan. As for the child, it was the first victim.

Twenty-two men were destroyed by this exploit,—which I cannot call otherwise than great and heroic. The commander himself told me he escaped by miracle.

The persuasion that the bed of death would be disturbed in search of booty was indeed holding us as savages; and such was the impression produced by the man who could command: "Let no sanctuary deter your search." By such means were the populace from the beginning exasperated against us, and especially by the oppressions of General D——. If the inhabitants of Argueno had not received information that they were to be massacred they would not have taken the lead in massacre.

Such were the people amongst whom I dwelt. When this tale was related to me, on the eve of my departure

from Burgos, I shuddered in contemplating the murderous war of people against people! I trembled for the first time since my entrance into Spain. I was become timid. Alas! it was not on my own account—but I was again approaching the great crisis of maternity—and amidst what perils, good God! was my child destined to see the light.

CHAPTER XX.

Napoleon's marriage with Maria Louisa—Union of the Papal States with France—Nuptial festivities in Paris—Maria Louisa's regret at leaving Vienna—Her favourite dog—Berthier's scheme—Arrival of the Empress in France—Her interview with the Emperor—A surprise—The Emperor and Empress visit Belgium—Abdication of Louis, King of Holland—Projected treaty with England—M. de Labouchere's mission to London—Louis accuses Napoleon of bad faith—Fouché—The intrigue unravelled.

I WAS at Burgos when I received the first intelligence of Napoleon's intended marriage with Maria Louisa. A friend who wrote to me from Paris spoke of the disastrous influence which a marriage with an Austrian princess was likely to exercise on the destiny of Napoleon. He was, it is true, Emperor of the French, but he was likewise *General Bonaparte*, who had gained more than twenty pitched battles over Austria, and who had twice forced the imperial family to fly from their palace. These were injuries which could not but leave indelible stains behind them. The sacrifice which the Emperor Francis was now about to make bore an odious stamp of selfishness. It appeared by no means improbable that at some future time the voice of his daughter, when appealing to him on behalf of her son and her husband, would be no more listened to than when she remonstrated for herself. It was evident that Austria, humbled and mutilated as she was, greeted this marriage only as a temporary balm to her wounds. Napoleon's object was to consolidate his northern alliances, already well secured on the part of Russia, and to prosecute still further his fatal operations in the Peninsula.

It was likewise during my stay at Burgos that I heard of the union of the Papal States with France. It would be difficult to describe the effect which this intelligence produced in Spain. It was speedily followed by the circulation of thousands of copies of the Bull of excommunication. Children, even in the tender age of infancy, were taught to lisp the most horrible imprecations on the French. Only those who were witnesses to the reaction which took place in Spain at this period can form a just estimate of the error which Napoleon committed in taking possession of the city of Rome, and making the Pope his captive.

Meanwhile Paris was enlivened by *fêtes* in honour of the imperial nuptials. The letters which I received from my friends were like the descriptions in romances and fairy tales. As I was not in Paris at that time, I will not enter into a detail of matters which I did not witness; but I cannot forbear relating the following anecdote connected with Napoleon's marriage: Berthier, Prince de Neufchâtel, was sent to Vienna to conduct the Empress to Paris. After she had been married by proxy to her uncle Prince Charles, and all the forms and ceremonies were gone through (which in Vienna is a work of no little time), the day of departure was fixed. The young archduchess often shed tears of regret, at her approaching separation from her family. In the imperial family of Austria the bonds of relationship are sacredly revered; and even in the reign of Maria Theresa, and under the cold and artful policy of Kaunitz, family ties were held dear. Maria Louisa had been educated in these feelings: she wept to leave her sisters, her father, and her mother-in-law, and perhaps also she wept at the thought of being united to a man who must have been to her almost an object of terror. At length the day of departure arrived. The young Empress bade farewell to all the members of her family, and then retired to her apartment, where etiquette required that she should wait till Berthier came to conduct her to her carriage. When Berthier entered the cabinet he found her bathed in tears. With a voice choked by sobs she

apologised for appearing so childish; "But," said she, "my grief is excusable. See how I am surrounded here by a thousand things that are dear to me. These are my sister's drawings, that tapestry was wrought by my mother, those paintings are by my uncle Charles." In this manner she went through the inventory of her cabinet, and there was scarcely a thing, down to the carpet on the floor, which was not the work of some beloved hand. There were her singing birds, her parrot, and, above all, the object which she seemed to value most, and most to regret—a little dog. It was of course known at the court of Vienna how greatly the Emperor used to be annoyed by Josephine's favourite pet dogs, with *Fortuné* at their head. Therefore Francis II., like a prudent father, took care that his daughter should leave her pet dog at Vienna. Yet it was a cruel separation, and the princess and her favourite parted with a tender *duo* of complaint.

But these regrets, childish as they may appear, Berthier regarded as proofs of a kind and affectionate heart; and when he beheld the tears of the young archduchess, whom he had expected to find all radiant with smiles, a scheme entered his mind which he tacitly resolved to carry into execution. "I have merely come to acquaint your Majesty," said he, "that you need not depart for two hours to come. I will therefore withdraw until that time." He went immediately to the Emperor and acquainted him with his plan. Francis II., who was the most indulgent of fathers, readily assented to the proposition. Berthier gave his orders, and in less than two hours all was ready. The Empress left Vienna and soon entered France; she found herself surrounded by festivals and rejoicings, and almost forgot the parrot and the dog. She arrived at Compiègne, and was there met by the Emperor, who stopped her carriage, stepped into it, and seated himself by her side; they proceeded to Saint Cloud, and thence to Paris. There Fortune bestowed one of her last smiles on her favourite son, when, leading into the balcony of the Tuileries his young bride whom he regarded as the pledge of lasting peace and alliance, he presented her to the mul-

titude who were assembled beneath the windows of the palace.[1]

On returning from the balcony he said to her: "Well, Louise, I must give you some little reward for the happiness you have conferred on me," and leading her into one of the narrow corridors of the palace, lighted only by one lamp, he hurried on with his beloved Empress, who exclaimed: "Where are we going?"—"Come, Louise, come, are you afraid to follow me?" replied the Emperor, who now pressed to his bosom with much affectionate tenderness his young bride. Suddenly they stopped at a closed door, within which they heard a dog that was endeavouring to escape from the apparent prison. The Emperor opened this private door, and desired Louise to enter: she found herself in a room magnificently lighted; the glare of the lamps prevented her for some moments from distinguishing any object; imagine her surprise when she found her favourite dog from Vienna was there to greet her; the apartment was furnished with the same chairs, carpet, the paintings of her sisters, her birds,—in short, every object was there and placed in the room in the same manner as she had left them on quitting her paternal roof. The Empress, in joy and in gratitude, threw herself in Napoleon's arms, and the moment of a great victory would not have been to the conqueror of the world so sweet as this instant of ecstasy was to the infatuated heart of the adoring bridegroom. After a few minutes had been spent in examining the apartment the Emperor opened a small door; he beckoned to Berthier, who entered. Napoleon then said, "Louise, it is to him you are indebted for this unexpected joy: I desire you will embrace him, as a just recompense." Berthier took the hand of the Empress, but the Emperor added: "No, no; you must kiss my old and faithful friend."

[1] "The Empress Maria Louisa was nineteen years of age when she married Napoleon: her hair was of a light colour, her eyes blue and expressive, her walk was noble and her figure imposing. Her hands and feet were formed in perfect beauty, and might serve for models. Health, youth, and a florid complexion were joined to much timidity: this latter occasioned the Empress to appear haughty before the ladies of the court; in private, however, she was amiable and even affectionate. She appeared to love the Emperor, and was devoted to his will."—CONSTANT.

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Maria Louisa

EMPRESS OF FRANCE

Lawrence

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Some weeks after his marriage the Emperor took the young Empress with him into Belgium. Maria Louisa received the homage that was paid to her with a certain air of indifference, and there then seemed little reason to expect that she would do the honours of the court with the grace and amiability which she subsequently displayed. But an event which caused me more astonishment than all that was going on in Paris was the *forced* abdication of Louis, King of Holland. Louis had been a dear friend of my mother, and his kind and amiable temper made me esteem him very highly. His conduct, which some have blamed and others approved, was in my opinion always that of an honest man. He had a circle of friends devotedly attached to him, and these friends were also mine. I received through them the details of the revolution in Holland—for the abdication of Louis must be termed a revolution. Louis comprehended his brother's continental system; but he understood better the interests of the people he had been called upon to govern. These people, who were strangers to custom-house duties, and who were at one period of their history the most flourishing commercial nation in the world, were languishing beneath the terrible system of confiscations and prohibitions. Louis refused to be any longer the instrument of a system of tyranny, which was a death-blow to the prosperity of Holland. Hereupon the Emperor directed an army, commanded by General Oudinot, to advance into Holland. Louis then abdicated, but only in favour of his son. This abdication was rejected. Marshal Oudinot entered Amsterdam, and Europe learned that Holland was incorporated with the French Empire.

When Napoleon found that his brother would not bend to his will he requested, or rather ordered, his abdication. Louis was of an amiable and pliant disposition; but when he was required to take a step which he could not consent to without injuring his children and his subjects, he displayed a remarkable degree of firmness. He consented to abdicate, but only on certain conditions. He proposed to his brother that overtures should be made

to England, and by rendering the affairs of Holland the basis of a treaty, peace might be obtained, provided France was willing to concede in the way that Louis desired. The Emperor consented to this, and the King of Holland sent M. Labouchere to England to open negotiations. The Marquis of Wellesley was then at the head of the English ministry. M. Labouchere was well known as one of the first bankers in Europe. His transactions with England were extensive and honourable. Every facility was consequently afforded him for effecting the desired object. The affair proceeded as well as could be wished, when, in an interview which the King of Holland had with his brother, I think at Antwerp, he asked the Emperor why, in an affair which concerned his happiness and the honour of his crown, he behaved with such bad faith, and exposed him to such treatment on the part of England. The Emperor stared at him with astonishment, and knew not what he meant.

"Whilst," continued the King of Holland, "I have in perfect good faith sent to England an honourable man, whose very presence is a sufficient guarantee of my intentions, you have sent an obscure intriguer, for no other would accept such a mission, to treat for you without my concurrence."—"It is false!" exclaimed the Emperor, his eyes flashing with rage; "I say it is false!"—"And I repeat that it is true," continued his brother. "M. Labouchere has been informed of the fact."—"In the devil's name," exclaimed the Emperor, "to whom do you allude? I know nothing of him! . . . I have sent no one!"—"But your minister Fouché has," said Louis. "I repeat that the individual I allude to is at present in London, negotiating for you, and discussing those very interests which were to form the basis of our treaty. Is this all the confidence I can place in a brother's promise?"

The Emperor was greatly agitated; he turned pale, and pressed his forehead with his hand, threw himself into his chair, and then rose up again. At length, stepping up to his brother, he said: "I perceive there is some plot here; but I know nothing of it. As a sovereign

and a brother, I pledge my word of honour that I am ignorant of it. Do you believe me?"—"I do," replied Louis; "but it behoves you to seek out the author of this foul intrigue. It is a duty you owe to me as well as to your own honour. Who could have dared thus to act in your name?" To this question the Emperor made no answer, but it was evident that a terrible cloud was gathering in his mind. His brow lowered, his lips were compressed, and everything betokened a dreadful ebullition of rage. "You may rely on it, I will discover this tissue of deception," said he to his brother; "I have my suspicion of the serpent who has been laying his snare."

On his return to Paris the Emperor put the affair into the hands of Dubois, who speedily discovered that Fouché sent agents to England much more frequently than the affairs of the police required. Having found the thread of the intrigue, he soon traced out the whole knot, and the emissary was arrested and sent to the Temple. This man proved to be Chevalier Fagan, a returned emigrant. He confidently believed that he was acting on the part of the Emperor, and had no idea that he was merely an agent of Fouché. The result of this affair was Fouché's disgrace, the cause of which was entirely unknown at the time.

About the same period other events, equally curious, were going on in the north of Europe. Bernadotte was chosen King of Sweden by the States-General assembled at Olrebro, and Charles XIII. adopted him as his son. When he presented himself at the Tuileries to announce to the Emperor his elevation to the throne of Sweden, Napoleon did not appear inclined to allow him to go and reign so far off. Bernadotte observing his scruples, said: "Would your Majesty then elevate me above yourself, by forcing me to refuse a crown?" The Emperor looked confused; but immediately recovering his presence of mind, answered: "Well! well! be it so! Our destinies must be fulfilled." Subsequent events proved that the Emperor's fears of Bernadotte were not unfounded.

CHAPTER XXI.

Fêtes at Valladolid—Arrival of the Prince of Essling—The *cortége*—Masséna's companion—His uneasiness—Junot's conversation with him—Marshal Ney—Dreadful accident at Prince Schwartzenberg's ball—The temporary ballroom—The Empress's courage—The Emperor's exertions to render assistance to the sufferers—Absence of the engines—Princess Schwartzenberg burned to death—Escape of Prince Eugène and the vice-queen—Death of the Princesse de la Leyen—Madame de Br——x—The Emperor's gloomy forebodings—Masséna's retreat—Junot wounded—Anecdote of the Duke of Wellington.

WE, too, had our *fêtes* at Valladolid. General Kellerman gave a ball, and I gave another. Among the belles who figured at these parties, one of the most admired was the Marquise d'Arabacca, the daughter of the Intendant of Valladolid. She was a fine woman, of lively and agreeable manners. When I was talking about her one day with an officer of the duke's staff he quoted a couplet of an old French song and said—

"Elle aime à rire, elle aime à boire,
Elle aime à chanter comme nous."

I learned that the marchioness had an excellent pianoforte, of which she made no use, and I wrote to request that she would lend it to me. She replied to me by a little note very elegantly written. When I say a little note I mean three or four lines, but written on a sheet of paper almost as large as that used for official despatches. This is the custom in the south of Europe. In Italy the ladies never write on notepaper. The Marquise d'Arabacca sent me the piano. As soon as it arrived I sat down to try it. I liked the tone very

much, but there was an unpleasant jarring in the bass which I could not account for. I opened the instrument, and found lying across the bass strings a little packet of cigars (*paquilla de cigaritas*). This immediately explained to me the application of the couplet quoted by the officer.

One day after the arrival of an *estafette* from Paris I observed that Junot appeared out of humour. I asked him what was the matter.

"We are to have a general-in-chief of the army of Portugal," replied he, with a forced smile. "The Emperor does not think Marshal Ney or I fit for the trust. We are to be placed under guardianship."

"Who is appointed?" inquired I.

"Oh! I cannot complain of the choice that has been made. . . . It is Masséna. . . . He is our senior. . . . I only hope that Ney will accommodate himself to this arrangement as readily as I do."

Next day a letter was received from Vittoria, announcing that the Prince of Essling might be expected at the end of the week. Orders were given for preparing for his reception one half of the palace in which we resided; but we had then no idea that he was to be accompanied by a lady.

The day of his expected arrival was exceedingly fine. Junot and General Kellerman, accompanied by their staffs and principal officers, went on horseback to meet him. The *cortége* amounted to at least two hundred individuals.

When they had advanced about a league from the town they perceived the equipages of the marshal and his suite. Masséna rode first in a small uncovered *calèche*, and at his side was seated a very boyish officer of dragoons, decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. As this badge of distinction was then very sparingly distributed, its appearance on the breast of so very young an officer attracted general remark. Masséna's companion seemed anxious to evade notice, and when the marshal perceived the numerous retinue that was advancing to meet him, he wished to draw up the hood of the *calèche*; but he had not time, for the three generals-in-chief set off

at full gallop and came up with him in two or three minutes.

They gave him a most cordial reception. Junot was too generous not to relinquish all pretension in spite of his feelings. Ney was sometimes actuated by amiable impulses, and Reignier was too prudent to manifest the least mortification.

However, Masséna appeared ill at ease. From time to time he was observed to cast on his young companion a glance of distress, which was very amusing to some, and was not at all understood by others. As to the young officer of dragoons, he sat with his eyes cast down and riveted on the points of his boots.

"Monsieur le Maréchal," said Junot, "my wife will be delighted to have the honour of receiving you in the palace of Charles V. We hope you will be accommodated to your satisfaction."

"How," exclaimed Masséna, with evident confusion; "is Madame Junot at Valladolid?"

"Certainly," replied Junot, not a little surprised at the astonishment expressed by the marshal.

"Then," said Masséna, after a little hesitation, "I cannot think of going to reside in the palace—that cannot be."

"If you are afraid of not having sufficient room," observed Junot, somewhat piqued, "my wife and I must remove—you are my superior in command."

"*Mon Dieu!* I do not mean that. . . . I do not mean that," exclaimed Masséna; "but——"

He did not finish this sentence, and Junot could scarcely refrain from laughing outright in his face, for at that moment some one whispered in his ear that the marshal's military companion was no other than a young female.

The confusion of the veteran marshal as he drove on to Valladolid may be easily conceived. As soon as he reached the foot of the grand staircase he requested Junot to conduct him to my apartments. He advanced to me with his usual frankness of manner, pressed my hand, and

expressed himself overjoyed to see me. I was informed that he was very glad Junot's heart was in safe keeping, for that he was very jealous of Clausel and Kellerman. As to the lady, she immediately retired to her own apartment, and during the three months which the Prince of Essling passed at Valladolid, I never caught a glimpse of her but once. She had strict orders to keep herself concealed.

Masséna was not a Frenchman by birth, but he was one of the most remarkable men in our Revolution. He was naturally ill-tempered, and his manners were not very polished. Being at an early period of his life placed in a situation in which talent could find its reward, he rapidly distinguished himself in his military career, and it was he whom Bonaparte succeeded in the command of the army of Italy. Masséna was of a selfish disposition, and was often cruel in conquest. The Emperor esteemed his military genius very highly, and regretted that he was sometimes under the necessity of treating him harshly.

Marshal Ney came to pay a visit to Masséna, but he did it against his inclination. No officer was ever so dissatisfied at being placed under the command of another. Masséna felt Ney's behaviour, but he was the best dissembler of the two, and he concealed his ill-humour beneath an air of assumed indifference.

Masséna had as much regard for me as I believe he could have for any one who could be of no service to him. He used often to come and chat with me in the morning, and these visits were very agreeable to me as they afforded me some insight into the character of a man who seems to have been but imperfectly known to most of his biographers.

Letters which I received from Paris at this time informed me of the dreadful catastrophe which occurred at Prince Schwartzenberg's ball. I received upwards of twenty letters describing the particulars of that awful event. This disaster, which gave rise to so many sinister forebodings, took place on Sunday, 1st July. Prince Schwartzenberg occupied the old Hôtel Montesson, in the Rue de

Provence; and the apartments not being sufficiently spacious to accommodate the immense concourse of company, a temporary ballroom was constructed in the garden. It was like a fairy palace. Flowers, perfumes, delicious music, the dazzling splendour of diamonds and rubies, all combined to render it a scene of Oriental enchantment. The walls of the ballroom were covered with gold and silver brocade, and ornamented with draperies of spangled gauze fastened by bouquets of flowers, whilst hundreds of crystal girandoles shed their prismatic lustre over the glittering scene.

When the fire was first discovered the Emperor was passing round the room and conversing with the ladies. There was but one door for the ingress and egress of the company. It was a very large one, opening into the garden, and fronting the throne. At the back of the throne there was a small wooden gallery, which made a communication between the ballroom and the house. It was in the angle of this little gallery that the fire was first discovered. The ball had just commenced, and a great part of the company were dancing. It was at the time remarked as very extraordinary that nobody thought of ascending the gallery above mentioned and escaping into the house; but it was certainly natural to fly from the flames which issued from the house, or at least appeared to do so. The Empress was in conversation with some ladies at a little distance from the throne, and when the confusion and alarm commenced, she, with great *sang-froid*, or perhaps it may be called courage, ascended the steps of the throne, seated herself, and waited till the Emperor went to her. As to the Emperor, his conduct on this occasion was beyond all praise. He handed the Empress into the first carriage which he found standing in the courtyard, and accompanied her as far as the Place Louis XV. He then returned alone to Prince Schwartzenberg's hotel, where he actively exerted himself in giving orders and assisting the persons who had been burned or otherwise hurt. On the Emperor's return the engines had not yet arrived. The Austrian embassy were loud in their praise of the noble confidence evinced by the Emperor in returning alone to

the scene of terror in the middle of the night. He remained on the spot till half-past three on the following morning.

The deeply-lamented victim of this catastrophe, the unfortunate Princess Schwartzenberg, was killed by returning to the ballroom in search of her daughter, who, however, had been saved. A lustre fell from the ceiling on the head of the princess and fractured her skull. She fell into an aperture, caused by the burning of the floor, and her body, with the exception of her bosom and part of one arm, was burned to a cinder. The body was recognisable only by a gold chain round the neck, and to which was suspended a locket set round with jewels, whose initial letters formed a motto. The princess was one of the most charming women of her time: beautiful, amiable, graceful, and accomplished.

Prince Eugène had the good fortune to perceive a small private door behind the throne, which had been made for the use of the servants who handed round the refreshments. The prince saved his wife by conducting her through that door to the interior of the house. The Princesse de la Leyen, the niece of the Prince Primate, was burned in a most frightful manner. Like the Princess Schwartzenberg she had left her daughter dancing, and returned to the ballroom to rescue her. The young lady and her father, after fruitlessly searching for the princess, concluded that she had returned to Passy, where they resided. On returning home, however, they found she was not there. The family then became dreadfully alarmed. The prince threw off his embroidered coat and decorations, and hastened back to Paris in search of her. Meanwhile a Swedish officer had carried out from the burning ruins of the ballroom the almost lifeless remains of a female. Her countenance was so blackened and disfigured that it was impossible to recognise her features. The silver mounting of her diamond tiara had melted, and penetrated into her head. Hearing a faint groan uttered by what appeared to be merely a mass of cinder, the officer discovered that life was not, yet extinct. He conveyed the

princess to a shop in the neighbourhood of the ambassador's hotel, where every attention was rendered to her. After various unintelligible ejaculations, the princess was heard to utter the word *Passy*. Eager to accomplish his humane task, the officer engaged a *fiacre* and drove the unfortunate lady to Passy, inquiring at every house of respectability whether any one was missing. At length he reached the abode of the Princesse de la Leyen, whose frightful condition exceeded the worst which the fears of her family had pictured. The unfortunate lady expired on the following day, having lingered four and twenty hours in indescribable agony.

A lady of my acquaintance, Madame de Br——x, *dame de compagnie* to Madame Mère, was at Prince Schwartzenberg's *fête*. On the alarm of fire being given she endeavoured to reach the door, but in the confusion she was thrown down and trampled on. With great effort she succeeded in raising herself up, and crawled, as she supposed, to a seat, but the floor appeared to sink under her, and she fell. She had been unconsciously hurried into the garden, and the hollow into which she fell was a basin, which luckily happened to be dry at the time. By this means her life was saved, but she was dreadfully bruised, and the scars on her arms and neck were indelible memorials of Prince Schwartzenburg's *fête*. This melancholy accident, in addition to its own immediate and fatal consequences, had the effect of creating a sort of superstitious terror. It naturally called to mind a similar catastrophe which occurred on the marriage of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

The letters which I received from France brought me a mass of intelligence of the most extraordinary kind; for the fact is I received all at once letters which had been successively forwarded to me during an interval of many months. They exhibited a curious *mélange* of successes, reverses, losses, aggrandisements, disgraces, and favours. First there was the dismissal of Fouché, of which I had not previously heard;[1] next the taking of

[1] I here allude to Fouché's disgrace in 1810.

the Isle of France by the English; then the pompous opening of the canal of St. Quentin; then the incorporation of the Hanse Towns, Holland, and several small states with the French Empire. About the same time we took possession of the Valais in Switzerland, which was merely termed *a department.* The French Empire then extended from the 54th to the 42d degree of latitude. All the letters I received concurred on one point—viz., that the Emperor was greatly changed, in every respect, since his marriage. His position was of a nature to produce in his mind some degree of inquietude. The more the colossus of the Empire increased—the farther it extended its gigantic members around—the more anxiety it was likely to excite in him, who had created so extraordinary and glorious a power. Affairs had reached that critical point when even a conquest was but a triumph mingled with alarm. For example, when Napoleon took possession of the Duchy of Oldenburg, he did so for the furtherance of his continental system, and his continental blockade of all the coast of the North Sea. But the Emperor Alexander could not be satisfied by these motives. The deposed prince was his brother-in-law; and when he heard of the event he angrily exclaimed: "The Emperor Napoleon is much too selfish!" These words are the more remarkable, inasmuch as they were uttered in the year preceding the disasters of Russia.

The letters which I received from my friends in Paris naturally made mention of the new Empress. The most various opinions were pronounced upon her; Cardinal Maury sent me a letter in which he said: "I will not attempt to describe how much the Emperor is attached to our charming Empress. This time he may be said to be really in love; more truly in love than he ever was with Josephine, for, after all, he never saw her while she was very young. She was upwards of thirty when they were married. But Maria Louisa is as young and as blooming as spring. You will be enchanted with her when you see her." Maria Louisa's brilliant complexion particularly charmed the cardinal. For my own part, I did not see

her till after her accouchement, and even then, though I was told that she had grown pale, I thought she had too much colour, especially when in the least heated. The cardinal was a great admirer of Maria Louisa, though he had wished the Emperor to marry one of the Russian grand duchesses. "The Empress," added he, in the letter above mentioned, is "gay, gracious, and I may even say *familiar*, with those persons whom the Emperor permits her to receive in her intimate circle; her manners are charming to those who are admitted to the *petites soirées* at the Tuileries. Their Majesties join the company at reversis or billiards. I really wish that you and the duke could see how happy the Emperor is." I was informed by other friends that one of the amusements of the imperial *soirées*, before the Emperor entered the salon, was to see the Empress turn her ear round; for, by a movement of the muscles of the jaw, she possessed the singular power of making her ear turn round of itself, almost in a circle. I never heard of any one except Maria Louisa who could do this.

The Emperor wished to remove, as far as was consistent with etiquette, a frequent cause of dissension between him and the Empress Josephine, namely, the numerous visitors received by the latter. Maria Louisa was young and ignorant of the world, and though accustomed to a great deal of court etiquette, yet her private circle had been limited to the members of her own family. Thus the rules prescribed by the Emperor neither surprised nor displeased her. One of these rules was, that she should receive no male visitors. Paër was the only exception, because he was her music-master; and it was ordered that one of the Empress's ladies should be present while she received her lesson. One day, while the court was at St. Cloud, the Emperor unexpectedly presented himself in the Empress's apartments. He perceived a man whose countenance he did not at first recognise. This violation of his rule displeased him, and he expressed himself rather angrily to the *dame de service*, who, I think, was Madame Brignole. She replied that the gentleman was Bennais,[1]

[1] Bennais was goldsmith to the Emperor.

who had come himself to explain the secret spring of a *serre-papier* which he had been making for Her Majesty. "No matter," said the Emperor, "he is a man. My orders on this subject must not be departed from, or we shall soon have no rules."

During my abode at Salamanca I received intelligence of Junot's wound. It was brought to me by a young officer, a nephew of Casabianca, the senator. He likewise delivered to me a letter from Junot, but it was scarcely legible; it had been written about two hours before the operation.

"I have been wounded," said Junot in his letter, "in the face by a ball, which broke my nose, and entered my right cheek, where it was stopped by striking against the bone. It is a lucky escape, for had the wound been half an inch higher up, or more in front, I should have been killed. As it is, I shall only have to keep my bed some days, and to suffer a few minutes' pain on the extraction of the ball."

On the 14th of November Masséna began to retire before the Duke of Wellington, but it was not until the month of January that he fully determined on his retreat. He then wished to mislead the English by making hostile demonstrations, and continuing them on the left flank of the enemy's army. The Duke of Wellington was not to be caught in this snare, which indeed would scarcely have entrapped a young sub-lieutenant. Unluckily he knew too well the precarious and unfortunate condition of the French army. He opposed to the grand reconnaissance which Junot commanded in person the Brunswick chasseurs, the Hanoverian foot chasseurs, and some squadrons of other troops. Junot, accompanied by General Boyer, his principal staff officer, was on horseback, at a little distance from Rio-Mayor, in front of a very thick forest. He was in his full uniform, and wore his grand cordon. One of the Brunswick chasseurs posted in the forest fired at him with a carbine, and the ball entered exactly in the middle of the nose. Junot did not fall; he merely raised his hand to his face and said:

"*Parbleu*, Boyer, these fellows are better marksmen than you. They shoot a man better than you can shoot a hare."

He attempted to ride on, but the blood flowed so copiously that in a few moments he felt faint. He was taken from his horse and conveyed to the village of Rio-Mayor. There he fainted away. There was an enclosed piece of ground near at hand; he was conveyed there and laid on a bank of turf. The chief surgeon of the army arrived and placed a first dressing on the wound. Junot fainted a second time whilst the bleeding was being stopped. On coming to himself he was observed to shudder. He had been carried into a churchyard, and the bank on which he was reposing was a grave!

The operation of extracting the ball could not be performed till next day. M. Malraison, the chief surgeon of the 8th corps, arrived to perform the operation. To his astonishment he could not discover where the ball was. At length, after some search, it was discovered to have lodged in the round part of the maxillary bone of the left cheek. The bones of the nose were separated, but not broken. The aim must have been taken with singular precision. The ball had penetrated so deeply into the cheek-bone that the incision produced by the pincers on the ball is still discernible.

When M. Malraison had discovered the ball, and was about to commence the operation, he asked Junot whether he would like the ball to be extracted internally or externally; the latter mode, he observed, would leave a scar on the face.

"Never mind," said Junot, whenever he was informed that there might be some doubt of the healing of the wound in the inside of the mouth. "A scar more or less is no matter to me. I shall even be vain of it."

After all, the wound, though its consequences were serious, left but faint traces externally. Junot was but slightly altered by his two scars; a slight protuberance on his nose was the principal disfigurement.

On the subject of Junot's wound, I must relate an

anecdote highly honourable to Lord Wellington, and which shows his disposition in a most favourable point of view.

The French army was in full retreat at the moment when Junot received his wound. Desertions were very frequent among the French, and the nature of the country enabled the enemy to gain abundant information, while we were entirely cut off from it; so that the English perfectly well knew the state of our affairs, whilst we were ignorant of theirs and even of our own. Lord Wellington knew everything. He was aware of all the misfortunes which had assailed Masséna's army, and a scarcity of provisions was one of these misfortunes. This knowledge of our miserable condition prompted the Duke of Wellington to show to a man whom he esteemed, and by whom he was in his turn esteemed, a mark of attention which claims my deepest gratitude. He addressed to the Duke of Abrantes, whose troops were almost touching his, a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

"HEADQUARTERS, *January 27th*, 1811.

"SIR—I learn with great regret that you have been wounded, and I beg you will let me know whether I can send you anything that may be of use for dressing your wound or accelerating your recovery.

"I do not know whether you have lately heard from the Duchess. At the end of last month she was delivered of a son at Ciudad-Rodrigo. She left that place for Salamanca, and intended to proceed to France at the beginning of this month.[1]

"I have the honour to remain, sir, your very obedient servant, WELLINGTON."

Junot gratefully thanked Lord Wellington for his kindness, but declined availing himself of the offer contained in his letter. As to what concerned me, he replied

[1] Considerations of safety, which it is unnecessary to detail here, led me to circulate the report that I intended to return to France at the beginning of January.

that he had heard of my accouchement. The fact is, he had known it since the 25th of December, the day on which Comte d'Erlon had joined Masséna.

The letter above mentioned is sufficient to explain the marked attention with which I received the Duke of Wellington on his arrival in Paris. Had Junot then been governor of the capital, assuredly the Duke of Wellington would have entered it only after passing over his body; yet before he drew his last breath Junot would have cordially pressed the hand of his noble and generous enemy.

CHAPTER XXII.

Birth of the King of Rome—The Emperor's altered appearance—Description of the young king—Napoleon at play with his son—His conversation with Madame Junot—Rejoicings in honour of the birth of the King of Rome—His christening—Maria Louisa's accouchement—Madame de Montesquiou—Apathy of Maria Louisa—Anecdote—The young king's violent temper—His benevolence—The widow and the orphan—The intended palace.

THE birth of the King of Rome was the last smile that beamed over the fortunes of Napoleon. How happy it rendered him! How he blessed himself in it! They alone can judge of the full extent of his joy who beheld him fondly caressing the lovely boy, and promising by his looks all the felicity which such a man could confer on his race. Only those who witnessed this can form any idea of the sufferings which Napoleon must have endured on his rock of exile, where the portrait of the angelic child he was never more to behold was all that was left him.

On my return to France I found the Emperor much altered in appearance. His features had acquired a paternal character. What a beautiful child was the young King of Rome! How lovely he appeared as he rode through the gardens of the Tuileries in his shell-shaped *calèche*, drawn by two young deer, which had been trained by Franconi, and which were given him by his aunt, the Queen of Naples. He resembled one of those figures of Cupid which have been discovered in the ruins of Herculaneum. One day I had been visiting the young king, the

Emperor was also there, and he was playing with the child—as he always played with those he loved—that is to say, he was tormenting him. The Emperor had been riding, and held in his hand a whip which attracted the child's notice. He stretched out his little hand, and when he seized the whip, burst into a fit of laughter, at the same time embracing his father.—"Is he not a fine boy, Madame Junot?" said the Emperor, "you must confess that he is." I could say so without flattery, for he was certainly a lovely boy.—"You were not at Paris," continued the Emperor, "when my son was born. It was on that day I learned how much the Parisians love me; it is a cruel time for you ladies. I remember well the day that Junot left his home when you were going to be confined; I can understand now why he quitted you. What did the army say on the birth of the child?" I told him that the soldiers were enthusiastic during many days; he had already heard so, but was happy to receive a confirmation of their joy. He then pinched his son's cheek and his nose; the child cried. "Come, come, sir," said the Emperor, "do you suppose you are never to be thwarted; and do kings cry?" He then questioned me about my accouchement at Ciudad-Rodrigo, and asked me if the accounts in the English newspapers relative to it were true. I replied they were too silly to be so. Two years earlier in the life of Napoleon he would not have occupied his mind with such detail.

As soon as the King of Rome was born, the event was announced by telegraph to all the principal towns in the Empire. At four o'clock the same afternoon, the marks of rejoicing in the provinces equalled those in Paris. The Emperor's couriers, pages, and officers, were despatched to the different foreign courts with intelligence of the happy event. The senate of Italy, and the municipal body of Rome and Milan, had immediate notice of it. The different fortresses received orders to fire salutes; the seaports were enlivened by the display of colours from the vessels; and everywhere the people voluntarily illuminated their houses. Those who regard these popular demonstra-

tions as expressions of the secret sentiments of a people might have remarked that in all the faubourgs, as well as in the lowest and poorest quarters in Paris, the houses were illuminated to the very uppermost stories. A *fête* was got up on the occasion by the watermen of the Seine, which was prolonged until a late hour of the night. Much of all this was not ordered: it came spontaneously from the hearts of the people. That same people, who, for thirty-five years previously had experienced so many emotions, had wept over so many reverses, and had rejoiced for so many victories, still showed by their enthusiasm on this occasion that they retained affections as warm and vivid as in the morning of their greatness.

The King of Rome was baptized on the very day of his birth, the 20th of March 1811. The ceremony was performed at nine in the evening, in the chapel of the Tuileries. The whole of the imperial family attended, and the Emperor witnessed the ceremony with the deepest emotion. Napoleon proceeded to the chapel followed by the members of the household, those of the Empress, of Madame Mère, the princesses his sisters, and of the kings his brothers. He took his station under a canopy in the centre of the chapel, having before him a stool to kneel on. A socle of granite had been placed on a carpet of white velvet embroidered with gold bees, and on the socle stood a gold vase destined for the baptismal font. When the Emperor approached the font bearing the King of Rome in his arms the most profound silence pervaded. It was a religious silence, unaccompanied by the parade which might have been expected on such an occasion. This stillness formed a striking contrast with the joyous acclamations of the people outside.

Maria Louisa suffered a difficult and protracted accouchement. She was for some time in considerable danger. Baron Dubois went to acquaint the Emperor with this circumstance. Napoleon was in a bath, which he had been ordered to calm the feverish excitement under which he was suffering. On hearing that the Empress was in danger, he threw on his *robe-de-chambre*,

and ran downstairs, exclaiming to Dubois: "Save the mother! think only of the mother!" As soon as she was delivered, the Emperor, who was himself indisposed, entered the chamber and ran to embrace her, without at first bestowing a single look upon his son, who indeed might have passed for dead. Nearly ten minutes elapsed before he evinced any signs of life. Every method to produce animation was resorted to. Warm napkins were wrapped round him, and his body was rubbed with the hand; a few drops of brandy were then blown into his mouth, and the royal infant at length uttered a feeble cry.

It is somewhat strange that so much doubt existed at the time of the birth of the King of Rome as to whether he really was a son of Maria Louisa. We have had in later times a similar negation of the authenticity of the Duc de Bordeaux, Henry V. of France. But such is often the fate of heirs to thrones. Was there anything extraordinary that Maria Louisa at nineteen years of age, fresh and blooming, should become a mother after eleven months of marriage? and that this event should take place in the presence of twenty-two persons, actual eye-witnesses to the birth. I cannot conceive how persons of common sense could at the moment, and even since, allow their imaginations to work so wickedly, and this in the face of impossibility.[1]

Future ages will learn if it be true that England refused to have placed on the coffin of the victim of St. Helena that he died of ill-treatment at the hands of those who had the care of him. The restoration caused the destruction of prints, medals, and statues likely to create a hatred or a jealousy; but was the enthusiasm at the restoration of the Bourbons equal to the joy of the people of Paris when the first gun announced that Maria Louisa was a mother? The most important affairs, as well as the ordinary occupations and duties, were one and all suspended; the people flocked to the Tuileries, hats were

[1] The marriage of the Emperor and Maria Louisa took place before the civil authorities at St. Cloud, the 1st of April 1810, at two o'clock in the afternoon; the following day the religious ceremony was performed in the great gallery of the Louvre.

thrown up in the air, persons were seen kissing each other, tears were shed, but they were tears of joy. At eleven o'clock Madame Blanchard rose in a balloon from the square of the military school to announce to the people in the environs of Paris the birth of the son of the Emperor.

An immense multitude besieged the doors of the palace during many days, to obtain intelligence of the infant and of the Empress. The Emperor, on learning this, directed that a chamberlain should be constantly in one of the rooms to publish the bulletins of the Empress's health as soon as they were delivered by the physicians.

I have already mentioned the Emperor's fondness for his son. He used to take the King of Rome in his arms and toss him up in the air. The child would then laugh until the tears stood in his eyes; sometimes the Emperor would take him before a looking-glass, and work his face into all sorts of grimaces; and if the child was frightened and shed tears, Napoleon would say: "What, Sire, do you cry? A king, and cry? Shame, shame!"

The hours at which the young king was taken to the Emperor were not precisely fixed, nor could they be; but his visits were most frequently at the time of *déjeûner*. On these occasions the Emperor would give the child a little claret, by dipping his finger in the glass and making him suck it. Sometimes he would daub the young Prince's face with gravy. The child would laugh heartily at seeing his father as much a child as he was himself, and only loved him the more for it. Children invariably love those who play with them. I recollect that once when Napoleon had daubed the young king's face the child was highly amused, and asked the Emperor to do the same to *Maman Quiou*, for so he called his governess, Madame de Montesquiou.

The Emperor's selection of that lady for his son's governess was a proof of his excellent judgment. It was the best choice which could have been made. Madame de Montesquiou was young enough to render herself agreeable to a child, whilst she had sufficient maturity of years to fit her for the high duty which the confidence of

her sovereign had appointed her to fulfil. She was noble in heart as well as in name; and she possessed what the world frequently bestows only on fortune and favour—the esteem of all. She was indeed universally beloved and respected.

The attentions she bestowed on the King of Rome during the period of his father's misfortunes would in itself be sufficient to inspire love and respect. Not only had she, from the hour of his birth, lavished on him all the cares of a mother, and a tender mother, but from the day when the unfortunate child was cut off from all his family, and deprived at once of his father and mother, Madame de Montesquiou devoted herself to him, for she alone was left to protect him. To accompany him she deserted country, friends, and family. Madame de Montesquiou was not liked by the Empress, and the cause has never been satisfactorily ascertained. It has been said, by way of compliment to Maria Louisa, that she never did any one an injury; yet she possessed an apathy of soul, from the influence of which the governess of her child was not exempt. And what sort of love did she show for her own child? I have seen Maria Louisa, when she was mounting or alighting from her horse, nod her plumed head to him, which never failed to set him crying; for he was frightened by the undulation of her feathers. At other times when she did not go out, she would repair at four o'clock to his apartment. On these occasions she would take with her a piece of tapestry, with which she would sit down and make a show of working, looking now and then at the little king, and saying as she nodded her head, "*Bonjour, bonjour.*" Perhaps, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, the *august mother* would be informed that Isabey or Paër were in attendance in her apartments; the one to give her lessons in drawing the other in music. It would have been as well had she remained longer every day with her child, to take a lesson in maternal feeling from the woman who so admirably supplied her place. But it would have been of little use—feeling is not to be taught.

Every morning at nine o'clock the young king was taken to the Empress. She would sometimes hold him on her lap, caress him, and then commit him to the care of the nurse. And how did she employ herself afterwards? she read the papers. When the child grew peevish because he was not amused as his father used to amuse him, and cried at finding himself surrounded by serious and formal faces, his mother ordered him out of the room.

When I arrived in Paris on my return from Spain, the Emperor and Empress had just completed a tour in the North of France, in the departments of Calvados and La Manche. The public christening of the King of Rome took place on their return to Paris. There have already been so many descriptions of this ceremony that it would be superfluous to enter into a fresh detail of it. I will merely mention that the young prince received names which show that the alliances formed by sovereigns, the vows made at the baptismal font, the adoption by every religious formality and the ties of blood, are mere fallacies. He was christened Napoleon François Charles Joseph! these are the names of his godfathers; they stand upon the register of his baptism, and they also appear on the tomb which closed over him at the early age of twenty-one. Who is there among us who does not recollect those days when he was still gracious and beautiful? There is a print of him which is now very scarce; he is kneeling, his hands joined, and below are the words: "I pray God for my father and for France." To the copy I have, the following are added: "I pray God for France and for my father;"—lower down: "We now pray for Thee!"

One of the ushers of the chamber with whom I was lately conversing wept like a child at his recollections of the young prince. This man told me that the King of Rome one morning ran to the state apartments, and reached the door of the Emperor's cabinet alone, for Madame de Montesquiou was unable to follow him. The child raised his beautiful face to the usher and said: "Open the door for me; I wish to see papa."—"Sire," replied the

man, "I cannot let your Majesty in."—"Why not? I am the little King."—"But your Majesty is alone!" The Emperor had given orders that his son should not be allowed to enter his cabinet unless accompanied by his governess. This order was issued for the purpose of giving the young prince, whose disposition was somewhat inclined to waywardness, a high idea of his governess's authority. On receiving this denial from the usher, the prince's eyes became suffused with tears, but he said not a word. He waited till Madame de Montesquiou came up, which was in less than a minute afterwards. Then he seized her hand, and looking proudly at the usher, he said: "Open the door; the little King desires it." The usher then opened the door of the cabinet and announced: "His Majesty the King of Rome."

A great deal has been said of the young king's violent temper. It is true he was self-willed, and was easily excited to passion; but this was one of the distinctive characteristics of his cousins; they almost all partook of similar hastiness of temper. I have known Achille Murat so violently overcome by strong passion as to be thrown into convulsions; and this when he was of the same age as the King of Rome. Madame de Montesquiou once corrected the young king for these fits of passion. On another occasion, when he was very violent, she had all the shutters of the windows closed, though it was broad daylight. The child, astonished to find the light of day excluded and the candles lighted up, inquired of his governess why the shutters were closed. "In order that no one may hear you, Sire," replied she. "The French would never have you for their king if they knew you to be so naughty."—"Have I," said he, "cried very loud?"—"You have."—"But did they hear me?"—"I fear they have." Then he fell to weeping, but these were tears of repentance. He threw his little arms round his governess's neck, and said: "I will never do so again, Mamma Quiou! pray forgive me."

It happened one day that the King of Rome entered the Emperor's cabinet just as the council had finished

their deliberations. He ran up to his father without taking any notice of any one in the room. Napoleon, though happy to observe these marks of affection, so natural, and coming so directly from the heart, stopped him, and said: "You have not made your bow, Sire! Come, make your obedience to these gentlemen." The child turned, and bowing his head gently, kissed his little hand to the ministers. The Emperor then raised him in his arms, and addressing them, said: "I hope, gentlemen, it will not be said that I neglect my son's education: he begins to understand infantine civility."

Young Napoleon was an amiable child, and he became more so as he advanced in age. I know many affecting stories of him, which indicate the goodness of his heart. When he was at St. Cloud he liked to be placed at the window in order that he might see the people passing by. One day he perceived at some distance a young woman, apparently in great grief, holding by the hand a little boy about his own age. Both were habited in mourning. The child held in his hand a paper, which he raised towards the window at which young Napoleon stood. "Why is he dressed in black?" inquired the young king of his governess. "Because, no doubt, he has lost his father. Do you wish to know what he wants?" The Emperor had given orders that his son should always be accessible to those in misfortune who wished to make any application to him by petition. The petitioners were immediately introduced, and they proved to be a young widow and her son. Her husband had died about three months previously of some wounds he had received in Spain, and his widow solicited a pension. Madame de Montesquiou, thinking that this conformity of age between the little orphan and the young king might move the feelings of the latter, placed the petition in his hands. She was not deceived in her expectations. His heart was touched at the sight of the young petitioner. The Emperor was then on a hunting-party, and the petition could not be presented to him until next morning at breakfast. Young Napoleon passed the whole of the day in thoughtfulness,

and when the appointed hour arrived he left his apartment to pay his respects to his father. He took care to present the petition apart from all the rest he carried, and this of his own accord.

"Here is a petition, papa," said he, "from a little boy. He is dressed all in black.[1] His papa has been killed in your service, and his mamma wants a pension, because she is poor and has much to vex her."—"Ah! ah!" said the Emperor, taking his son in his arms; "you already grant pensions, do you? Diable! you have begun betimes. Come, let us see who this *protégé* of yours is." The widow had sufficient grounds for her claim; but in all probability they would not have been attended to for a year or two, had it not been for the King of Rome's intercession. The brevet of the pension was made out that very day, and a year's arrears added to the order.

Who can have forgotten the day when the Emperor took his son to a review in the Champ de Mars? How his features brightened with pleasure on hearing the joyous acclamations raised by his veteran bands. "Was he frightened?" inquired the Empress. "Frightened! no surely," replied Napoleon; "he knew he was surrounded by his father's friends." This expression of the Emperor produced an intoxication of joy amidst the ranks of the soldiers. After the review Napoleon conversed some time with the architect, M. Fontaine, on the subject of the palace intended to be built for the King of Rome, on the elevated ground immediately facing the Military School. The word "Rome" brought to the recollection of the Emperor that he himself had never been in that city; "but," added he, "I shall certainly go there some day, for it is the city of my little king."

[1] It would seem that the mournful habiliments of the child had made a strong impression on the young prince's mind.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Projected alliance between Great Britain and Spain—Count Charles de Châtillon—Napoleon's ideas respecting the war in Spain—Taking of Mount Serrat and Valencia—Napoleon's recollections at St. Helena—Probability of French supremacy in Spain—Confederation of the North—Bad faith of Russia—Treaty of Tilsit—Humiliation of Russia—Embassy of the Duc de Vicenza to St. Petersburg—The Duc de Rovigo—The affair of the Duc d'Enghien—The Duc de Vicenza recalled to France—General Lauriston sent in his stead—Fancy quadrilles at court—The Princess Borghèse and the Queen of Naples.

IN 1811 Mr. Canning, the English minister for foreign affairs, conceived the project of forming an alliance with Spain. This was a bold but excellent plan; yet it was not easy of execution, because no relations then existed between Spain and Great Britain. Mr. Canning adopted the following scheme to accomplish his object. He employed a Frenchman, who was an emigrant in England. This Frenchman was Count Charles de Châtillon, a man distinguished for his talents and excellent character. I knew him well, and he has frequently related to me all the particulars of this affair. He was directed to go to Madrid, and to inform Joseph that England would recognise him as King of Spain on condition of his sending away all the French who were in the Peninsula, to which Great Britain pledged herself to ensure complete inviolability of territory. Mr. Canning was the same minister who had already proposed to Lucien to form a sort of league against France and the Emperor. The disaster of Moscow, however, obviated the necessity of attempting to execute Mr. Canning's schemes relative to Spain. As

to Joseph, I think I may say with confidence that he loved his brother too well, and prized his own honour too highly, to accede to the proposition.

The Emperor had conceived singular notions respecting the war in Spain; he had heard the opinions of men well acquainted with the subject, and yet nothing could break the delusive spell which the hope of that conquest had thrown over him. Thus the mortification he experienced at a check was manifested in the reception which he gave to Masséna, and the gratification of a triumph was expressed in the reward given to Suchet. It was in allusion to the taking of Tarragona that the Emperor said: "Suchet—the marshal's baton is in Tarragona," and Suchet gained it! The Emperor had greatly changed since the time when he commanded the army of Italy. At Lodi, and at Arcola, he threw himself into the midst of the enemy's fire to induce his soldiers to follow him; now he threw a baton into the trench, and said: "Go and fetch it."

The brave Suchet, as an acknowledgment of the Emperor's bounty, immediately took Mount Serrat, a fortified mountain of which each hermitage was a redoubt, and every hermit a stanch partisan. The kingdom of Valencia next opened before the army of Arragon. The port of Oropesa and its ancient walls were stained with the blood of Suchet. At length he arrived before Valencia and entered it victoriously. To Suchet the war in Spain was merely a military tour; and at his resting-places he planted the national flag on the Moorish or Roman walls of the ancient cities which are scattered through the provinces of Spain. The Emperor conceived a cordial friendship for Marshal Suchet. He overwhelmed him with marks of favour. Titles, fortune, rank, all were lavishly bestowed upon him. The title of Duke of Albufera was accompanied by a majorat producing a rental of 500,000 livres. This was the richest endowment that Napoleon ever made. The war had long kept the Duke of Albufera distant from Paris; he was absent during seven years. At the expiration of that time he returned to France, which he had left with the rank of a general

commanding a division; possessing, it is true, a good military reputation—but still merely a general. When he returned he was a marshal of the empire, a duke, a colonel of the imperial guard, and commander-in-chief of the two armies of Catalonia and Arragon. Thus, when the Emperor saw him, he said: "Marshal Suchet, you have grown a great deal since I saw you last." Napoleon said at St. Helena, in those hours of captivity the languor of which he tried to divert by his recollections of past happiness: "Suchet was a man, the vigour of whose mind and character increased wonderfully." All will admit that words pronounced on a death-bed have so solemn a character that the voice which utters them, however feeble, vibrates for ever in the mind. The words I have above quoted were addressed to Dr. O'Meara, and as I conceive that the agonies of death commenced with Napoleon from the day when he set foot on St. Helena, I regard every word he uttered on his rock of exile as those of a dying man. Being questioned one day by Dr. O'Meara respecting his (Napoleon's) opinion of the generals whom he had left in France, he replied: "I give the preference to Suchet. Before his time Masséna was the first; but he may be considered as dead.—Suchet, Clausel, and Gérard [1] are now in my opinion the best French generals." The *Memoirès* of Madame Campân mention that Napoleon, speaking of Suchet, once said: "It is a pity that sovereigns cannot *improvise* men like him. If I had had two marshals such as Suchet I should not only have conquered Spain, but I should have kept it."

The vigorous efforts made by Napoleon to sustain himself in Spain seemed likely, about the close of the year 1811, to lead to the submission of that country. We were established in Catalonia and Arragon by the victories of Suchet; whilst advancing to the gates of Cadiz we were completing the conquest of the four kingdoms of Andalusia. The passage of the Sierra Morena—the dispersion of the central Junta—the extraordinary Cortes assembled at the Isle of Leon, issuing every day contradictory

[1] [One hardly expects to find Gérard placed before Soult.—EDITOR.]

decrees—the Council of Regency still disputing with the other authorities—those troubles which the heads of the new Government had not the power or perhaps the will to check;—all this placed us in an advantageous posture. King Joseph must have remarked it in his visit to Andalusia, the whole of which he journeyed through, and had ample opportunities of convincing himself that everywhere the people were weary of the war. The Spaniards disliked the English, and were averse to any union with them. Consequently, in spite of the victories of Lord Wellington, our precipitate retreat, and all the misfortunes of the Arapiles,[1] the probability is that we might have kept Spain. The Spaniards themselves were of this opinion; hundreds of families returned to the mother country, and accepted office under the new Government; and, as was observed by a brave and patriotic Spaniard (Don Gonzalo O'Farrill), applicants multiplied to as great an extent as in the most peaceful days of the monarchy.

But when threats were uttered by the Emperor of Russia—when the Emperor Francis forgot that Napoleon was his son-in-law—when Prussia forgot all her solemn pledges of friendship and alliance—when, in short, the formidable league of the north began to count its legions to ascertain whether it was strong enough to resist France—then the ill-feeling of the Peninsula was revived, and the little confidence which our troops had recovered was lost. England, foreseeing our disasters in the north of Europe, exerted herself, and increased her efforts in the Peninsula. One of the columns of his Empire, on the stability of which Napoleon most confidently relied, was the confederation of the north. This confederation, which was originally conceived by Henry IV. and executed by Napoleon, would have been a glorious work had it been accomplished for other purposes than those which Napoleon had in view. He committed another grand mistake in utterly neglecting the German people. He courted the confederated sovereigns, whilst their subjects were the real power which he ought to have conciliated.

[1] The battle of Salamanca.

A treaty had been concluded between Russia and the Porte, and it was alleged that Napoleon knew nothing of it. Whether this was or was not the fact may be a matter of doubt; but it is certain that Russia had begun to evince ill faith. She kept up the mask of friendship which she had assumed at Tilsit, merely because she did not think the moment was yet favourable for raising the standard of war. When the treaty of Tilsit was signed between Alexander and Napoleon, it will scarcely be imagined that the latter could be so far imposed upon as to place faith in an alliance founded only on pretended sentiments of esteem and friendship. The natural conclusion is that there was some degree of sincerity in the sentiment so loudly proclaimed by the Emperor Alexander. The fact is, that from the moment when Napoleon forced Russia to sign a treaty which was calculated to degrade her in the eyes of the whole world, he ought to have fairly expected a reprisal. Masséna, by beating Korsakoff at Zurich, had dimmed the brilliant legacy of glory left by Catherine II.; Austerlitz further obscured it, and the Polish war and the treaty of Tilsit completed the humiliation. Napoleon was therefore guilty of imprudence, to use no stronger term, in withdrawing his forces from the north to transfer them to Spain and Italy, thus leaving the field open to Alexander.

The whole of the year 1811 was spent in the interchange of fruitless communications. On the 5th of April the Duke of Bassano was appointed minister for foreign affairs. On the 6th he addressed a note to Prince Kourakin to demand explanations. In his answer the prince again spoke of the duchy of Oldenburg. He might as well have talked of the dowry of Queen Mandane.[1] The prince was asked what was meant by the army of 80,000 men who were assembling by order of the cabinet of St. Petersburg. The ambassador, like a pacific man as he was, replied that the Duke of Bassano was probably jesting with him; that he knew of no army, and that

[1] The Mother of the elder Cyrus, concerning whom a story will be found in Herodotus.

such questions were very annoying to the Emperor, his master.

The cause of several of our misfortunes — I may perhaps say, our greatest misfortunes — during the year 1811 may be traced to the embassy of the Duke of Vicenza to St. Petersburg. This will not appear surprising when I relate the following particulars:—Napoleon had sent the Duke of Rovigo to St. Petersburg, not in the quality of ambassador, but merely as envoy-extraordinary. The attentions which the Emperor Alexander had shown the duke at Austerlitz and Erfurth led Napoleon to presume that he could not make a better choice of an envoy. But it was necessary to think of an ambassador. The Emperor, who had his caprices like everybody else, attached great importance to external qualifications in making a choice of this kind. The Duke of Vicenza was a man of handsome figure and dignified deportment. His manners were as elegant as those of any man in France. He was noble by descent, and he had been ennobled by Napoleon. These considerations, joined to others which I do not pretend to know, caused the Duke of Vicenza to be appointed ambassador from France to St. Petersburg. But no sooner was this appointment known in the salons of St. Petersburg than it was unanimously resolved that M. de Caulaincourt should *not be received by anybody.* This determination was dictated by no feelings of hostility to France; for the Duke of Rovigo was cordially received in every circle. One day the subject being alluded to in the presence of the Duke of Rovigo, he inquired what there was objectionable in the new ambassador, when he was informed that M. de Caulaincourt could not be received in any house of St. Petersburg on account of the terrible affair of the Duc d'Enghien.

Savary had his faults, but he also had merits, which in some measure counterbalanced them. He was a good Frenchman, and was sincerely attached to the Emperor. On hearing a charge aimed directly at his master, and which also implicated his comrade, he became irritated, and several warm altercations ensued between him and

some individuals of the court of St. Petersburg. On one of these occasions he lost all self-command, and addressing himself to a gentleman who had spoken in an offensive way on the subject in question, said: "You are mistaken, sir; the Duke of Vicenza had nothing to do with the affair of the Duc d'Enghien. It was I,—I, who now have the honour of addressing you, who ordered the prince to be shot." The person to whom these words were spoken stood almost petrified, and could not utter a word in reply. On his return to Paris the Duke of Rovigo found M. de Caulaincourt preparing to set out on his embassy, and he frankly told him all the difficulties he would have to encounter, together with the cause in which they originated. M. de Caulaincourt was alarmed; for, though brave on the field of battle, he had not the spirit requisite to face danger in private life. He thought of resigning his appointment; but that was impossible. How could he present himself to the Emperor and say: "Sire, I cannot go to St. Petersburg, because I am accused of having *delivered up* the Duc d'Enghien to you?"

In his perplexity he hastened to consult Berthier, and, after a long deliberation, the following plan was determined on to relieve the Duke of Vicenza from his embarrassment. A series of instructions were drawn up so as to appear as if they had been given by Berthier in the Emperor's name, at the time of the death of the Duc d'Enghien, and the Duke of Vicenza set out provided with his defence. On his arrival at St. Petersburg he found, as Savary had announced, a formidable league raised against him. No visit was paid to him; and when any one was under the necessity of saluting him it was done as coldly as possible. The Duke of Vicenza was too high-spirited to submit to this sort of treatment. He appealed to the Czar himself, and demanded justice. The Emperor Alexander expressed such violent displeasure against the offenders that he seemed ready to send the whole of his court to Tobolsk. The Duke of Vicenza thought this was the proper moment for presenting his justification. "This accusation is the more painful to

me," said he to the Emperor, "inasmuch as I am not guilty, which I can easily prove."

Thereupon he put his hand in his pocket and drew out the false document which he carried about with him, and presenting it to the Emperor, begged he would read it; but Alexander was more than satisfied. An ambassador from Napoleon! a duke of the Empire! a grand officer of the crown of France was kneeling before him, and praying not only that he would protect him, but compel his subjects to show honour to him! The Duke of Vicenza did not comprehend the peculiar positions in which the Emperor Alexander and he himself stood; but the Czar was shrewd enough to judge them at a glance. He profited by his advantage; he raised the Duke of Vicenza, and thought he could not do better than grant him his friendship. By securing a claim on the gratitude of Napoleon's ambassador the attitude of that ambassador became a matter which he had control over. He therefore spared no efforts to conciliate the feelings of a man who could never have been induced to become a traitor. It was, indeed, with the most entire devotedness to the Emperor Napoleon that M. de Caulaincourt ruined the interests of his master.

A person who was an eye-witness to this scene of the grand drama of 1812 assured me that it was curious to see the impatience of M. de Caulaincourt, when he was urged to bring the cabinet of St. Petersburg to an explanation on the subject of the army of eighty thousand men which was now being organised. "No such thing is in agitation," he wrote to the Duke of Bassano. "It is the more to be lamented that these reports should be suffered to reach the Emperor Napoleon, since the Emperor Alexander is much displeased even at the appearance of his distrust." His blindness was inconceivable to those who were ignorant of the plans which had been laid, not to corrupt, but to seduce him. When the Duke of Vicenza presented to Alexander the pretended instructions of Berthier, the Emperor said: "M. de Caulaincourt, I will not read them. I have long since been acquainted with

everything that can be known relative to the unfortunate death of the Duc d'Enghien. The Duke of Baden is my brother-in-law; his court is, in some degree, a portion of mine. You may therefore be certain that I know the truth of all that concerns you. I know your innocence. I affirm this on my word of honour, and I hope that pledge will be received." So saying, he smiled, and presented his hand to the Duke of Vicenza. From that moment M. de Caulaincourt was devoted to the Emperor Alexander. The latter was too adroit, and it may be said too generous, to render by halves the justice which he had promised should be complete. What he had said in his cabinet he repeated publicly in his court; and from that moment the affair of the Duc d'Enghien was never alluded to, except for the purpose of affirming the innocence of M. de Caulaincourt.

When the French minister for foreign affairs addressed to the Duke of Vicenza a very urgent note relative to the assembling of the Russian troops, a petulant answer was returned, and these words were used: "I shall make no further reply to inquiries which appear to me to be absurd." Such was the course pursued by our ambassador when levies of troops were being made in every part of Russia; when the cabinet of St. Petersburg was arranging the basis of a treaty with the Porte; when Sweden solicited and obtained the promise of Norway for her treason; when, in short, everything was flagrant and positive! In spite of his prepossession in favour of M. de Caulaincourt, Napoleon saw that, though his principles were correct, his policy was not so; or rather, it was so far incorrect as to render it advisable to appoint another ambassador to take his place. M. de Lauriston was therefore sent to St. Petersburg to supersede him. Lauriston had received special orders from Napoleon to obtain an immediate audience of the Emperor Alexander, and to bring him to an explanation on the subject of the army. The audience was granted.

"Monsieur de Lauriston," said Alexander, "I am much vexed to observe that seeds of discord are sown

between the Emperor Napoleon and I; they can produce nothing but evil fruit. It is strange that I should be suspected of intentions so perverse as those which are attributed to me in France. *I* assemble an army, sir! Where is it? Eighty thousand men cannot be assembled in secret. If you will have thé goodness to appoint officers who will serve as guides to mine, they shall go together to reconnoitre this army, which is said to be entering upon my territory without my knowledge, without the knowledge of my subjects. You must confess the thing is absurd!"

Lauriston was greatly perplexed on leaving the cabinet of the Emperor Alexander, and he wrote a most strange letter to France. He too was under the influence of a sort of fascination. The tone of irony, mingled with the positive confidence of the denial, left no room for doubt. But this delusion was not of long duration; Napoleon had received positive information respecting the assembling of the troops; but it was not until some time afterwards that he was made acquainted with the treaty between Russia and Turkey.

The prospect of a new war cast a gloom over society in general, but particularly around the court. It was in vain that the Emperor ordered balls, parties, and quadrilles. Maria Louisa was surrounded by young and handsome women who were commanded by Napoleon to exert every nerve to render her gay; but these ladies had brothers, fathers, husbands, and lovers, so that the joys of the court were forced pleasures, and not joys springing from the heart. About this time a fancy quadrille was to be danced in the theatre of the palace in which the two sisters of the Emperor were to act the principal parts. The Princess Borghèse was that evening the most perfect idea of beauty that can be imagined. She represented Italy: on her head she wore a light casque of burnished gold, surmounted with small ostrich feathers of spotless white; her bosom was covered with an ægis of golden scales, to which was attached a tunic of Indian muslin embroidered in gold. The most exquisite part of her appearance was her arms and her feet: the former were encircled with gold bracelets,

in which were enchased the most beautiful cameos belonging to the house of Borghèse, which is known to possess the richest collection of gems: her little feet were shod with slender sandals of purple silk, the bands of which were gold; at each point where the latter crossed on the leg was affixed a magnificent cameo: the sash which held the ægide on her bosom was of solid gold, and the centre was ornamented with that most precious of the Borghèse collection—the dying Medusa; to all this splendour and rich magnificence was added a short pike highly embossed with gold and precious stones, which she carried in her hand. Her appearance was that of a fairy apparition, almost without substance, something celestial.

"Her sister, the Queen of Naples, represented France; but she was, indeed, a caricature when beside Pauline. Her figure was naturally inelegant, short, and rather stout: there was no grace in her dress, which was composed of a heavy mantle of purple and a long robe beneath. She wore also a helmet and plume of feathers; but amidst all this assemblage of gold, of pearls, and rich ornaments, we still admired her pretty smiling and fresh face, shining in brilliancy, notwithstanding the grotesque confusion with which it was surrounded.

The same evening a second quadrille was danced, which was also extremely brilliant. M. Charles de Lagrange, who was a very handsome man, an aide-de-camp to Berthier, was dressed to imitate Apollo; M. de Gals de Malvirade, first page to the Emperor, was a zephyr; the charming and beautiful Madame de Mesgrigni represented Flora, or Spring; Madame Legrand was to have personated Love in this quadrille, but her husband, the general, wrote to her on the eve of the gala-day, that she should not act the wily part of Cupid at the court quadrilles. Madame Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, Madame de Rovigo, Madame Duchatel, Madame Gazani, Madame de Bassano, were very conspicuous among a crowd of elegant women who took part in these brilliant scenes.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Pope at Savona—The kingdom of Haiti—Coronation of Christophe—State of Europe—Our allies—Junot sent to Milan—Bernadotte—He rejects Napoleon's overtures of reconciliation—Victories in Spain—Suchet created Duc d'Albufera—The Emperor's departure for Germany—His interview with Francis II.—War between Great Britain and America—The Emperor proclaims war with Russia—Removal of the Spanish royal family to Rome—Josephine's altered appearance—Her exquisite taste in dress—Madame Mère and Maria Louisa—The queens at Aix—Talma and the Princess Pauline—Conspiracy against the Empress Josephine—Madame Recamier at Lyons—My interview with her.

THE Pope still remained a prisoner at Savona. He did not come to reside at Fontainebleau till after the departure of the Emperor. In the meanwhile some curious scenes were passing in another quarter of the world. Henri Christophe was crowned King of Haiti, and a capuchin, named Corneille Brell, anointed him with cocoa-nut oil. In 1804 this same capuchin had anointed the Emperor Dessalines. The grand officers of the crown were entitled Duke of *Marmalade*, Count *Lemonade*, etc. The constitution of the kingdom of Haiti was copied from the French constitution of 1804. This parody on a great empire and a great sovereign gave birth at the time to many amusing pleasantries. The French portion of St. Domingo was, by the new arrangement of affairs, divided into two States on the death of Dessalines, the monster of the Antilles. The mulattoes wished to change the form of the government of St. Domingo, and to establish a Republic with an elective president. Christophe was elected president of the Republic of Haiti for four years, and

Petion, another mulatto, denounced him. Christophe then placed a crown upon his woolly head, and made toys of sceptres and subjects.

Whilst the pomps and ceremonies of Christophe's coronation occupied the negroes of the Antilles, Europe was threatened with convulsion even to the depths of her ancient foundations. Empires tottered, and menaced each other with mutual destruction. France was preparing for the conflict like a victorious warrior. As to Russia, whose hostile intentions could no longer be concealed, she seemed anxious to give the signal for battle. The other Powers were still timid, for their yet bleeding wounds reminded them that Napoleon would severely punish perjury. The Duke of Bassano had spent the whole of the past year in endeavouring to gain auxiliaries. Austria, though our ally, seemed unwilling to oppose Russia. Prussia showed herself still less favourably disposed, and M. de Krussmarck, who was then at the head of the Prussian cabinet, appeared unwilling to make any concession. Yet nothing was more important than to secure the alliance of Prussia; it was necessary that she should act with us or be destroyed. M. de Krussmarck plainly saw that Prussia was lost if France took only a cottage on her frontier. Accordingly, on the 24th of February 1812, a treaty offensive and defensive was signed between France and the cabinet of Berlin. With regard to Austria, she was our natural ally, but she was still more our natural enemy. We soon saw the fatal result of that alliance, on which the Emperor so confidently relied. Then Denmark and the confederation of the Rhine; all were for us when the first trumpet sounded the signal for marching. Junot had been taking the baths of Barèges, which had greatly improved his health, and he now earnestly solicited the Emperor to give him a military command. Napoleon sent him to Milan to take the command of the troops who were in Italy, and to march them towards the north. Junot was highly satisfied at this appointment, and left Paris at the moment when the treaty offensive and defensive was about to be signed with Austria. That treaty gave us a subsidy of

30,000 men and 60 pieces of cannon. Prince Schwartzenberg was to command the Austrian troops.

On the 26th March, the same year, Sweden signed a treaty with Russia. A marshal of France was about to point the cannon of his new kingdom against his own countrymen — against his brother-in-arms—and against the man of whose glory it had so long been alleged that he was jealous. He sold himself for a province. Norway was promised to Sweden, and immediately Sweden unfurled the standard of war against France. Napoleon made the first advance for a reconciliation with his old brother-in-arms; but his propositions, though presented through the medium of a friendly hand, and one that the Emperor supposed would be agreeable to King John,[1] were, however, not accepted. The King of Sweden resolved to lend his aid in pulling down the colossus. This conduct was not very honourable to him. He alleged in his defence that, on the 26th of January, General Friant had taken possession of Stralsund on the part of France, and had entered Swedish Pomerania by order of the Emperor; but he did not acknowledge that for ten months previously continual conferences had taken place, and that *he*, Bernadotte, had rejected every arrangement that was proposed. England, as soon as she learned the defection of Bernadotte, hastened to acknowledge the treaty between Sweden and Russia by a convention which will prove to posterity that though Napoleon might have fallen by the effect of his own faults, yet treason and perfidy hurled him into the abyss on the brink of which he was now standing.

Whilst the reactionary movement was going on in the north, Spain was once more the theatre of our victories. The taking of Valencia by Marshal Suchet was one of our most glorious achievements. General Ventura-Caro, the brother of Romana, commanded the forces in the garrison. They consisted of 18,000 men, 900 officers, 20 generals, and 400 pieces of artillery, together with immense magazines. Valencia was the central depot of

[1] The Queen of Sweden remained in Paris, and she undertook the task of transmitting the Emperor's propositions to the king.

all the resources of the east of Spain; it was a brilliant conquest! The Emperor was well aware of its importance, and by an imperial decree two hundred millions of francs were assigned to the army of Arragon. It was after the taking of Valencia that Suchet was created Duc d'Albufera. But, as if by way of counterpoise to the laurels which Suchet was reaping in the smiling plains of Valencia, Wellington was victorious in the deserts of Ciudad-Rodrigo and Almeira. He had now re-entered the former city. Shortly after this Badajoz was retaken by the English; and the battle of Tarragona gained by Suchet was sadly expiated by the loss we sustained at Arapiles.[1]

At length Napoleon departed for Germany to give the final orders, and to assemble all the forces which were to march: he clearly saw that this campaign must be decisive, and that nothing could atone for any reverse.[2] At this time Paris presented a curious but melancholy spectacle. Husbands, sons, brothers, and lovers, were departing to join the army; while wives, mothers, sisters, and mistresses, either remained at home to weep, or sought amusement in Italy, Switzerland, or the various watering-places of France.

Before the firing of the first cannon the Emperor wished to make one more endeavour to ascertain the definitive resolution of Russia. M. de Narbonne, in spite of all his courtly experience, had not been able to learn anything in his mission to Wilna. Napoleon entertained greater hope from an interview with the Emperor of Austria, now his father-in-law; and, above all, from an interview with M. de Metternich. Napoleon therefore conducted Maria Louisa to Dresden, under the ostensible pretext of paying a visit to her father, who was then in that city, but for the real purpose of discovering the path he had to pursue in the labyrinth which he was about to

[1] The battle of Salamanca.

[2] The population of Europe, according to Humboldt, who is the most correct of calculators, amounted at this period to 182 millions, of which Napoleon had under his domination 85 millions: his control extended over 19 degrees of latitude and 30 of longitude.

enter. The wished-for interview, however, served only to raise new difficulties, and these were increased by the certainty of war between the United States and Great Britain. General Bloomfield, whose headquarters were at New York, declared, on the part of the American Government, war against England. By a curious coincidence, for there could be no previous understanding in the matter, the Emperor declared war against Russia on the very same day (June 22, 1812), at his headquarters of Wilkowsky, near Gumbinen, in Eastern Prussia.

At this period a circumstance took place in France which was but little noticed, because all eyes were directed to the great European Congress ;—I allude to the removal of the Spanish royal family to Rome from Marseilles, where they had resided since they quitted Bayonne. . My brother, who was then lieutenant-general of police at Marseilles, and who had the illustrious and unfortunate prisoners in some measure under his safeguard and responsibility, was well pleased at their removal, for Charles IV. had suffered in health from the sedentary life which he was forced to lead at Marseilles; whilst at Rome he might have the opportunity of renewing his active habits and enjoying his favourite field-sports. The Empress Josephine was a great favourite of the King and Queen of Spain. I have heard from their principal equerry that she was often the tutelary genius of the unfortunate royal family, particularly when, in the Emperor's absence, their pecuniary allowances were very tardily paid. She used to exert her influence and make the requisite applications to get these payments settled. I did not see the Empress Josephine till some time after my return from Spain. When I arrived in Paris she was at Navarre, which place she was forced to leave in the autumn in consequence of the damp. The Empress had already severely suffered from the humidity of Navarre, the disadvantages of which were only balanced by the beauty of the place during two months of summer ; viz. from the end of June to the end of August. I observed that Josephine had grown very stout since the time of my departure for Spain. This change was at once for the

better and the worse. It imparted a more youthful appearance to her face; but her slender and elegant figure, which had been one of her principal attractions, had entirely disappeared. She was now decidedly *embonpoint*, and her figure had assumed that matronly air which we find in the statues of Agrippina, Cornelia, etc. Still, however, she looked uncommonly well, and she wore a dress which became her admirably. Her exquisite and judicious taste in these matters contributed to make her appear young much longer than she otherwise would. The Emperor, who seldom made remarks on female attire, except when a court dress happened to strike him as having been worn too often, nevertheless frequently admired the elegance of Josephine's costume. The best proof that can be adduced of the admirable taste of Josephine is the marked absence of elegance displayed by Maria Louisa, though both Empresses employed the same milliners and dressmakers, and Maria Louisa had a large sum allotted for the expenses of her toilet.

I have already mentioned that Madame Mère was very reserved in alluding to the Empress Maria Louisa. She observed the same rule with respect to her second daughter-in-law as she had observed towards her first; that is to say, she seldom spoke of her, and was always anxious to establish friendly feelings among her numerous children. In her relations with the latter, Madame Mère admirably maintained the dignity of her own position. During the few first months of her marriage the new Empress seemed to imagine that the only individuals of the imperial family worthy of her attention were Napoleon and the Queen of Naples. Madame Mère, whose excellent understanding pointed out to her the impropriety of creating any discord through complaints, which after all must be unavailing, determined to depend on herself alone for securing the respect of her young daughter-in-law. One day Maria Louisa went to visit Napoleon's mother.

"Madame," said she, "I have come to dine with you. But I do not come as the Empress; I wish merely to pay a friendly visit to you." Madame, drawing Maria

Louisa towards her and kissing her forehead, replied: "I shall treat you with no ceremony. I shall receive you as my daughter, and the Emperor's wife shall share the dinner of the Emperor's mother." The Empress Josephine was less attentive than Maria Louisa to Madame Mère, and in this she was ill-advised. The Emperor did not externally show his mother much attention, but he was always deeply offended when he heard that any one had slighted her.

I departed for Aix, in Savoy, on the 15th of June 1812, accompanied by my friend Madame Lallemand, my brother-in-law, and my eldest son,—the latter then three years of age. Aix was that year exceedingly crowded with company, and it was difficult to obtain a house. I was fortunate enough to find a very good one in the principal square. The Queen of Spain resided opposite to me, and was not so well accommodated. There were here some who had been or hoped to be queens. The Princess of Sweden was expecting to be queen; the Queen of Spain was exercising the right and title of queen; Josephine had been a reigning empress; while Talma was king of the theatres.

The queen had but a very limited suite; she seemed anxious to avoid the least appearance of *éclat.* The Empress Josephine, too, had but few attendants. I forget who the ladies were who accompanied her; but I think Madame d'Audenarde was one of them. Madame Mère had brought only one lady of honour with her; this was Madame de Fontanges. I offered to resume my attendance upon Madame, though, in consequence of my ill-health, my services had been dispensed with; but Madame would not hear of this.

Talma was among the visitors to Aix this year. He had gone thither by order of his medical attendants to drink the waters and recover his health; but though he seemed likely to grow worse instead of better, he was condemned every evening by the princess Pauline to read scenes from Molière, to divert the princess and her company. Talma at first could not venture to refuse a request made by the Emperor's sister. It was certainly

very amusing to hear him imitate a female voice and repeat, almost as well as Mademoiselle Mars: "*Excusez-moi, Monsieur, je n'entends pas grec.*" Then he would assume a gruff tone of voice and growl like the *Avare.* This was all very well for a little time, when Talma himself, tired of playing the Emperor, the Prince, and the Grand Turk, seemed to be amused at taking a new line of characters; but he soon grew weary of it. "This will kill me," said he to me one day. "I cannot hold out much longer; she will compel me to leave Aix, which I am sorry for, because I like the place; but I cannot endure the fatigue of those rehearsals every evening, for the princess is learning the part of Agnes in the *Ecole des Femmes;* and that of Angélique, in *Les Femmes Savantes.*"

The Empress Josephine arrived at Aix before I left, and I had the honour to dine with her. At that time there was a conspiracy formed to oblige her to quit France. An endeavour was made to induce me to join in it; but I would not listen to any suggestion of the kind, and quitted Aix on the 28th of September to return to France. There, symptoms of disquietude had already begun to pervade the public mind. Intelligence of brilliant successes was transmitted from Russia, but the tenor of the private letters was of a very different nature. At this disastrous period women were not exempt from the horrors of persecution. Madame Recamier had been exiled for having paid a visit to Madame de Staël at Coppet. The cause of her exile was too honourable for a woman like Madame Recamier, no less celebrated for the goodness of her heart than for her ravishing beauty, to endeavour to shrink from the consequences of her devoted friendship. She repaired to Coppet, notwithstanding the warnings given her by Junot and many other friends. She had scarcely reached her destination when she received notice that the gates of Paris were closed against her. On the departure of Madame de Staël, Madame Recamier left Switzerland and proceeded to Lyons for the sake of being a little nearer to Paris. Her companion in misfortune

was another lady who had excited the Emperor's displeasure, but who was not so much entitled to sympathy, because her object was merely to gain popularity. This was Madame de Chevreuse. In her case her mother-in-law was the true heroine; the conduct of the Duchess of Luynes was admirable in every point of view.

As soon as I arrived at Lyons I proceeded to the Hôtel de l'Europe, for I was aware that Madame Recamier lodged there. I was desirous of being as much with her as possible during my stay at Lyons; and, indeed, my journey thither had been undertaken chiefly for the purpose of seeing her. I cannot describe the painful nature of my feelings on entering a vast chamber, parted into two divisions by a screen. This was the only apartment occupied by Madame Recamier! She whom I had seen in her magnificent hotel in the Rue du Mont Blanc, surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could procure, was now residing in an apartment at an inn, but still as beautiful, as cheerful, and as graceful as ever. She employed herself in acts of benevolence, and received the visits of a few faithful friends, who occasionally left Paris to spend some weeks with her. Among these friends were M. Adrien de Montmorency, the present Duc de Laval, Matthieu de Montmorency, Benjamin Constant, M. de Catelan, and some others.

When I entered Madame Recamier was sitting at her embroidery frame. "Are you not dull?" said I, as I looked round her solitary abode. "Dull?" replied she, in her soft tone of voice. "I do not know why I should be so. I have various occupations to engage me; but sometimes, indeed, my unfortunate fate presents itself to my mind. Then I feel myself solitary and I weep; for I will not boast of a stoicism that I do not possess. I could not be happy away from France!" All this she said with so natural an air, and looked so lovely, that I could not help turning to Madame Alexander Doumerc to ascertain what impression it had made on her. The looks we exchanged were expressive of profound admiration at the sight of adversity supported with so much courage.

Madame Recamier had in the apartment a pianoforte, drawing materials, work-frames, books, etc. These alternately occupied her time, but could not entirely exclude melancholy recollections. Madame Doumerc ran her fingers over the keys of the pianoforte, and produced those sweet tones which she so well knew how to draw from the instrument. "Ah!" exclaimed Madame Recamier; "revive some of the recollections I share in common with you both! sing me a song; but let it be French, not Italian!" Madame Doumerc requested me to accompany her in one of Boieldieu's romances, the words of which were written by M. de Longchamp when he was banished to America by the Directory. They are expressive of the deepest melancholy, and I could perceive they drew tears from the eyes of the fair exile.

I parted from Madame Recamier with regret. I wished to have stayed longer with her, but I could not. I was anxious to return to Paris to see my children again. My two daughters I had placed at the Abbaye aux Bois before I left Paris, as I could not safely leave them at my hotel in the care of their English governess, who was too young for such a charge. I found my family all well. I wrote to Junot to inform him of this; for he loved his children as tenderly as I did.

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CHAPTER XXV.

The Russian campaign—Consequences of the battle of the Moskowa—Kutuzow—Mallet's conspiracy and execution—Napoleon imitating Haroun-al-Raschid—The alabaster shop in the Passage du Panorama—The Emperor's loose coats—Maria Louisa's permission that he should dress as he pleased—Mlle. L——.—The Medicis vases—An invitation to the Elysée Napoleon—Maria Louisa—Her apathy on the subject of Mallet's conspiracy—Cambacérès—His sharp reply—The King of Rome and the *Enfans Trouvés.*

I HAVE already mentioned the fatal credulity of the Duc de Vicenza relative to the troops which the Emperor Alexander was assembling on the Russian frontier. M. de Lauriston was, fortunately, less credulous; still he managed to darken the inextricable labyrinth into which we were about to enter, and augmented the confusion. Meanwhile the Russian compaign commenced, and the misfortunes of Napoleon obscured his glory and his happy star. In 1812 the Emperor should have acted more prudently than when, less dazzled by fortune, he found himself in 1806 in the presence of the Russians, who were flying from him to avoid a conflict. Then he halted, took up a formidable position on the Vistula, prepared for the approaching campaign, established intrenched camps at Thorn and Praga, as well as bridge-heads on the Vistula, the Bug, and the Narew, until finally the battle of Friedland brought about the treaty of Tilsit. I am aware that, in answer to these remarks, it may be said that in 1812 the army had nearly reached Moscow at a period of the year (7th September) when the cold is not severe; but was it not

natural that Moscow, with a population of 400,000 inhabitants, would defend itself?

The victory of the Moskowa, gained by the talent and courage of Marshal Ney, proved as disastrous in its consequences as a defeat. What a fearful list of killed and wounded appeared after that battle! The Scythian Kutuzow, who had the presumption to declare that he had gained the victory, was rewarded by a title rarely given in Russia, that of field-marshal. Kutuzow, after all, might reasonably be excused for saying he had conquered an enemy whose loss was so much more disastrous than his own. The carnage of that day was incalculable. I have been assured that more than one hundred and thirty thousand cannon were fired in the course of the battle. If we were conquerors, it was only for the vain honour of remaining masters of a field of battle strewed with the bodies of the dead and saturated with their blood. "That night," said Junot to me, "was one of the most horrible I ever passed! — We had no provisions — the cold rain poured incessantly—we had no wood to kindle fires—and groans and cries of agony resounded on every side."

We entered Moscow, and in the meantime the Russian army of Friedland landed at Riga. The army of Moldavia gained Brese on the Bug. This latter force threatened to cut off our communications with Warsaw. We now began to awaken from our dream of good fortune. That waking was terrible. In spite of the precautions adopted for preventing the disheartening intelligence from reaching Paris, letters were received. The unauthenticated reports which got into circulation created more anxiety than bulletins which would have candidly told the truth,—they were even more distressing than the first bulletin after the retreat from Moscow! There were at that time in Paris a number of malcontents, as there always are. The police had kept a watchful eye upon them; but for a time its vigilance seemed to have abated. In truth, since the retirement of Count Dubois, the police of Paris had been very indifferently conducted. Of this an event which occurred at the period here alluded to is an undeniable

proof. In aftertimes it will scarcely be credited that in Paris one man, by his own unassisted attempt, was on the point of overthrowing the government and establishing a new order of things neither wanted nor sought for; and that that man *himself* placed under arrest the minister and the lieutenant of police. Yet all this really happened on the 23d of October 1812.[1]

The following adventure occurred in the brilliant days of Napoleon's Empire:

It is well known that he was fond of going about Paris early in the morning, accompanied only by the Duke of Friouli, and was always greatly pleased when he escaped being recognised.

About six o'clock one morning, in the month of March or April, he left the Elysée in company with Duroc. They bent their course towards the Boulevards, and on arriving there the Emperor observed that they had got out very soon, as all the shops were yet closed. "I must not play the Haroun-al-Raschid so early," said he; "besides, I believe it was always at night that he wandered forth with his faithful Giaffar." When they arrived at the Passage du Panorama some of the shops were already opened. One of them particularly attracted the Emperor's attention. It was the celebrated *magazin* of Florence alabaster, which was kept then, as it is now, by M. L—— and his sister, natives of Switzerland. There was at that moment nobody in the shop but a servant-girl, who was sweeping it, and whose movements were much constrained by the fear of

[1] Of General Mallet's singular conspiracy, to which Madame Junot here alludes, an interesting and minute account is given by the Duke of Rovigo, and introduced in the third volume (p. 185) of the English edition of Bourrienne's *Memoirs of Napoleon*, published in 1836, to which we refer our readers. Mallet and his accomplices, Guidal and Lahorie, were unanimously condemned to death, after a trial which lasted three days and three nights. The prisoners were sentenced to be shot; and on the 27th of October, at three in the afternoon, were conducted to the plain of Grenelle. Mallet walked with a firm step towards the place where the file of soldiers was drawn up. "They are very young," said he, looking at the conscripts who were to fire at him. The prisoners were ranged all three abreast, and the detachment fired at once. After the first discharge General Mallet still remained standing! He was wounded, but not mortally. On the second discharge he fell, though not quite dead. It has been alleged that the soldiers struck him with the butt-ends of their muskets to extinguish the lingering spark of life.

breaking any of the brittle but valuable articles around her. The Emperor was amused at the cautious way in which she performed her task, and after he had stood looking at her for some time, he said: "*Ah, ça!* who keeps this shop? Is there neither master nor mistress here?"

"Do you want to buy anything?" said the girl, suspending her labour. Then leaning on her broom, she rested her chin on her two hands, and stared the Emperor full in the face, apparently half inclined to laugh at his eccentric appearance. Certainly it would be difficult to imagine a more comical figure than Napoleon presented in his Haroun-al-Raschid costume, as he used to call it. He wore the famous gray frock-coat;[1] but it was not the coat itself, it was the make of it which rendered it so singular. The Emperor would never allow his clothes to be in the least degree tight; and consequently his tailors made his coats as if they had measured them upon a sentry-box. When he married Maria Louisa, the King of Naples prevailed on him to have his clothes made by his tailor. The Emperor wore them most courageously for a short time; but he could endure the torture no longer, and he begged for mercy. He submitted the question to the decision of the Empress, who, as long as she could ride on horseback, and take four or five meals a day, was always good-humoured and willing to agree to anything. She therefore granted Napoleon full power to dress according to his own fancy; saying that she liked the Emperor *as well one way as another.* Perhaps she would have spoken more correctly had she said, *she did not like him any better one way than another.*

With the loose frock-coat above described the Emperor wore a round hat, slouched over his forehead to prevent his being recognised. His unfashionable appearance, joined to his abrupt and unceremonious manner, led the servant-girl to conclude, at the first glance, that he wished only to purchase some trifle worth about ten or fifteen francs, and that it was certainly not worth while to call her young and pretty mistress for so paltry a customer. But the Emperor thought differently, and after looking

[1] Latterly he frequently wore a blue one.

about him for a few minutes he asked in an authoritative tone whether there was any one to whom he could speak. Mademoiselle L——, who had just risen, at that moment came downstairs. On seeing her the Emperor was struck by her beauty and her elegant appearance; and, in truth, she might well have vied with the finest woman of the imperial court. "*Parbleu*, Madame," said the Emperor, touching the brim of his hat (for he could not venture to take it off lest he should be known), "it would appear that you are not very early folks here. A good shopkeeper should look after her business better."—"That would be very true, sir," replied Mademoiselle L——, "if business were going on well. But as it is, it matters very little whether we are in our shops or not."—"Is trade then so very bad?" said Napoleon, examining various things on the counter. "Ruined, sir, totally ruined. I know not what will become of us."—"Indeed! I had no idea that France was in so pitiable a condition. I am a foreigner. I wish to make a few purchases, and at the same time I should like to learn from so agreeable a person as yourself some particulars respecting the state of business in Paris. What sort of vases do you call these?"—"Those are the Medicis form," replied Mademoiselle L——.—"They are very beautiful. What is the price of them?" Mademoiselle L—— opened at once her ears and her eyes. The vases were marked at three thousand francs. She told Napoleon the price of them; but he merely nodded his head, and then said: "Pray what is the reason that trade is so bad?"—"Oh, sir, as long as that *little man* our Emperor is so madly intent on war, how can we hope to enjoy either prosperity or happiness?" As she spoke these words Mademoiselle L—— threw herself into a chair, and the Emperor stood looking at her with the admiration and respectful interest which her beauty was calculated to excite. "Is your husband with the army?" inquired the Emperor. "I am not married, sir; I live here with my brother, whom I assist in carrying on his business. We are not French, we are Swiss."—"Ah! ah!" said the Emperor; and he uttered

these exclamations with as much indifference as if he had been yawning. "Well, I will purchase these two Medicis vases. I will send for them at eleven o'clock. Take care to have them ready."

With these words, which were delivered in a truly imperial tone of authority, he touched the brim of his hat, and darted out of the shop, beckoning the Duke of Friouli to follow him. "That girl is very interesting," said he to Duroc, as they left the Passage du Panorama. "When she told me she was a Swiss, I fancied I beheld before me one of the wives or sisters of the heroes of the Reutly.[1] Do you think she knew me?"—"I am confident she did not, Sire. Her manner was too calm and too self-possessed. She had no suspicion in whose presence she was."

The Emperor remained silent and thoughtful for a few moments; then, as if suddenly recovering from his abstractedness, he looked round him with an air of calm dignity. Duroc, who described the whole of this scene to me, said he was certain that some unworthy thought had for a moment crossed the Emperor's mind, but that he had immediately banished it.

At eleven o'clock two porters, accompanied by a footman in imperial livery, arrived at the shop of Mademoiselle L——. The footman was the bearer of a little billet, requesting that the lady would herself accompany the vases and receive the payment for them.

"And where am I to go?" said Mademoiselle L——, trembling; for on seeing the imperial livery she began to regret the freedom with which she had spoken to her customer in the morning. "To the Elysée Napoleon, Mademoiselle," said the footman. The vases were carefully packed and delivered to the porters, and Mademoiselle L——, accompanied by her brother, followed them, trembling like an aspen-leaf; yet she was far from suspecting the whole truth. On arriving at the Elysée Napoleon they were immediately ushered into the Emperor's cabinet. He took three bills of a thousand francs

[1] The field in which William Tell, Walther, Furst, and Stanffacher took the oath.

from his desk, and, presenting them to Mademoiselle L——, said with a smile: "Another time, Mademoiselle, do not be so ready to murmur at the stagnation of trade." Then wishing her good-morning he retired into his interior apartment.

The brother and sister were both sensibly alive to this generosity. Mademoiselle L—— used to relate the adventure with the most charming simplicity and feeling. It had taught her a lesson; and since that morning she readily admitted that the depression of trade may exist without any fault being chargeable to the head of a Government. The *little man*, too, had grown wonderfully great in her estimation; not because he had purchased from her a pair of vases worth three thousand francs, but because he had forgotten a remark which many others in his exalted station would have regarded as an unpardonable offence.

Mallet's conspiracy produced an agitation which was felt in the most remote provinces of the Empire. Maria Louisa was at that time at Saint Cloud. She showed no signs of alarm, but took her daily rides on horseback in the surrounding woods, which, for aught she knew, might have been the haunt of conspirators. Only General Mallet and his two accomplices had been arrested; and it was at first believed that they must have confederates, who would subsequently be discovered. This was not courage on the part of Maria Louisa; it was her natural apathy, and a disinclination to trouble herself about a matter which probably she did not very well understand. "What could they have done to *me?*" she said, with an air of *hauteur*, to the arch-chancellor when he went to Saint Cloud to acquaint her with the affair. It seemed as though she meant to say: "I should like to know what they could have done to the daughter of the Emperor of Austria?" But the arch-chancellor was not the man to be much overawed by great airs and high-sounding words; for he himself had sat in judgment on a king. And this same Francis II.—this same Emperor of Austria—had been twice compelled to fly before the arms of France. Such things help

to dispel the illusion which surrounds thrones. Death or misfortune are events which show mankind a king as he really is when submitting to the common laws of fate. Cambacérès, departing a little from that cool solemnity which seldom forsook him, replied rather sharply: "Truly, Madame, it is fortunate that your Majesty regards these events with so philosophic an eye. You were doubtless aware that General Mallet's intention was to throw the King of Rome upon public charity; that is to say, in the *Enfants Trouvés;* and as to your Majesty, you were to be disposed of afterwards." [1]

[1] In the pocket of Mallet a plan was found settling what was to be done with the members of the imperial family. The King of Rome was to be disposed of in the manner mentioned above. Maria Louisa was never informed what was to be her fate; it was by no means flattering to the pride of the daughter of the Cæsars.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Burning of Moscow—Discouragement of the French army—The retreat—Napoleon on his return to France—His narrow escape from a party of Cossacks—His arrival at Warsaw—The Abbé de Pradt—Napoleon's interview with the King of Saxony at Dresden—His arrival at the Tuileries—The Emperor's peculiarities of feeling—General Kutuzow and General *Morosow*—The European tocsin—Proclamation of the Emperor Alexander—Napoleon's speech to the legislative body—Alexander as pacificator of Europe—Sixth coalition against France—Defection of Prussia—Marshal Soult in Spain—Bernadotte's letter to the Emperor—War declared against Prussia—Amount of the French army—Supplies granted by the senate—The guards of honour—Death of Lagrange—Enthusiasm of France—Marshal Macdonald abandoned—The King of Naples—Misunderstanding between Murat and Napoleon—Quarrels of the King and Queen of Naples—Murat's demand—Napoleon's decree—Letters from the Emperor to his sister and Murat—Injudicious articles in the *Moniteur*—Maria Louisa's indifference to the critical nature of affairs—King Joseph falls back on France—Battle of Vittoria.

THE news which reached us from the army of Russia was as scarce as it was discouraging. No letters passed; we were deprived even of that consolation which is so soothing to absent friends. Such was our painful situation in the years 1812 and 1813. At that time the first rumours reached Paris of the burning of Moscow [1]—that horrible catastrophe, which the blind rage of Napoleon's enemies led them to characterise as an heroic deed, and which would have been furiously anathematised had the deed been perpetrated by his order. When the deadly cold succeeded the flames of Moscow—those flames whose devouring tongues spread through the Holy City with her forty times forty cupolas; when the greater part of that army,

[1] See the *Memoirs* of the Comte de Ségur, who gives the most ample details of this disaster.

surprised in the midst of security, saw that a return home was almost impracticable, then a fatal discouragement took possession of those brave men who had so often faced the most formidable dangers. Too soon our reverses began to assume a more decided aspect. In vain did the Emperor endeavour to conceal the real state of affairs by pretended confidence, and by issuing decrees respecting the theatres, dated from Moscow. Nothing could prevent the truth reaching the army; and nothing could prevent it coming to us, notwithstanding our distance from the scene of the terrible drama.

Kutuzow, wishing to prevent the junction of Marshal Victor, attacked the King of Naples at Winskowo, and defeated him in spite of his obstinate and courageous defence. Napoleon then determined on his retreat. Thus, the whole of Europe in arms,—more than a million of men slaying each other—a capital burned and ravaged—widows and orphans weeping—graves opening to receive those who fell, even as they set foot on their native soil—all this tragedy was at length terminated by a calamitous retreat. After forty days' occupation Napoleon abandoned Moscow —Moscow which he expected to see in all her Muscovite and Gothic glory, with her Oriental wealth, her gardens, her cupolas, and her roofs of gold, her palaces, and her bazaars, —all these he found buried beneath a heap of ashes.

Napoleon had determined on his return to France amidst all the disasters of the retreat. He first mentioned his intention to Duroc. "If you had heard him," said the Duke of Friouli when relating this conversation to me, "you would have admired him more in this than in any other circumstance of his life." Napoleon next intimated his intended return to the Duke of Vicenza, who had lost his brother in the general mortality, and who was desirous to return to France to console his mother. Napoleon told him that he should travel under his name. The matter was also communicated to Berthier, who, with the Dukes of Friouli and Vicenza, were the only persons to whom the Emperor imparted his secret. On the 5th of December he set off for Smorgony, after a long conference

with General Hogendorp, the Governor of Wilna, whom he ordered to make every possible exertion to collect provisions and ammunition in the last-mentioned town. "*I shall have more weight* on my throne at the Tuileries than at the head of the army," said he to the few persons who were near him at the moment of his departure; and he was right.

On the following night he had a narrow escape at Ochsmiana. This was a small town, half fortified, and occupied by a party of Königsberg troops. On the Emperor's arrival a party of Cossacks, who entered the town by surprise, had just been repulsed. It was by a mere chance that the Emperor was not taken.[1] On his arrival at Wilna, Napoleon stopped a short time to see the Duke of Bassano, for whom he entertained a most sincere friendship and esteem. He asked the duke some questions respecting the condition of Wilna, then a point of the utmost importance to the army. At Warsaw, where he arrived at one in the afternoon, he would not alight at any private house. He went to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and immediately sent for M. de Pradt, who had been despatched to Warsaw to collect information and draw up reports on the state of the country. M. de Pradt remained for some time with the Emperor in a little parlour on the ground floor of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, for Napoleon would not allow any other apartment to be prepared for him. It is a curious fact that in this same parlour in which the Emperor dined on the day of his arrival at Warsaw, the dead body of Moreau was for a moment deposited, when the traitor's remains were conveyed into the country for which his perfidious hand had pointed cannon against his countrymen and his brothers-in-arms. The funeral convoy passed through Warsaw, and rested at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and the coffin was placed in the little parlour in which Napoleon had dined a few months previously.

[1] This was a most unpardonable instance of neglect on the part of the officer who had the command of the town. The great Condé said: "The most able general may have the misfortune to be beaten, but never to be surprised."

Nine days after his departure from Smorgony, Napoleon was at Dresden, where he had a short interview with the King of Saxony. From Dresden he proceeded to Erfurth. There he left his sledge, and got into the travelling-carriage of M. de Saint Aignan, the minister from France to the Duke of Weimar, and brother-in-law of the Duke of Vicenza. He afterwards passed through all the towns on the frontiers ; and on the 19th of December, a quarter of an hour after midnight, he arrived before the front gate of the Tuileries. Since Mallet's conspiracy unusual vigilance had been observed by the police of Paris and the guard of the palace. The Empress was about to retire to bed when the Emperor's *calèche* stopped at the gate. The guards did not at first recognise him in the little vehicle in which he was seated with the Duke of Vicenza, who, after a fortnight's *tête-à-tête*, escorted the Emperor to the door of Maria Louisa's chamber, and then hastened to take that repose of which he stood so greatly in need. Before daybreak on the following morning (the 20th of December) the cannon of the Invalides announced to the city of Paris that the Emperor had returned. I was then too unwell to go to the Tuileries, but I despatched my brother thither, as I was very anxious to have intelligence of Junot. Albert on his return informed me that the Emperor's levee had never been so splendid nor so numerous. As to Napoleon himself, he was most kind and affable, sympathising in all the anxiety which prevailed, and in the most touching manner soothing the fears of fathers and brothers who came to obtain intelligence of their relatives.

Napoleon, like all sovereigns, felt a pride in being beloved. Yet it is strange that in general he never thought of conferring any but worldly recompenses on the men who were most sincerely devoted to him ; as if a single kind word, coming sincerely from the heart, would not have repaid such men better than a rich principality such as he conferred on Davoust, who was not on that account the more attached to him. On these subjects the Emperor had singular ideas ; and yet, at the time to which

I refer, he must well have known what it was to suffer uneasiness of mind. A fermentation then going on in Paris caused him to feel a degree of inquietude which, in spite of all his fortitude and self-command, he could not conceal from those who knew him well. When the Empress Josephine shared with him that thorny seat called a throne, he could make her the *confidante* of his vexations, and that confidence relieved him. With Maria Louisa, on the contrary, he was always obliged to keep up a sort of mask, and to conceal from her the cloud which would sometimes gather on his brow; "for," thought he, "she may write to her father; and the Austrian family, who hate me, would rejoice to learn that I have my turn of uneasiness and fear."

Whilst Napoleon was dejected by the first frowns with which fortune had visited him, the Russians were triumphantly chanting their songs of victory. Overjoyed at an event which they had no reason to look for, and which was indeed almost the effect of chance, they did not even see the sacrifice at which their success had been purchased, nor the fragile base on which it stood. Muscovite vanity was reluctant to acknowledge that *the weather* had had a large share in their victory; though it was a general remark among the common people in Russia that it was not General Kutuzow, but General *Morosow*,[1] who had destroyed the French army.

Warned of his danger by the tocsin which the Powers of Europe sounded on all sides, Napoleon once more summoned the resources of France, whose blood and treasures were never exhausted when either were required in the defence of her glory and honour. To the occupation of Warsaw by the Russians,[2] the Emperor answered by a *senatus consultum*,[3] which nominated the regency during the minority of the King of Rome. To the first step which was advanced to attack him he opposed the assurance of the perpetuation of his dynasty. To the proclamation of Alexander,[4] which invited the Germans to shake off the

[1] General Frost. [2] On the 8th of February 1813.
[3] See the *Moniteur* of the 5th of February 1813.
[4] This was dated from Warsaw, 10th February 1813.

yoke of France, he replied by his speech to the legislative body. "I wish for peace," said Napoleon in that speech. "It is necessary to the world. Four times since the rupture of the treaty of Amiens I have made formal propositions for it. But I will never conclude any but an honourable peace, and one that is suitable to the greatness of my Empire."

The Emperor Alexander soon undertook to play the part of pacificator of Europe. A manifesto from Warsaw, dated the 22d of February, followed the proclamation of the 10th from the same city. It called upon all the nations of Germany to declare their independence, as if it would have been less honourable to them to answer the appeal of Napoleon than to bend before the lance of a Cossack! Finally, on the 1st of March, the sixth coalition against France was proclaimed throughout Europe, and for the sixth time she proudly defied her enemies. On the same day Prussia, following up her old system of defection, deserted her falling friend, to form an alliance with one whose fortune was rising. The treaty of alliance between Russia and Prussia was signed at Kalisch. At the same time England and Sweden also signed a treaty for overthrowing the common enemy. A man who was his natural ally—the brother-in-law of his brother, signed the treaty which was to create another enemy to France and to Napoleon; for the Prince Royal of Sweden[1] did all, and Charles XIII. was merely the shadow of a king. This new treaty of 1813 was only a confirmation of preceding treaties (24th of March and 3d of May 1812); but on this occasion Sweden was bought. The price of her treachery was twenty-five millions of francs, and the cession of Gaudaloupe, which had been abandoned to the English by General Ernouf. A revolting degree of baseness characterised all these treaties and capitulations.

Every day the most disastrous news arrived from Spain. Every letter that reached us brought intelligence of the loss of a friend, a battle, or a province. Marshal Soult, who by superhuman efforts had struggled with his posi-

[1] Formerly Marshal Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo.

tion, which had now been rendered worse by the removal of the best portion of his troops to Russia, was obliged to retire to Valladolid in the north of Spain. This measure, which was indispensable, and which had been delayed but too long, had a serious moral influence both on the enemy and on our troops. It discouraged the latter in proportion as it gave confidence to the former; and our sojourn in Spain became more than ever precarious. I think it must have been about this time that Bernadotte wrote to the Emperor, recommending him, *as a friend*, to lay aside his ambition, to moderate that *thirst of conquest* which was fatal to Europe. "I am disinterested," added he, "in this question, and you may believe that nothing but my profound attachment to my country and to you prompts this recommendation."

Can anything be conceived more preposterous than this!—Bernadotte, Prince of Sweden, telling Napoleon, Emperor of the French, that he ought to sheathe his sword when he, Bernadotte, draws his. Bernadotte was now allied to all those antiquated sovereigns which his republican pride had so long spurned; but among them there was not one whose talent could cope with his. In this respect all, except himself, were null.

Whilst these preparations were making for the *dénouement* of the grand drama, Napoleon was actively organising his means of defence. The guards of honour at once furnished these means, and became, as it were, hostages for the security of the internal provinces. France, which had been unceasingly insulted by Prussia, at length took a decided step; not traitorously, and in the dark, but openly, in the senate of the Empire. In that assembly the declaration of war against Prussia was read. This was a painful moment to those who, like Junot and his brothers-in-arms, were acquainted with the resources of France. They knew, for example, that the French army in Germany, at the very time when war was declared against Prussia, consisted of only 30,000 veteran troops. Its headquarters were at Statsfurts, near Halberstadt. It was commanded by Prince Eugène, who had taken up a

position on the Elbe and the Saale, the scene of our former glory. We were in possession of Magdeburg, Wittemberg, and Torgau.

The senate granted the Emperor the supplies he demanded for repelling the meditated aggression against France. One hundred and eighty thousand men were ordered to be raised by the *senatus consultum* of the 3d of April 1813. Among these were the 10,000 guards of honour, who were the occasion of so much outcry being raised against the Emperor. In this, as in many other cases, the Emperor was too well served. He asked the minister of the interior for only 2000 guards of honour, and it was thought to be the most flattering compliment that could be paid to him to send 10,000. Thus 8000 families vented their reproaches against the Emperor, and cursed instead of blessing him. In addition to the above supplies, 37 civic cohorts were created for the defence of the maritime fortresses.

About this time an occurrence took place which deeply affected the Emperor's spirits. It was the death of M. Lagrange, the celebrated mathematician. Napoleon was much attached to Lagrange, and was deeply affected by his death; indeed, the event made an impression on his mind which appeared almost like a presentiment. "I cannot master my grief," said he to Duroc; "I cannot account for the melancholy effect produced upon me by the death of Lagrange. There seems to be a sort of presentiment in my affliction." Duroc endeavoured to dissipate these gloomy forebodings, though he himself could not always escape their influence.

France has been reproached with having abandoned the cause of Napoleon in 1814. Perhaps there really was at that time a depression of spirit, which had its influence on the conduct of the French people. But I can confidently affirm that in the preceding year (1813) the public enthusiasm was very great. The country was once more in danger. Napoleon openly proclaimed this, and France heard him. The disasters of the retreat from Russia were frightful; but such was the affection which

that man inspired that the mass of the people breathed not a syllable of reproach. Some few voices might be raised, and occasionally foolish and even clever things might be said; but what of that? France faithfully pursued her glory; and the recollection of twenty years of victory was not to be effaced by a defeat which might still be excused by the confidence Napoleon reposed in his allies. But he did not seek this justification,—he contented himself with calling his people to arms; and 250,000 men rallied round the national banners whenever the words *foreign invasion* were pronounced. These words were electrical. Prussia, who was the first, as she ever has been, to give the signal of defection, then perpetrated the odious affair of Taurogen. General York abandoned Marshal Macdonald, who had penetrated victoriously into Samogitria, attacked Livonia, and threatened Riga. He was then constrained to abandon his success, and not only to fall back, but to see his unworthy ally sign a convention with the Russians. Macdonald was obliged to retrograde as far as Lawartz and the Oder, instead of establishing himself in the enemy's territory. But this treachery excited only a louder cry to arms. France became a camp, and every town was an arsenal.

I have already mentioned that the King of Naples departed for his kingdom, consigning to Prince Eugène the command of the army which Napoleon had entrusted to him (Murat). The Emperor had placed a sacred trust in his hands, but he could not appreciate it. He abandoned the precious remains of our brave legions, and cast upon the Viceroy of Italy the whole weight of that responsibility which Napoleon had given as a mark of preference to one whom he thought the bravest and most worthy. He retired from the danger, in short; for the truth must be told. He forsook the army at Posen and returned to Naples. I will here relate a few particulars which throw some light on the obscurity of this part of his life. A rancorous feeling had superseded the sentiments which once united the two brothers-in-law; these sentiments, however, had never been of the most cordial

description. Napoleon's partiality for Murat was grounded solely on his courage, and the useful account to which it might be turned. I do not say this from my own personal impression; I state the fact from positive information, divested of all partiality. The Emperor did not cherish for Murat the sincere friendship which he entertained for the other officers of the army of Italy. He used frequently to make him the subject of derision; and many of us have heard him laugh at the King of Naples, whom he used to call a *Franconi king*. This unfriendly feeling was of old date, and its cause was well known to his intimate friends.

The circumstance which rendered King Joachim almost inimical to his brother-in-law had its rise in what took place at the time of his expedition against Sicily (1809). Murat saw himself braved by the Anglo-Sicilian fleet, and with an impulse of courage which was peculiar to him, he exclaimed *en avant!* without even knowing that he would be followed. He proposed a descent on Sicily. The course was arranged, and one division, that of General Cavaignac, started on the campaign. The other divisions did not follow—why, I cannot pretend to say. But the King of Naples explained the matter in a way which reflected great blame on his brother-in-law. He attributed its non-success to the Emperor, who, he alleged, had given secret orders. He returned to Naples mortified by his defeat, and with revenge rankling in his heart. From that time ill-feeling was apparent between Murat and Napoleon, and a bitter correspondence was carried on between the court of the Tuileries and that of Naples.

Queen Caroline, who had been carrying on a sort of opposition to her husband, through circumstances of a purely domestic nature, seeing a fair pretext for war, took part against the king; and the palace of Naples presented the scandalous spectacle of a conjugal rupture. These dissensions extended to the individuals of the court. Every trifle afforded the king and queen a pretext for annoying each other. There was a physician or surgeon named Paborde, who was a great favourite of the king,

and was consequently detested by the queen; Paborde was on the eve of marriage with a very beautiful young lady (Mademoiselle Saint Mème). This affair, which nobody would have cared about if the king and queen had not meddled with it, became a subject of deadly feud. Joachim, like all henpecked husbands, declared loudly that he would not be controlled by his wife, and that he would not be a *second Bacciochi.* He regarded the French army as a sort of auxiliary for seconding the queen; the consequence was that he demanded the recall of the French troops. The Emperor frowned, and answered by a dry negative. Murat then manifested feelings of the most absurd distrust. The queen and he became implacable enemies, and the interior of the palace of Naples was a scene of discord. A second demand, equally maladroit and ill-timed, completed the misunderstanding between the two crowned heads. Murat required that all the French in his service should be naturalised as Neapolitans. The thing was ill-judged in every way. "Ah!" said the Emperor, "then it would appear that our brother no longer regards himself as a Frenchman." In his indignation at this proposition of Murat, Napoleon immediately issued the following decree, which Joachim did not easily forget:—

"Considering that the kingdom of Naples forms *a portion of the Grand Empire,*—that the prince who reigns in that country has *risen from the ranks of the French army;* that he was raised to the throne *by the efforts and the blood of Frenchmen,* Napoleon declares that French citizens are *by right* citizens of the two Sicilies."

I had at that time a great number of friends in Naples, several of whom held appointments at the court. All concurred in assuring me that nothing could be more absurd than the conduct of Murat on this occasion. He sulked like a child, tore off his Cross of the Legion of Honour and the grand cordons of the order. He repaired to Capo-di-monte, and there the most disagreeable altercations ensued between him and the queen. Murat devoted himself to low private intrigues, and frequently passed a greater

part of the night in reading police reports, which were the more calculated to alarm him, inasmuch as those who drew them up knew his weak side. To gratify his taste for espionage he lost sight of what was due to himself; for he would receive and converse with the lowest and most degraded of informers. Still, in spite of all his weakness, Murat had some good points in his character. In 1812, when the drums beat to arms, he seemed anxious that the Emperor should summon him. When the summons was given, though he appeared to hesitate, he was nevertheless resolved. He set off for Russia, but it was with a sore heart; and he manifested his grievances at an ill-chosen moment. As the Emperor said of him, he was always brave on the field of battle; and in the campaign of Russia he showed all the greatest valour and determination. He gained battles over the Russians, and added to the glory of our eagles. In the dreadful retreat from Moscow the Emperor was surrounded by a battalion which might justly have been called his *imperial battalion.* In it colonels discharged the duty of sub-officers, and generals that of captains and lieutenants. Murat was colonel of this battalion. There was something chivalrous in this body of men, decorated with gold epaulettes, thus constituting themselves the guard of their beloved chief; for such Napoleon was to them at that time, though he thought proper to tell me, in the audience I had with him after his return from Russia, that he experienced nothing but ingratitude.

It has been alleged that when Murat received the command from the Emperor he consented only to lead the army into the Prussian territory, and that as soon as it should reach Königsberg he was to return to Naples. Those who knew anything of the Emperor must be convinced of the inaccuracy of this statement. Is it to be supposed that at a moment when he had serious reason to be displeased with Murat he would have allowed the latter to dictate terms to him—he who would never receive a dictation from any of the Powers of Europe? The idea is absurd; besides an article in the *Moniteur* of the

8th of February (that is, after he learned that Murat had abandoned the command) proves quite the contrary. The following is the article alluded to:—"The King of Naples being indisposed, has been obliged to resign the command of the army, which he has transferred to the prince viceroy. The latter is more accustomed to the management of important trusts, and he has the entire confidence of the Emperor." On the 24th and 26th of the preceding January, Napoleon had written the following letter to his sister Caroline:—"The King of Naples has left the army. Your husband is very brave *on the field of battle,* but he is weaker than a *woman* or a *monk* when he is not in the presence of the enemy. He has no moral courage." In February or March following he wrote to Murat thus:—"I will not say anything here of my dissatisfaction with your conduct since I left the army; for that is owing to the weakness of your character. You are a good soldier. You fight bravely on the field of battle; but out of it you have neither character nor energy. However, I presume you are not of the number of those who believe that the lion is dead, and that they may, etc. If you make this calculation you are completely deceived. You have done me all the harm that you possibly could do since my departure from Wilna. But I will say no more of that. The title of king has turned your head. If you wish to preserve that title you must look to your conduct."

This letter, which was addressed to Murat in 1813, gave the finishing stroke to his wounded vanity, which had been not a little mortified by the article in the *Moniteur.* He now became the enemy of Napoleon.

I may here observe that it was singularly injudicious in Napoleon to sanction the insertion of offensive personalities in the *Moniteur.* He perhaps created more enemies by that unfortunate journal than by his cannon. The article on the Queen of Prussia, for example, which was at once false and unjust;—those on the Prince Royal of Sweden, M. de Stadion, M. de Metternich, etc., together with all that appeared from 1803 to 1814 against

the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. Truly it is inconceivable that so great a man as Napoleon should have resorted to such petty means of punishing those who had incurred his displeasure.

Meanwhile the clouds gathered more and more thickly, and the storm seemed ready to break. At this critical moment how was Maria Louisa employed,—she who, of all others, might be supposed to tremble when the Austrian cannon were about to roar on the heights of Montmartre? —The Empress occupied herself in working embroidery, and playing on the piano. She visited her son, or had him brought to her at certain hours of the day; and the child, who knew his nurse better than his mother, could sometimes with difficulty be prevailed on to hold up his little rosy face to let the Empress kiss him. Maria Louisa was not a general favourite with the frequenters of the court. This may be easily accounted for. Her associations were restricted to her own little interior circle; and the Duchesse de Montebello was almost the only individual admitted to her familiarity. This choice was doubtless a good one; but still she might have made herself more agreeable at those little *soirées* to which only about forty or fifty ladies were admitted. These ladies were alternately invited, so that about ten or twelve were present every evening. They were the *dames du palais*, and the ladies of honour to the imperial princesses.

Spain had felt the effects of our disasters in the north. King Joseph, after having exerted every human effort, was compelled to retire upon France. At this juncture it was especially requisite that our force in Spain should have been headed by such men as Marshal Soult or Marshal Suchet. But the former was still in Saxony, and the latter was occupied in driving Sir George Murray from Tarragona, who at length fled and left us all his artillery. But what signified this victory?—Jourdan, who commanded King Joseph's army, was unluckily at the head of it at the fatal battle of Vittoria. All was lost—baggage, artillery, everything fell into the hands of the enemy. The road to France was impracticable; it was necessary to proceed

by way of Pampeluna, and even in that direction the road was covered with guerrillas. It was there that General Foy, with twenty thousand men, stopped almost the whole right wing of the English army at the battle of Tolosa in Biscay.

On hearing of the disastrous battle of Vittoria the Emperor sent for Marshal Soult. "You must depart for Spain," said he, "in an hour. All has been lost by the strangest mismanagement. Depart, and serve me—serve your country, as I know you can serve her, and my gratitude will be boundless!" Marshal Soult departed from Dresden, possessed of no other information than the total destruction of the army of Spain. He arrived on the frontier just as the expiring wrecks of that superb army had touched their native soil. He rallied them, and attacked the enemy at Roncesvalles. The battle was obstinately contested; but what availed even the talent of Soult? it could not recall the dead to life. After the battle of Vittoria the army had ceased to exist. Its miserable remains retired into France, after leaving upwards of eight thousand men among the mountains of Roncesvalles.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The continental coalition—The *Tugend-Bund*—Proclamation from Hartwell—Prussia declares war against France—Military position of Europe—Napoleon's departure from Paris—The imperial family at Dresden—Erfurth—Battle of Weissenfeld—Defiles of Poserna—Death of Marshal Bessières—Battle of Lutzen—Napoleon at the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus—The King of Saxony and Prince Eugène—Scene between the Emperor and M. Metternich—Battle of Bautzen—Bernadotte joins the Allies—Visit from Lavalette—Death of Duroc—The King of Naples—His alarm respecting the English—He rejoins Napoleon—Treaties of Reichenbach and Peterswalden—Junot at Gorizia—General Moreau's arrival in Europe—His interview with the allied sovereigns at Prague—The Emperor Alexander—General Jomini—The two renegades—Moreau's death—His remains conveyed to St. Petersburg.

THE sixth continental coalition, as I have said, was now formed against France. The Emperor had, perhaps, provoked the total defection of Prussia by his ill-judged rejection of the propositions addressed, on the 6th of February, by M. Hardenberg to Comte de Saint Marsan, our minister at Berlin. These propositions had for their object to make the King of Prussia a pacificator between the two Emperors. The court of Berlin, and especially the king, were perfectly sincere when, in February 1813, they offered their mediation. Two circumstances of little importance prevented its being accepted, and induced Napoleon to place but little faith in this friendly proposition, the protecting air of which was certainly ill calculated to please him. It is well known that after the battle of Jena the Emperor Napoleon received overtures from the famous association called the *Tugend-Bund* (the union of virtue). This association, which had already assumed a formidable

character, invited Napoleon to emancipate Germany, and to confer on her representative and liberal institutions. The Emperor committed the impolitic error of refusing; and his refusal was attended by two fatal results to himself and to France. The first was to convert into an implacable and powerful enemy a force which, in his hands, might have become the lever of the north of Europe, by placing at his disposal all the youth of Germany. The *Tugend-Bund* had greatly augmented its power since the battle of Jena. The cabinet of Berlin was under the influence of that association, and was its organ in important circumstances; it had been instrumental in determining King William to depart for Breslau, where other interests were to come under discussion. The *Tugend-Bund* thus became the enemy of Napoleon through his refusal to espouse its cause. On learning that the King of Prussia was at Breslau, Napoleon smiled, with an expression which enabled those who observed him to guess what was passing in his mind. The note communicated to M. de Saint Marsan was refused, with some offensive remark. There were two causes which at that time urged the Emperor to a sort of half-revealed hostility towards Prussia: the certainty he supposed he possessed of the treason of the cabinet of Berlin; and, on the other hand, the extreme confidence he reposed in the cabinet of Vienna.

In 1813, and even, I may say, in the beginning of 1814, the Powers of Europe entertained no intention of re-establishing the Bourbons on the throne of St. Louis. In the circles in which I mixed in Paris I every day heard conversations in which the dangers of France were freely discussed; but the possibility of the Bourbons being brought back by the Allies was never thought of. At length the famous proclamation of Louis XVIII. was circulated on the coasts of Normandy and Brittany by English cruisers. This proclamation was ably written, like everything which emanated from the pen of Louis XVIII. I cannot describe the astonishment it excited in France, and particularly in Paris. The exiles of Hartwell had been forsaken and even forgotten by the English

ministers since 1811. The efforts and the gold of the cabinet of St. James's had been tried in another quarter. But seeing all the advantage that might be derived from a diversion in favour of the deposed Bourbon family, Lord Liverpool joyfully embraced the scheme. It succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes, and proved the death-blow of Napoleon. The reverses of the Russian campaign might have been repaired. The affection of a great people would still have furnished their sovereign with immense resources; but before Napoleon could ask for proofs of that affection there suddenly rose up before him an unknown enemy. This enemy appeared like a man rising from the grave to a multitude of persons who had abandoned the white flag, sincerely believing its cause to be lost for ever. Napoleon, who for fifteen years had occupied the throne of France, his claim to which was legitimately acquired by his services and the voice of the people, now heard the appalling words *Usurper!* and *Legitimacy!* That which he justly regarded as the rightful inheritance of his son was now about to be wrested from him in the name of the old cause, which he had every reason to believe was lost and forgotten. This new adversary was more fearful than all the rest.[1]

Meanwhile Prussia declared war against France, and proclaimed her accession to the treaty of continental alliance. We were thus in a terrible position! The army commanded by Prince Eugène, which constituted our principal force, did not amount to two thousand men — veteran troops! The viceroy performed prodigies during the time he remained without aid, and almost without hope, surrounded only by dissatisfied troops, and

[1] About this period, March 1813, a great deal was said about a letter written to the Emperor by the Prince Royal of Sweden. This letter was said to be a sort of lesson read by the pupil to his master; and it was very well known that that master had no inclination to take advice, even from those he loved. Consequently, he regarded the demand made to him by Bernadotte to give peace to Europe as an offence of the gravest kind. Bernadotte was evidently seeking a pretext for a complete rupture with France. He must have known Napoleon well enough to be assured of the effect to be produced on him by advice conveyed in the shape of remonstrance.

by allies ready to desert our cause. We were still in possession of Magdeburg; and the viceroy's headquarters were at Stassfurth, near Halberstadt; whilst Rapp, who was shut up in Dantzic, maintained himself like a hero. Junot had departed for the Illyrian Provinces and Venice, for the English threatened the coast of all that part of the south, and the Emperor saw, in the hour of danger, the advantage of sending thither a man devoted to him like his old friend. Berlin was occupied by the Cossacks. The new city of Dresden was taken by the Prussians. Hamburgh was evacuated, and the forces of the French army, though formidable in appearance, were not calculated to inspire confidence in men capable of appreciating them. The Emperor's departure, which took place on the 15th of April, caused a deep sensation in the city of Paris. On all previous occasions his departure had never given rise to apprehension. Victory had ever been faithful to him!—but Fortune had ceased to smile, and alarm had now taken the place of confidence. News was looked for with a mingled feeling of impatience and fear. It was known that negotiations were opened—but what would be the result!

The imperial family assembled at Dresden. The Emperor of Austria, the best of men and most affectionate of fathers, was happy to see his daughter again, and above all to see her happy; for so she certainly was. At that time the Emperor Francis was not inclined to go to war. Austria was no doubt eager to repair her losses, and especially to make amends for the vast misfortunes which had surrounded her since 1805. Thus, in 1808, the cabinet of Vienna proposed to that of St. Petersburg the triple alliance of Austria, Prussia, and Russia; which proposition was rejected. But in 1813, if Napoleon had consented to restore the Illyrian Provinces, and some other conquests useless to France but important to Austria, the latter power would have been what natural and political laws had ordained she should be—our faithful ally.

Napoleon having left Paris on the 15th of April,

arrived at Mayence on the 17th, and on the 25th reached Erfurth. Here he remained a few days, and then proceeded to his headquarters. The battle of Weissenfels was fought on the 29th of April. Our advanced guard, composed entirely of infantry, for we had no cavalry since the disasters of Moscow, defeated the Russian advanced guard, which was composed entirely of cavalry. Alas! this partial triumph was the precursor of a sad reverse of fortune. The ground was disputed foot by foot. Napoleon was well aware that the issue of the campaign depended on its opening. The conflict was obstinate on both sides, and every little skirmish was attended with vast bloodshed. General Wittgenstein commanded a numerous force of infantry and cavalry, with which he was instructed to defend the defile, or rather the defiles of Poserna. A formidable artillery force augmented the strength of this position, which, nevertheless, Napoleon resolved to carry. This was on the eve of the battle of Lutzen, and Napoleon made choice of Bessières for the dangerous enterprise. On the 1st of May the marshal, seeing the defiles of Poserna so formidably defended, and knowing how important it was for the French army to gain possession of them, entered the defile of Rippach, which was more strongly defended than the rest, and advanced sword in hand at the head of the tirailleurs, whom he encouraged at once by his words and his example. The heights were carried, the enemy was routed, and we were in possession of the defile. At this moment Bessières, who was always the first in the face of danger, received a fatal wound. A ball entered his breast, and he breathed his last before he could be fully aware of the glory that attended his death.

His aides-de-camp and those immediately about him for a time concealed the event from the knowledge of the army. A cloak was thrown over the body, and the Emperor was the only person made acquainted with the misfortune. The intelligence overwhelmed him. Bessières's death was an immense loss to Napoleon; he felt it both as a sovereign and a friend. That same night the Emperor wrote these

few lines to the Duchess of Istria: "Your husband has perished for France—and he closed without pain his glorious life."

After this first disastrous loss, a triumph, though won with blood-stained laurels, was ostentatiously announced by the French journals. This was the battle of Lutzen. Napoleon probably wished to revive the recollection of Gustavus Adolphus, who died and was interred at Lutzen. The Emperor arrived at the latter place on the night of the 1st of May. His spirits were deeply depressed. The death of Bessières, which had happened only a few hours before, and which he was constrained to conceal, the critical circumstances in which he was placed,—all tended to cast a gloom on every surrounding object. Napoleon was not usually influenced by external circumstances; but here the moral effect produced a reaction. He visited the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus,[1] and there, in the silence of night, during the interval between the loss of a beloved friend and the gaining of a victory, Napoleon experienced impressions which, by his own acknowledgment, appeared to him a sort of revelation. Be this as it may, the battle of Lutzen was won by a sort of phenomenon, or an inspiration of the Emperor's genius, which a mind like his might naturally attribute to a sort of predestination.

"This is like one of our Egyptian battles," said he, as he surveyed the ground; "we have infantry and artillery, but no cavalry; gentlemen, we must not spare ourselves here!" He afterwards remarked: "I have gained the battle of Lutzen like the general-in-chief of the army of Italy and the army of Egypt!" In the utmost heat of the action Napoleon alighted from his horse, and, to use his own words, he *did not spare himself.* Whole batteries were carried by bayonet charges. Meanwhile Prince Eugène, by a skilful and well-executed march, had opened the gates of Dresden to the good King of Saxony. This was the last exploit of the viceroy's brilliant campaign.

[1] There is an obelisk erected on the spot near the roadside from Weissenfels to Leipsic, where Gustavus fell.

Unfortunately Napoleon required his services in Italy, whither he returned on the 12th of May, the very day on which the King of Saxony re-entered his capital. On the 18th of May Eugène was in Milan. By his intelligence and activity he raised a new army, and that army was fighting in Germany in the month of August following. It consisted of 45,000 infantry and 2000 cavalry. All this partakes of the miraculous. Within the space of eleven months the army of Italy furnished nearly 90,000 troops —40,000 at the beginning of 1812; 20,000 in the autumn; and 28,000 at the end of March 1813. These latter, commanded by General Bertrand, joined the army of Germany on the very day of the battle of Lutzen. The departure of Prince Eugène made a deep impression on Austria. His journey was regarded, though perhaps unjustly, as a proof of distrust; and at that moment, when Austria openly assumed the character of armed mediator, her dignity felt wounded.

Napoleon had a conference with Count Metternich, for at that time he had not been elevated to the rank of Prince. The conversation was warmly maintained, and there appeared reason to apprehend that something unpleasant might ensue. The Emperor began to lose all self-command. He advanced towards M. de Metternich, speaking in an elevated tone of voice, and by a sudden motion of his arm he struck the hat which M. de Metternich held in his hand, and it fell to the ground. Napoleon saw this, and appeared a little disconcerted at the accident. The interlocutors continued walking about; M. de Metternich maintained his *sang-froid*, and took no notice of the hat. This circumstance, so trivial in itself, had its influence on the mind of Napoleon; he became preoccupied, and looked at the unfortunate hat every time he passed it in a way that showed he was not a little vexed at his own warmth. "What will he do?" thought M. de Metternich, who was resolved to go away without his hat rather than stoop to take it up. After two or three turns up and down the room the Emperor, by an artful manœuvre, managed to pass quite close to the hat, so that it came

precisely in his way. He then gently gave it a kick with his foot, *picked it up*, and carefully laid it on a chair which stood near him. In this little affair, so insignificant in itself, Napoleon showed all the address and presence of mind which he so well knew how to exercise in matters of greater importance.

Whilst the army of Italy was engaged in opposing the Russians, the most active communications were maintained between France and Austria. Count Louis de Narbonne and M. de Caulaincourt, both of whom were very anxious to bring about peace, to which they were likewise convinced Russia was not averse, were appointed to negotiate on the part of France. The battle of Bautzen was fought on the 21st of May. On the 2d of May, the day on which the battle of Lutzen was gained, Napoleon had remarked: "We shall conquer about three o'clock this afternoon." A similar prediction preceded the victory of Bautzen. But what torrents of blood sullied our laurels! Our loss was considerable, though inferior to that of the Russians and the Prussians. The Emperor, on his part, acknowledged the loss of 20,000 men. Nevertheless, the advantage attending the victory was immense. It rendered us masters of all the roads leading to Silesia, and thus opened to us the heart of Prussia.

The news, circulated about this time, of the junction of the Prince Royal of Sweden with the coalition of the Allies, added to the public disquiet. On the 18th of May he had landed at Stralsund with 30,000 Swedes. This, on the part of Bernadotte, was an absolute treason to his country, which nothing can ever obliterate. At Stralsund he assembled, under his own command, an army of 140,000 men, consisting of Russians, Prussians, and Swedes. This was the army which, after having beaten Marshal Ney at Dennewitz, as well as the brave Oudinot, saved Berlin, by preventing Napoleon from profiting by the advantage gained at Dresden.

Paris was deserted. Those ladies whose husbands were absent with the army had set off to their country-seats, or to the different watering-places, and none re-

mained in the capital except those who, like myself, had peremptory reasons for not leaving it. A little circle of friends assembled at my house every evening. Lavalette came to see me on one of these occasions, and I observed that he looked gloomy and chagrined, he who was always so cheerful and good-humoured. "Heavens!" exclaimed I; "what is the matter? You look as melancholy as if you had come from a funeral!" Lavalette changed colour. He put his hand into his bosom and drew out a letter. It was from the grand army, and was in the handwriting of Duroc. "Ah!" said I; "a thousand thanks for this. I have not had news for so long a time!"

I broke open the letter; it had been written at two separate times, and so rapidly that it was scarcely legible. He had begun to write to me on the eve of the battle of Bautzen, and had finished the letter next day—so at least I imagined.

Next morning, before ten o'clock, M. de Lavalette again called on me. On recollecting his agitated manner the night before, a sinister idea crossed my mind; I thought of Illyria, and running to meet him as soon as he entered, I exclaimed: "What has happened to Junot?"—"Nothing," he replied; and seating himself beside me, he took both my hands in his, and said in that feeling manner so peculiarly his own: "My dearest friend, we have sustained a great misfortune, for it is a misfortune common to us all." Then, after a pause, as if fearful to utter the fatal words, he added: "Duroc is dead! He was killed at the battle of Ripenbach, or rather by one of those fatalities which Providence is pleased to inflict upon us—it was after the battle was ended!"

He then informed me that Duroc, standing behind the Emperor in conversation with General Kirschner, was killed by the rebound of a ball, which was fired from so great a distance that it was inconceivable how it should have taken effect. It did so, however, and too fatally; for the second rebound inflicted Duroc's death-blow. This event deeply affected the Emperor. He followed the Duke of Friouli to a cottage, to which he was conveyed,

in the village of Marksdorff, at the entrance of which the fatal occurrence took place. Duroc, who was scarcely able to breathe, was laid on a bed, and a sheet was thrown over him. On seeing the Emperor so deeply moved, he said :

"Sire, leave this scene, I entreat you ; it is too much for your feelings. I consign my family to your care." Duroc was one of those rare men who are but sparingly sent into the world. He was universally beloved and esteemed, and the favour which the Emperor bestowed on him never excited envy. His death was an irreparable loss to Napoleon.

I had many friends at Naples attached to the court of the queen and King Joachim, and I received from them, about this time, letters which surprised me strangely. The king, I was informed, had received from the Emperor orders to rejoin him in Germany, and it was reported, even in the interior of the palace, that Joachim refused to go. I may here briefly relate the circumstances which followed the inexplicable departure of the King of Naples, when he abandoned the French at Posen on the 17th of January 1813. Murat, doubtless, behaved badly to the Emperor ; but a fact which I can certify, because I have proofs of it in my possession, is, that a conspiracy formed in the bosom of his family was the sole cause of his first faults. It was likewise a very artfully-contrived scheme which occasioned his precipitate departure from Posen on the 17th of January. Unfounded alarms were raised in the mind of Joachim relative to the designs of the English on his dominions. Urgent messages were despatched to him, with the intelligence that an English fleet was in sight off the coast of Calabria, and that preparations were making for a landing. This intelligence, together with letters from the queen, induced him suddenly to leave his headquarters at Posen. He set off, accompanied by his aide-de-camp General Rosetti, and hurried to Naples in a state of anxiety which almost deprived him of the power of sleeping or taking food. Sometimes he would rub his head, and wildly exclaim : "The English !—The English !

Rosetti, you will see that when we get to Florence we shall find they have landed, and that they are masters of Calabria!"

Instead of repairing to Naples he proceeded to Caserta, where the queen and her family then were. The lady who furnished me with these particulars was at that time at Caserta in the exercise of her court duty. She assured me that the first interview between Joachim and Caroline was exceedingly cold and constrained, and that violent scenes ensued after the king's return. Murat rejoined the Emperor during the armistice of Pleswitz. Napoleon gave him the command of the right wing of the army on the day of the battle of Dresden. From that time to the moment of his departure for Italy, which was after the battle of Leipsic, his conduct was worthy of what he had shown himself to be when with the army of Italy and in Egypt. He seemed anxious to prove that he had no wish to spare his blood in the service of the Emperor.

Our ill-fortune in Spain produced a fatal influence in the north in spite of the presence of Napoleon. The combined disasters of Russia and the Peninsula inspired our adversaries with renewed confidence. Alliances were signed against us in all quarters. The treaties of Reichenbach and Peterswalden gave to the coalition an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men; and yet, at the commencement of the campaign, England was so destitute of financial resources that she could not grant subsidies.

About this time I received a letter from Junot dated Gorizia. He had set out on a long journey along the shore of the Adriatic; but the information he received led him to apprehend that the English would effect a landing at Fiume. He immediately returned to Gorizia; and on the 5th of July the English really presented themselves before Fiume with a small squadron, consisting of an eighty-gun ship and several smaller vessels filled with English troops. The ships fired on the city, and, after a short resistance, which was materially abridged by the

defection of some Croatian troops, the English effected a landing.

General Moreau, who had resided for some time in America, embarked on the 21st of June for Europe, accompanied by his wife and M. de Swinine, a person attached to the Russian embassy. Moreau returned to Europe with revenge in his heart, and a determination to wreak it at any price, even that of honour. He landed, I think, at Gothenberg on the 24th of July, and from thence proceeded to Prague to see the allied sovereigns, who awaited him with a degree of impatience which seemed to say: *We count on you to aid us in our designs on France.* He agreed to direct the operations of the campaign. No doubt he must have felt many bitter pangs of remorse when he beheld those national colours and those uniforms which he himself had so often led against the Austrians and Prussians. On the eve of the battle of Dresden the Emperor Alexander came to him and said: "I have come to receive your commands; I am your aide-de-camp." A Russian officer who was present on this occasion assured me that when the Emperor Alexander uttered the above words Moreau became deadly pale, and trembled so violently that it was easy to discern the painful state of his feelings. One day he met General Jomini, who, owing to some cause of dissatisfaction, had left the French army, in which he had long served. Moreau, though but slightly acquainted with him, was so happy to find some one situated like himself that he stepped up to him and took him cordially by the hand. General Jomini, however, withdrew his hand, and replied coolly to the greeting of Moreau. "It is somewhat strange," said the latter to his fellow renegade, but with a certain degree of reserve, for he saw the other was not inclined to meet his advances,—"it is strange that we should meet here under circumstances so similar."—"It is one of the whimsical decrees of fate," replied General Jomini; "but, after all, our cases are not so very similar, for you must know I am not a Frenchman." Moreau heaved a deep sigh, and, covering his face with his hand,

turned away and said no more. This circumstance took place three or four days before his death.[1]

[1] Moreau was killed in the following manner :—Accompanied by the Emperor Alexander, he was making a reconnaissance before Dresden on the 27th of August 1813. The Czar, following up his declaration of being Moreau's aide-de-camp, obliged him to pass first along a bridge which was rather narrow. A ball fired from the French army struck Moreau and shattered his right knee, then, after passing through the body of his horse, it carried away a part of his left leg. Consternation prevailed throughout the Russian camp. The Czar was deeply affected. As to Moreau, he suffered a martyrdom of agony. A litter was formed, which was supported on the Cossacks' pikes, and in this manner Moreau was borne from the field of battle. He was conveyed to a house, where the Emperor Alexander's chief surgeon amputated his right leg. He bore the operation courageously, and when it was over he said to the surgeon : "But the left, sir, what is to be done with that?" The surgeon looked at him with surprise. "Yes," pursued Moreau, "what is to be done with this fragment of a limb? It is perfectly useless." The surgeon replied that he feared it would be impossible to save it.—"Then cut it off," said General Moreau coolly ; and he extended his leg with a stoicism which would have been truly sublime had he received the wound *for* his country. He suffered the most terrible agony. The Emperor Alexander was deeply afflicted at the terrible death of the man whom he had called his friend, and taken as his counsellor. He shed tears upon his deathbed. The whole of the allied army might be said to have received a wound in the person of General Moreau. It seemed as though the ball had heen multiplied, and had struck all the commanders at once. The army was beaten at every point, and completely routed. The torments endured by General Moreau might almost be regarded as a retributive punishment. An aide-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander informed me that he was assailed by an intolerable thirst, and that he suffered the torture of a death in the desert. He expired on the night of the 1st of September. His body was embalmed at Prague, and conveyed to St. Petersburg, where the Czar caused it to be buried in the Catholic church of that city.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Duke of Rovigo—Junot's illness and death—State of Spain—Treaty of alliance with Denmark—Congress of Prague—Propositions to Austria—Rupture of the Armistice—Prince Schwartzenberg—Battle of Dresden—French reverses elsewhere—Surrender of St. Sebastian—Treaty of Tœplitz—Battle of Katzbach—Wellington enters France—Battle of Leipsic—Death of Prince Poniatowski—Napoleon's visit to the King of Saxony—The French army cross the Rhine—The Emperor's arrival at Mayence—Surrender of Pampeluna—The French driven from Spain—The typhus fever—Treachery of Prince Schwartzenberg and the Prince of Wirtemberg—Evacuation of Holland—Restoration of the House of Orange—Napoleon's arrival at St. Cloud—Murat—Intrigues of England—Admiral Bentinck and the Duc de Vauguyon—The Emperor's laconic letter to Murat.

THE severe shock I had sustained by the death of my two valued friends, Bessières and Duroc, had produced a serious effect upon my health; but, alas! a still more dreadful blow awaited me. One day, as I was reclining on my sofa after a sleepless night and much suffering, I was startled by the voice of my brother, who was speaking loudly in the adjoining room. In his interlocutor I fancied I recognised the voice of the Duke of Rovigo. In a moment the door was opened, and the duke, though held back by my brother, forced his way into the room. "I come by command of the Emperor," replied the duke, "and in his name I must have free access everywhere." At these words Albert ceased to dispute his entrance, and he advanced into the room. Albert stepped up to me, and, taking both my hands in his, said in a voice faltering with agitation: "My beloved sister—summon all your resolution, I implore you. The duke brings you sad

tidings—Junot has been attacked with a serious illness." These words pierced me to the heart; I uttered a stifled scream, but could not articulate a single word. Albert, perceiving the thought that crossed my mind, embraced me, and said: "No, on my honour, nothing has happened worse than what I tell you. My dear sister, compose yourself; for the sake of your children, for the sake of Junot, I entreat you."

The suddenness of the intelligence completely overpowered me. I had received, only four days previously, a long letter from Junot, which bore not the slightest trace of the terrible illness that was now so unexpectedly disclosed to me. The Emperor would not allow Junot to be brought to Paris for medical aid, but directed that he should be taken to his family at Montbard. Alas! my most dreadful anticipations were realised. The most unfortunate scene had ensued on the arrival of my husband in his paternal home. Junot's father, who was naturally of a melancholy temperament, sank into a state of helpless stupor on witnessing the afflicting malady of his son. Junot's sisters could do nothing but weep and lament, and his nephew, Charles Maldan, was a perfect nullity. Junot was, indeed, surrounded by the affection of the inhabitants of his native town, who seemed to vie with each other in showing him the most considerate attention.

There are events which the mind cannot endure to dwell on, in spite of any effort to summon resolution. I can scarcely ever bring myself to think or speak of the melancholy scenes which ensued at Montbard after the arrival of Junot, who breathed his last on the 29th of July, at four in the afternoon.

Now, after the lapse of a long interval of time, I can pardon though I cannot forget the culpable stupidity of Junot's family, who suffered the man whose safety they should have watched over from pride, if not from affection, to do what he did in the delirium of a brain fever.

The intelligence from Spain received in private letters was very alarming. Napoleon still maintained the war in

the Peninsula, and contented himself with sending back Marshal Soult, whose forces he diminished by taking twelve thousand of the guards, and nearly forty thousand of the old troops. This was depopulating the army of Spain. The result of this measure was, Marshal Suchet was obliged to leave Valencia and march on the Ebro. In the meantime we signed a treaty of alliance with Denmark, and the Congress of Prague was opened. At that congress were decided the destinies of Europe, and Napoleon lost the game he was playing against the sovereigns solely by his own fault. One of the causes which chiefly contributed to his error was the mistaken opinion he had formed of M. Metternich. I have heard him express this opinion in conversation. Subsequently, perhaps, he corrected it; but at that time M. Metternich's noble spirit was wounded.

On the 8th of August Napoleon sent new propositions to the Emperor Francis. New discussions ensued. The 10th of August arrived; the armistice was broken, and the sovereigns of Sweden, Russia, and Prussia signified to France their intention of resuming hostilities. There then appeared reason to believe that Napoleon's principal object had been merely to gain the time necessary for the arrival of his troops.

As to the confederation of the Rhine, it was first proposed to break it up,—then continue it. The whole of Italy was to remain under the direct or indirect domination of France. We therefore became a dangerous rival to England with our ports, and those of Italy, Belgium, and Holland. The war commenced. Napoleon had now to depend upon the resources of his genius. The allied forces amounted to six hundred thousand men, whilst those of France did not exceed three hundred and fifty thousand, two-thirds of which consisted of young conscripts scarcely arrived at manhood. To the numerical advantage of the Allies must be added the immense advantage they possessed in fighting on friendly territories, with the facility of obtaining provisions, etc.

On the 20th of August Napoleon was informed of the

junction of the Austrian troops with the Allies. Prince Schwartzenberg was appointed generalissimo of all the forces of the coalition. Napoleon was still himself, and his presence at the head of his army had not lost its magic power. On the 20th of August he learned that Austria had abandoned him; and on the 21st he resumed the offensive, and defeated Blucher. Amidst the triumph of Goldberg[1] he was warned of the march of the Allies on Dresden,[2] advised by Moreau. He resigned the army of Silesia to Macdonald, and hastened with his guards to succour Dresden,[3] where he arrived at nine on the morning of the 26th. Some skirmishing was going on in the suburbs. Napoleon then gave an example of that luminous intelligence which elevated him to the highest rank among military commanders. His eagle eye scanned the battle at a glance. He immediately saw the course on which depended victory or defeat. Instead of waiting for the attack, he ordered it. The Prussians and Russians, apparently bewildered by the impetuosity of the movement, were repulsed to a great distance, leaving forty thousand slain on the ground which they had been masters of in the morning.

On the evening of that day Napoleon entered Dresden with the 2d and 6th corps. Throughout the whole of the battle he had himself fought like a sub-lieutenant, sword in hand; he was always the foremost, leading the way with equal indifference to death or glory. During the battle he had only 65,000 men to contend with 180,000. Next day the Emperor arose before daylight, having had only two hours' sleep. He took his station in the centre, with the King of Naples on his right and the Prince of the Moskowa on his left. In this manner he attacked the enemy, whose forces amounted to 180,000. Napoleon's plan was not, and could not have been arranged before-

[1] A strong position, carried by our army on the 23d of August 1813.

[2] The coalesced forces had debouched from Bohemia on Dresden by the left bank of the Elbe, whilst Napoleon repulsed Blucher in the direction of the Oder.

[3] The troops marched forty leagues in seventy-two hours without receiving rations; and they fought for ten days without rest.

hand. He took his glass, and examined the field of battle. He discerned a great void. This was to be filled up by the corps of Kleinau, but it could not be brought up until two o'clock, and it was now only six. Napoleon at once conceived his plan of victory. The attack was arranged, executed, and proved victorious. The enemy lost 17,000 prisoners, and 14,000 killed or wounded. Such were the results of this brilliant and ably-planned battle.[1]

He was now master of Dresden. Alexander was flying, and Fortune had resumed her smiles. But, in the meanwhile, Marshal Macdonald had sustained a terrible reverse. Blucher was driving him from Silesia. Marshal Davoust also was evacuating Schwerin. General Vandamme was made prisoner in the mountains of Bohemia, with twelve thousand men. Marshal Oudinot was defeated by his old comrade Bernadotte. This event saved Berlin, which the Emperor had so confidently counted on entering that decrees had been prepared dated from that city. The disasters of the campaign were in a great measure attributed, and perhaps justly, to General Jomini, who carried over to the enemy documents which he had surreptitiously obtained from Marshal Ney. The intelligence thus conveyed saved Berlin, as it made known Napoleon's intention of proceeding thither.

Not only in the north, and under his own eyes, did reverses crowd upon each other; Spain was torn from him, province by province, village by village. Our troops bravely defended every inch of ground; but resistance only served to prove our weakness. Marshal Suchet, however, once more sounded the trumpet of victory. Lord William Bentinck, who had brought fresh troops from Sicily, landed them on the coast of Catalonia. A battle was fought at Villafranca de Panada, eight leagues from Barcelona, and the Anglo-Sicilian army, which was defeated by Generals Suchet and Decaen, lost an immense number of troops. But such was our position that we could not afford to lose a single man, even though his loss

[1] It is well known that Napoleon very often spoke of his lucky star. At the conclusion of this important day he exclaimed: "I cannot be beaten!"

might be compensated by slaying ten of the enemy. The victory of Villafranca de Panada did not prevent the surrender of St. Sebastian. The English took that fortress after a protracted and inglorious siege; and they committed all the horrors which we read of in the history of the Middle Ages on the occasion of the sacking of cities by the bands of condottieri or free troops.

Austria signed, at Tœplitz, a new treaty of alliance with Russia and Prussia, and finally broke all her bonds with Napoleon by signing another treaty with England.[1] This treaty presented one peculiarity worthy of remark. It is well known that England would never acknowledge the Emperor, nor apply to him that title. In the treaty above alluded to, in order to avoid the designations of Bonaparte or Napoleon, the term *common enemy* was employed by England and adopted by Austria! There was a good reason for this. Austria was receiving subsidies. But the greatest misfortune of all those which simultaneously assailed the Emperor, was the loss of the battle of Katzbach by Marshal Macdonald. We lost 20,000 men. This was an irreparable stroke. General Puthod was made prisoner in this fatal battle, in which 60,000 of the enemy were attacked by 15,000 French. About the same time Wellington crossed the Bidassoa and entered France.

Hostilities had recommenced on the 28th of September, by a combined movement of three of the allied armies. The Emperor at first beat Blucher, and obliged him to retire on the Saale. Napoleon seemed now to flatter himself with the idea of renewing, on the line of the Elbe, the glory of Frederick in his wars with Austria. It is strange that in such a position he should have allowed empty visions to engross his mind. His most important object was to secure the fidelity of Bavaria and Wirtemberg; and these two allies forsook him. He learned at Duben the defection of both from the King of Wirtemberg himself. The Emperor entered Leipsic on the 15th of October. We now possessed only 600 pieces of artillery, and the Allies

[1] This treaty was signed by Lord Aberdeen, on the part of Great Britain, on the 3d of October.

had more than 1000. All the veteran and most efficient portion of our army were shut up in garrisons; and the Emperor, by some inexplicable infatuation, awaited 350,000 men before Leipsic, with a feeble and dispirited force scarcely amounting to 140,000. The day after his arrival at Leipsic, Napoleon gave the enemy battle before a village called Wachau, and was victorious. He now proposed an armistice to the allied sovereigns, and offered to evacuate Germany as far as the Rhine. But it was too late. They refused the proposed armistice.

Dismay pervaded the minds of all the generals-in-chief who surrounded Napoleon. A council was held by them, to which Berthier and M. Daru were summoned. They all agreed that he should do anything rather than come to an engagement. The conference being ended, Count Daru and the Prince of Neufchâtel solicited an audience. Berthier represented the immense disadvantage of fighting with such an inferiority of force. He added that the generals themselves were so disheartened that they were unable to animate the sinking courage of their troops; and he closed his picture by representing the terrible chance of a defeat opening to our enemies the road to Paris.

Encouraged by the silence of the Emperor, M. Daru spoke in his turn. He pointed out the destitute condition of the army, without a hospital in its rear, a circumstance which operated as a powerful discouragement to the troops. "Your Majesty is aware," pursued the count, "that it is not my fault if we have not our accustomed resources. It is therefore necessary that we should come to a determination which, however mortifying it may be, is nevertheless urgent in present circumstances." Napoleon looked for some moments at Count Daru and the Prince of Neufchâtel, and then said: "Have you anything more, to tell me?" They bowed, and made no reply. "Well then, hear my answer. As to you, Berthier, you ought to know very well that your opinion on such a question has not the weight of a straw against my determination. You might therefore have spared yourself the trouble of

speaking. You, Count Daru, should confine yourself to your pen, and not interfere with military matters. You are not qualified to judge in this affair. As to those who sent you, let them obey. This is my answer." He then dismissed them.

Next day the battle of Leipsic was fought. What must have been Napoleon's feelings when he beheld about one quarter of his troops pass over to the enemy, and point against their comrades the guns which had dealt death among the enemy's ranks only an hour before! In this manner the battle of Leipsic may be said to have been both lost and gained by our army. The centre[1] and the right were victorious. The left was abandoned by the Saxons, and delivered up to the enemy. The battle of Leipsic, instead of being a defeat, may be said to have been one of Napoleon's most brilliant military achievements. At all events, the day was as glorious to him as it was disgraceful to those who so basely betrayed him; and, I may add, to those who so basely bought over the traitors.

The retreat was ordered, and it commenced in the most perfect order. Night was then drawing in. Before daylight the bridges were crossed, and all was proceeding without confusion, when an event, which has never yet been clearly explained, spread terror through the ranks of the French army. I allude to the blowing up of the bridge across the Elster. The sub-officer by whom this act was committed, either from want of judgment, or, what is not improbable, being bribed by the enemy, was the sole author of the misfortune by which the rear of our army was sacrificed. This officer, who was directed to blow up the bridge across the Elster, stated that he was deceived by a party of Cossacks who had advanced and crossed the river; and the bridge was destroyed whilst ten thousand men were still engaged in defending the barriers of the suburbs to afford time to the reserve and the parks

[1] The centre was commanded by the Emperor in person, and the right by the King of Naples. For the space of seven hours they resisted upwards of 270,000 men with a force of 9500. The Prince of Sweden overpowered Marshal Ney on the left. The marshal, nevertheless, defended himself for a considerable time with 40,000 men against 150,000.

of artillery to pass, supposing the enemy to be still in possession of the city. This event, which separated the troops who had crossed the bridge from all the reserve, was a fatal blow to the French army. The rear-guard, having no means of retreating, was at the mercy of the enemy. A frightful scene then ensued. The troops hurried in disorder to the western outlets of the plain, to reach the different passages of the arms of the river with which the road to France is intersected. Whole battalions were made prisoners, and others were drowned. Marshal Macdonald saved himself by swimming. The Polish hero, Prince Poniatowski, perished here. He had been wounded in a charge made in the streets of the city, at the head of the Polish lancers, and arriving, feeble from loss of blood, on the banks of the Elster, and still anxious to protect the retreat of those who will always be proud to call him their brother-in-arms, he plunged into the river and was drowned.

An admirable trait in the life of Napoleon was the visit he made to the King of Saxony in passing through Leipsic. The venerable sovereign was sinking under the weight of his grief for the treason of his countrymen. Napoleon knew him too well to attribute to him any share of the odium of that disgraceful defection. He said all he could to console the lacerated heart of the Nestor of Germany. But this visit, which the old king prided himself in having received, brought upon him a cruel revenge. He was overwhelmed with every species of insult, and was even punished as a traitor for no other reason than that he had not been guilty of treason. The unfortunate old monarch was made prisoner by the allied sovereigns, as a pledge of their unhoped-for ovation, and condemned like a criminal to forfeit one-half of his states. This sentence was executed. The Prince Royal of Sweden was one of the most severe at that council of kings who now began to strike indiscriminately those whom they had acknowledged and addressed as "Brother."

The French army, the amount of which at Leipsic was between 140,000 and 150,000 men, scarcely numbered

90,000 on its arrival at Erfurth. Fresh supplies of provisions and ammunition helped to revive the drooping spirits of the troops, and they continued their march towards France. On the 2d of November the army crossed the Rhine. This at least was a strong barrier. But, alas! it had not been respected by our ambition, could we then hope that vengeance would respect it? On the 3d of November the Emperor arrived at Mayence. This was the second time that he had entered his Empire as a fugitive. But in the previous year his situation was very different from what it was at present. Then he had still great resources in his power which might enable him to command immense results. Now all was lost! I received from Mayence a letter which assured me that he was profoundly dejected. Whilst at Mayence he received intelligence of the surrender of Pampeluna. The fall of that fortress secured the liberation of Western Spain. The surrender was caused by want of provisions. This event augmented Napoleon's melancholy. He immediately left Mayence, and pursued his journey to St. Cloud. There news of a still more mortifying nature awaited him. The lines of St. Jean de Luz, commanded by Marshal Soult, had been forced by Wellington. The French were now entirely driven from Spain.

At this moment Heaven visited us with another disaster! The typhus fever swept away, in the space of six weeks, upwards of 40,000 men, who were crowded together in the hospitals on the banks of the Rhine. The malady prevailed not only on the Rhine; it likewise extended its deadly ravages along the Elbe; Marshal Saint Cyr, who was shut up in Dresden with 30,000 men, had 6000 sick.[1] He was obliged to capitulate. And what was the consequence? The capitulation, concluded by Generals Tolstoi and Klemann, was not ratified by the generalissimo, Prince Schwartzenberg, who, abusing his title as commander-in-chief, did not scruple to make his

[1] Marshal Saint Cyr was taken with 23,000 men, 13 generals of division, 20 generals of brigade, and 1700 officers. To these must be added 6000 invalids in the hospitals of Dresden.

lieutenants perjure themselves. The treacherous conduct of Prince Schwartzenberg soon found imitators. On the 1st of January 1814 the Prince of Wirtemberg signed a capitulation with Rapp, at Dantzic, and afterwards refused to execute it.

Holland was now evacuated. General Mollitor, with 14,000 men, could no longer resist General Bulow, who had 60,000. The House of Orange was recalled. Dantzic,—Dresden,—all had capitulated, and all had been betrayed. There remained not a single friend to France on the other side of the Rhine. Denmark herself, so long faithful to us, the friend of the Committee of Public Safety, and the ally of Robespierre,—Denmark had not courage to adhere to Napoleon in his misfortune. The Emperor arrived at St. Cloud on the 9th of November and lost not a moment in adopting the necessary steps for the defence of France. He saw the necessity of organising a system of security in Paris. To extreme dangers he determined to apply extreme remedies. On the 15th of December the senate had placed 300,000 conscripts at Napoleon's disposal. On the 2d of December the Emperor had notified to Count Metternich his willingness to accept the conditions of Frankfort. As a guarantee of his intentions he liberated Ferdinand VII., and on the 11th of December he signed the treaty of Valençay. On the 19th of December the Legislative Body was opened by the Emperor in person.

I have now arrived at a subject which is the more important since I never could have anticipated that France would have had cause to fear the man of whom I am now about to speak. I allude to Murat. For a long time previously his conduct had been such as to excite the suspicion that he meditated defection. England, ever ready to seize at anything which might accelerate the fall of Napoleon, eagerly strove to bring to maturity this new germ of misfortune. Agents were sent to Italy: the condition of its different provinces was easily revealed, especially at the moment when the typhus fever had swept away almost the whole of that army which Prince Eugène

had sent to Germany in the spring of the same year. A deep-laid plan was then conceived; and to render the blow more severe to Napoleon it was intended that the hand of Murat should inflict it.

Lord Castlereagh, like an able minister as he was, perfectly understood the importance not only of gaining over Murat, but of maintaining him where he was. Murat had entered into some negotiations with England, and the preliminaries of a treaty had been exchanged. Of this treaty the following were the bases:—

England was to acknowledge Joachim Murat as King of Naples, and to pledge herself to obtain a similar acknowledgment from Ferdinand, who was to abandon the Neapolitan States, and retire to Sicily. The kingdom of Naples was to be augmented by the whole of the Marshes of Ancona. Italy was to be declared independent, and all the little sovereignties restored as they were before the conquest. To aid the fulfilment of this latter clause, England was to advance twenty millions to Murat for the expenses of the war which he would probably have to enter upon, and to place an army of twenty-five thousand men at his disposal. Admiral Bentinck, commander-in-chief of the British forces in the Mediterranean, was instructed to pursue this negotiation, in which England evinced a deep interest. M. de la Vauguyon, who was then master of Rome, where he had succeeded General Miollis in the command of the Papal States, used all his efforts to bring Murat to a decision. But his courier repeatedly returned without any satisfactory answer. Nothing seemed to indicate any assurance that King Joachim would adopt the course which he (Vauguyon) regarded as the only one fitting for him to follow. Mention was even made of a treaty with Austria. M. von Mire, the Austrian minister at Naples, had acquired an ascendency over the queen, which he turned to the disadvantage of his own sovereign; and Murat's weakness ruined him in this most important juncture of his life. M. de la Vauguyon remained in Rome, anxiously waiting until it should please Murat to come to a decision. Receiving

no intelligence, he began to be uneasy, when one day his *valet-de-chambre* announced that there were two strangers waiting, who earnestly requested to see him immediately. "Have you told them I am dressing?" said the duke. "Yes," replied the valet; "but they say they will wait."

M. de la Vauguyon continued dressing, without hurrying himself the least; when a second message, somewhat more peremptory, was sent to him. He then stepped into his cabinet, and desired his valet to usher in the two visitors. He beheld before him two men of very common appearance; one of them, who was of short stature, thus addressed him in an accent which betrayed him to be an Englishman: "I have requested this interview, duke, with some degree of urgency, because I have but a very short time to remain here; but it is necessary that I should speak to you, since I cannot obtain any intelligence from King Joachim. I am Admiral Bentinck." The Duc de la Vauguyon made every apology, but in truth his astonishment almost overwhelmed him. "General," continued Admiral Bentinck, "King Joachim does not behave well to my Government. He knows what he may expect from England, and he ought to act with more candour and energy. In the crisis in which Europe at present stands, it is urgent that the affairs of Italy should be promptly decided. We offer twenty-five millions in money, and twenty-five thousand troops. Will your king accept these propositions, and with them the friendship of the English Government? He ought to be aware that the alliance of Great Britain will secure to him the assistance of all the other sovereigns of Europe. From whom would he wish to derive his power? From England or from Austria? He must promptly decide. The step I have now taken proves my personal esteem for your character by thus trusting to your honour; and it likewise shows the interest I feel for the success of what has been so happily begun."

The Duc de la Vauguyon assured Admiral Bentinck that he had spared no endeavour to bring the King of

Naples to the wished-for decision. Bentinck was probably aware of this. It was his confidence in the noble character of the duke, and his personal desire to see the business settled, which induced him to hazard a step which might have led to his imprisonment. But the admiral had placed confidence in the honour of M. de la Vauguyon, and that shield was sacred. The admiral's boat was waiting for him at Civita Vecchia, and he departed, recommending the duke to spare no endeavours to secure the *interests of Italy.* But what was the duke's disappointment when, after having despatched a letter to Joachim, more urgent than the rest, there arrived in Rome one of the king's aides-de-camp, who merely passed through the city, and was carrying to the Austrian advanced posts the ratification of the treaty which Murat had signed with Austria! Amidst this conflict of intrigues Murat had written to the Emperor Napoleon a letter, to which he received the following laconic answer—

"Direct your course to Pavia, and there wait *for orders.*"

Murat, naturally irritated by this haughty treatment, determined to occupy the Papal States. Hitherto M. de la Vauguyon had been in Rome only as commander of the Neapolitan division; the king now ordered him to take the title of Governor-General of the Roman States. Murat set out for Naples to join the viceroy with his army, and to advance on the Po; but it was with a tardiness which showed how little his fidelity was to be trusted.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Blucher crosses the Rhine—Comparative force of the French army and that of the Allies—Assemblage at the court of Napoleon—Committees of the Senate and the Legislative Body—Napoleon's speech—The Russians take possession of Dantzic—Broken treaties—Our last resource—Liberation of the Pope and of Ferdinand VII.—Napoleon's farewell to the National Guard—The Duke of Vicenza's mission to the headquarters of the Allies—Madame Recamier proceeds to Italy—Her arrival at Naples—Her first visit to the king and queen—The Lazzaroni del Carmine—Caroline's captivating manners—Madame Recamier's second visit at court—Murat's despair—Caroline's energy—English ships in the Bay of Naples.

I WAS now in the sixth month of my widowhood, and since Junot's death I had lived in perfect seclusion. I did not even occupy those apartments of my hotel which looked towards the street; but my friends called upon me every day and brought me intelligence of what was going on. I was regularly informed of our progressive degrees of misfortune, and the information was truly appalling. One day Lavalette called on me and said, in a tone of despair, that all was lost. I was astonished to see him so dejected, for he was generally in good spirits. "Blucher," continued he, "has crossed the Rhine at the head of a formidable army—the army of Silesia! It appears that nothing has opposed him, and that he has effected the passage from Mannheim to Coblentz without encountering the slightest obstacle."—"Heavens!" exclaimed I; "is France no longer France! Are we not the same people who, in 1792, forced the Prussians to recross the frontier?" Blucher's army amounted to 160,000 men; yet it was only the second in force. Among the hosts who were pouring down upon

us with all the fury of vengeance, the grand army, commanded by Prince Schwartzenburg, amounted to 190,000 men; the army of the north, commanded by Bernadotte, counted 130,000; then there were 100,000 troops headed by Generals Beningsen and Taeunzien; then General Bellegarde had 80,000 men in Italy; and the German, Polish, Dutch, and Russian reserves presented altogether about 800,000 troops. To this astonishing army may be added 200,000 Spaniards, Portuguese, and English, commanded by Wellington, who were thirsting for vengeance on the barrier of the Pyrenees, as Blucher was on that of the Rhine.

To this menacing invasion what forces had we to oppose? No more than 350,000 men! And how were they disposed? One hundred thousand were shut up in the fortresses of Hamburg and Dantzic, beyond the Oder, the Elbe, and the Rhine. Prince Eugène had a feeble army in Italy to oppose to Murat and Bellegarde. Soult and Suchet had scarcely 80,000 men to encounter with the formidable army of Wellington. The Emperor had under his direct command the corps of Marshals Ney, Marmont, Macdonald, Mortier, Victor, and Augereau. But what was the force of these army corps? Marshal Ney's scarcely amounted to 14,000 men, Marshal Augereau's did not amount to 3000, and the Imperial Guard was included in these numbers. Thus, to resist all Europe in arms against us, we had only an army in which each man counted four adversaries. Patriotism, it is true, might still do much; but personal misfortunes had unnerved us. We were no longer ourselves. Amidst all these troubles and terrors, amidst the distant roar of Russian and Prussian cannon, arrived the last day of the year 1813.[1]

[1] About this time Cardinal Maury was one evening at my house, taking a review of the remarkable events which had occurred in Europe since the Assembly of the Notables. He said it was curious to observe how much ascendency subjects had gained over sovereigns in that interval. He quoted the remarkable changes connected with the deaths of the following sovereigns, and which the subjoined necrological table may bring to the recollection of the reader:—

Charles III., King of Spain, died a natural death, December 13, 1788. Sultan Achmet IV. died of poison, April 7, 1789. Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, died a natural death, February 20, 1790. Leopold II., Emperor

On the 1st day of January 1814 Napoleon for the last time received the homage of his court. There was a pretty numerous attendance at the Tuileries. When all the company had arrived, the Emperor entered from the inner apartments. His manner was calm and grave, but on his brow there sat a cloud which denoted an approaching storm. Napoleon had appointed two committees to draw up a report on the state of France. These committees were formed from members of the Senate and the Legislative Body. The committee for the Senate was composed of M.M. de Talleyrand, Fontanes, Saint Marsan, Barbé Marbois, Beurnonville, and was presided by M. de Lacépède. The committee for the Legislative Body consisted of MM. Raynouard, Lainé, Gallois, Flauguergues, and Maine de Biran, and the president was the Duc de Massa. M. Raynouard was the orator of the Legislative Body, and he spoke with a degree of candour and energy which was calculated to produce a fatal impression on the rest of France. The Emperor immediately felt this. The report of M. Raynouard likewise contained expressions disrespectful to the Emperor, the effect of which could not fail to be like a tocsin summoning the people to revolt.

of Germany, died a natural death, March 1, 1792. Gustavus III., King of Sweden, assassinated, March 29, 1792. Louis XVI., King of France, beheaded, January 21, 1793. Stanislaus Augustus, King of Poland, deposed and died a natural death, November 25, 1795. Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia, died a natural death, October 25, 1796. Catherine II., Empress of Russia, died of apoplexy, November 17, 1796. Frederick, King of Prussia, died a natural death, November 15, 1797. Pope Pius VI. dethroned, and died in imprisonment, August 29, 1799. Charles Emanuel, King of Sardinia, driven from his States, November 10, 1798. Paul I., Emperor of Russia, assassinated, March 24, 1801. Ferdinand IV., King of Naples, driven from his States, February 12, 1806. Sultan Selim, assassinated, July 18, 1808. Maria, Queen of Portugal, driven from her States, November 29, 1807. Charles VII., King of Denmark, died a natural death, March 13, 1808. Charles IV., King of Spain, forced to abdicate, March 17, 1808. Ferdinand VII. of Spain, forced to abdicate, May 6, 1808. Sultan Mustapha, assassinated, July 28, 1808. Gustavus Adolphus, deposed and banished from Sweden, May 10, 1809. Pope Pius VII., dethroned and imprisoned, July 5, 1809.

In this long list I have not included the Doge of Venice, deposed in 1795; the Doge of Genoa, who was likewise deposed; the Grand Master of Malta; several Italian princes, such as the Duke of Modena, and several German princes, electors, and margraves.

The Emperor said nothing the first day on learning what had passed in the Legislative Body; but on the 1st of January, when all the authorities of the Empire were assembled in the *Salle du Trône*, he delivered a speech, the violence of which filled the offenders with dismay:—"I have suppressed the printing of your address," said he; "it was of an incendiary nature. Eleven-twelfths of the Legislative Body are, I know, composed of good citizens, and I attach no blame to them; but the other twelfth is a factious party, and your committee was selected from that number. *That man named* Lainé is in correspondence with the Prince Regent through the medium of the Advocate de Sèze. I have proofs of this fact. The report of the committee has hurt me exceedingly. I would rather have lost two battles. What does it tend to? To strengthen the pretensions of the enemy. If I were to be guided by it I should concede more than the enemy demands. Because he asks me for the province of Champagne would you have me surrender that of Brie? Would you make remonstrances in the presence of the enemy? Your object was to humiliate me! My life may be sacrificed, but never my honour. I was not born in the rank of kings; I do not depend on the throne. What is a throne? A few deal boards covered with velvet. Four months hence, and I will publish the odious report of your committee. The vengeance of the enemy is directed against my person, more than against the French people. But, for that reason, should I be justifiable in dismembering the State? Must I sacrifice my pride to obtain peace? I am proud, because I am courageous. I am proud, because I have done great things for France. In a word, France has more need of me than I have need of her. In three months we shall have peace, or I shall be dead. Go to your homes;—it was not thus you should have rebuked me."

The Legislative Body, though mute that day, was nevertheless the organ of the nation. The committee had been maladroit in speaking as it did; but Napoleon was no less so in his reply, which, though it did not appear in

the *Moniteur* as it was delivered, was nevertheless known throughout Europe eight days afterwards. It was like issuing a manifesto against France, whilst he ought to have held out to her a friendly hand in the hour of her distress, when both mutually required support. The Emperor's reply, which was speedily circulated throughout Paris, gave rise to a multitude of commentaries. It was like the signal of discord. To the honour of Napoleon, it must be mentioned that though he has been held up as a tyrant. ever ready to punish, and as a despot exercising the most arbitrary self-will, yet this incident was followed by no measures of severity. Among the members of the committee there were men who might justly have incurred punishment. M. Lainé had been actively engaged at Bordeaux, at the head of a royalist faction, and was about to resume his exertions. The Emperor knew this, and perhaps he did wrong not to detain him in Paris. But I say again that the Emperor's disposition was not naturally tyrannical. He no doubt frequently adopted the most arbitrary measures, but in those instances it will be found that he was usually influenced by reports which obscured the truth and biassed his judgment. When left to himself to make a decision, it was almost invariably noble and generous.

On the 1st of January the brave General Rapp was obliged to allow the Russians to enter Dantzic after a most heroic resistance. The besieged were allowed to return to France with the honours of war, taking with them their arms and baggage. None of these conditions were observed; all were violated, and the garrison was sent to Siberia! It is curious to note the three flagrant violations of treaties which took place during the time that Europe waged war against us. The first instance occurred in Egypt, at the treaty of El-Arish, by Admiral Keith, and the brave Kléber. The second was the violation of the treaty by Prince of Schwartzenberg at Dresden. The third, and perhaps the most dishonourable, if there can be any difference in a breach of faith, was the violation of the Convention of Dantzic. It is honourable to

the character of the French, as a nation, that during the twenty-two years in which we maintained war against the whole of Europe, our enemies cannot accuse us of a similar breach of faith. Our generals maintained their pride, even amidst perils and reverses; for true honour will never appeal to necessity as an apology for a dereliction from duty.

Every day we learnt the progress of the Allies from private letters, for the *Moniteur* still drew a veil over the truth. The line of hostile lances and bayonets was hourly more and more closely drawn, and we beheld the danger without seeing how it could be averted. Napoleon organised one hundred and twenty thousand of the National Guards to cover Lyons and Paris, and to form a reserve. This was our last resource! The enemy had been for some time in possession of Langres, Dijon, Chalons, Nancy, and Vaucouleurs, and threatened immediately to march on Paris. Blucher had established his forces at St. Dizier and Joinville. On learning that the Austrians were in possession of Bar-sur-Aube, the Emperor determined to quit Paris. He had already liberated the King of Spain and the Pope; Ferdinand VII. had left Valençay, and Pius VII. had departed from Fontainebleau. By this measure Napoleon hoped to secure the friendship of a man who had been guilty of deposing his own father. Ferdinand, however, remained his enemy.

Nothing is more curious than to observe the sudden coldness of feeling which some persons betrayed towards Napoleon the moment his happy star began to grow dim. In one day I heard ten different versions of the manner in which he took leave of the National Guard, and confided his wife and child to their protection. Many, who had witnessed the scene, returned from it with tears in their eyes; whilst others regarded as affectation the burst of sensibility which he had evinced when he presented his son to the National Guard. If I had seen him I could have guessed whether his feelings were genuine or not, for I knew him too well to be deceived. But from all that I heard, I should be inclined to say that he was really

animated by the sentiments he manifested. He was a father, and he doted on his child. His heart must have been moved when he gazed on the lovely boy who had been destined at his birth to wear twenty crowns; but who had been dispossessed of his inheritance by those who were his natural protectors. Whatever may now be said of Napoleon's farewell to the National Guard, there can be no doubt that the enthusiasm of the Parisians was that day at its height. No person who was then in the capital can forget the prolonged shouts of *Vive l'Empereur! —Vive le Roi de Rome!* The Place du Carrousel resounded with the oaths of fidelity taken by the officers of the National Guard; and yet, before a few weeks elapsed, these oaths, so solemnly pledged, were betrayed and forgotten.

Napoleon was anxious to make one more attempt to bring the allied sovereigns to something like reasonable conditions: and he accordingly sent the Duke of Vicenza to the headquarters of the allied army. The duke was a favourite of the Emperor Alexander, and Napoleon was perfectly aware of the importance of regaining the friendship of the sovereign of Russia. Alas! why did he ever lose it? Alexander loved him as a brother. Be this as it may, the Duke of Vicenza was on such a footing with the Emperor Alexander as enabled him to make propositions of peace and friendship with some probability of success. Napoleon, with the view of giving more dignity to the duke, appointed him his minister for foreign affairs.

It now became necessary that the Emperor should have near him a minister to correspond with the plenipotentiary. The Duke of Vicenza could scarcely expect that the Emperor could himself maintain the diplomatic correspondence amidst the rapid operations of the prodigious campaign. The Duke of Bassano was nominated to this duty.

About the time when Murat leagued with the enemies of France, a curious scene took place in the interior of the palace of Naples. Of this scene I here present to

the reader an accurate description, derived from one of the actors in it,—and there were but three. I allude to Madame Recamier, who, during her exile, having no hope of seeing Madame de Staël at Coppet, determined to proceed to Italy—to visit Naples with its beautiful bay;—and to see Vesuvius. Such magic scenery is balm to a wounded spirit! On her arrival at Naples, Madame Recamier fixed her abode at the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, on the Chiaia.

On the morning after her arrival she was visited by the Neapolitan minister for foreign affairs, who waited upon her by order of the king and queen, to invite her to the palace. Madame Recamier was more annoyed than flattered by this mark of royal graciousness. She had known Murat, but he had never been one of her intimate friends. Indeed, Murat's elevation to royalty had been so sudden that he had been speedily removed from the sphere of all his early connections. He had, at one period of his life, admired Madame Recamier, and had even made love to her, as he did to every attractive woman of his acquaintance; but she gave him to understand that his attentions were not acceptable, and he took the hint with a good grace. It was now very long since Madame Recamier had seen him. As to the queen, she had scarcely any personal acquaintance with her, and she could not be expected to entertain any very strong predilection for the sister of the man who had persecuted her and all her friends. It was therefore with feelings rather painful than gratifying that she repaired to the palace. She accepted the invitation because she would not treat with incivility a mark of courtesy shown to her in a foreign land while she was stamped with the seal of exile.

The Queen of Naples was a woman of considerable shrewdness, energy of character, and talent. I use this latter term in reference to her political life only. That excepted, she was as ignorant as a woman can well be, or, I ought rather to say, as women were a hundred years ago. Though wanting in the knowledge which is usually acquired by the most ordinary education, yet, if a grave

political question came under discussion she could speak like a well-informed statesman.

Queen Caroline had a peculiarity of manner and temper which was very far from agreeable. I allude to her habit of ridiculing and teazing her acquaintances. For my own part, I can truly say that I was always nervous for a week after we had any of our rehearsals of plays or quadrilles. This disposition, which she indulged to a most offensive extent, created for her more enemies than her beauty. One may accommodate oneself to a superior rivalry, especially if there be nothing very singularly superior in it; but to be continually reminded of that superiority is insufferable, particularly when one has not altogether a contemptible opinion of oneself.

Caroline received Madame Recamier with transport. Madame Recamier was touched by the kind reception she experienced, and expressed her heartfelt gratitude to the Queen of Naples. "Ah!" said Caroline; "I shall perhaps soon have to solicit a proof of your friendship; I hope you will not withhold it. I shall be much in need of it." This was on the 16th of January. Everything that was said in the palace was a subject of conversation in Naples, and all the gossip in the city was faithfully reported in the palace. "He must abandon the Emperor," exclaimed the populace. "We will no longer be dragged from our homes to fight at the other end of the world. We must have peace."

These shouts for peace were, by a curious anomaly, raised by men armed with stilettoes, which they brandished with threatening attitudes in front of the palace of Joachim, the popular king—the king of feathers—who was a great favourite with the *Lazzaroni del Carmine*. His smiling good-humoured countenance, his fantastic costume,—in short all his peculiarities, recommended him strongly to that class of his subjects above mentioned. Besides, Murat was a man of amiable disposition; he was a good husband and a good father. But, after all, the love of his subjects was ephemeral, and it was chilled by the fear of war and the English invasion. Murmurs increased every day, and Murat could not go out of his palace without encountering

dissatisfied groups. Such was the state of things when Madame Recamier arrived at Naples.

In compliance with the invitation she had received she proceeded to the palace about noon. She found the queen as amiable and as gracious as before. Nobody better understood the art of captivating those whom she wished to gain over to her interests than the Queen of Naples. She possessed this great charm in common with her brother Napoleon. Her apartments in the palace were fitted up with luxurious taste. Her bedchamber, which commanded a view of the bay, was hung with white satin, the rich soft folds of which harmonised admirably with the brilliant complexion of the mistress of the apartment. She frequently received visitors whilst in bed, as she had been in the habit of doing in Paris. Her bed-curtains were of richly-worked tulle, lined with pink satin. On receiving Madame Recamier, Caroline expressed her regret at seeing her in exile; but assured her that the hardships of that exile would be considerably mitigated by her residence in Naples. Murat, too, who was present at the interview, gave her every assurance of the interest he felt in her behalf. How could he do less! Who would not have wished to spare a pang of grief to the beautiful exile? When Madame Recamier took her leave the king and queen invited her to visit them again on the following day. She could easily perceive that very uneasy feelings prevailed in the interior of the palace. Public report, indeed, had Madame Recamier lent ear to it, would have informed her that happiness was not an inmate of the royal abode, splendid as it was.

On the following day, as she proceeded to the palace, everything presented a strange aspect, from the quay of the Chiaia to the gallery of the throne. Being a stranger in the country and unacquainted with the turbulent habits of the people, she was half inclined to return home when she beheld the sinister agitation which prevailed. She passed through several apartments of the palace without seeing a chamberlain. At length she reached the door of the queen's chamber; she tapped gently, and Caroline herself, who

anxiously expected her, opened the door. As soon as she entered she was struck with the extraordinary picture that presented itself. The king and queen were alone. Murat was pale, his hair disordered, his eyes rolling wildly; and to all appearance he was under the influence of some overpowering excitement of mind. The queen, on her part, was very pale, and much agitated, but her superior fortitude was evident in every glance which she darted on her husband—that man to whom Napoleon justly said, "You are brave only on the field of battle—in any other situation you have not the courage of a woman or a monk."

"In the name of Heaven! for the sake of your own glory! remain here, I implore you; and do not show yourself in this state!" exclaimed Caroline to her husband, on the entrance of Madame Recamier; "would you wish to convince the Neapolitans that they have a king who is not worthy of the name? Stay where you are, I conjure you." These words *I conjure you* were uttered in the authorative tone of *I desire you.* "Pray stay with him for a few moments," said the queen to Madame Recamier; "I am going to give a few orders, and will return immediately."

No sooner had Caroline left the room than Murat flew to Madame Recamier, and taking her by the two hands, said, with the deepest emotion: "Tell me, tell me the truth—it is certain that you must think I have behaved very basely. Is it not so?" — "Be composed," said Madame Recamier; "why this agitation? What has happened?"—"Alas!" continued the unfortunate Murat, sinking into a chair, "does not all France vent anathemas on my head! Am I not called Murat the traitor! Murat the renegade!" He hid his face in his hands and burst into tears.

On seeing this violent agitation, Madame Recamier immediately suspected that he had not determined to sign the treaty with Austria and England; a treaty which was calculated to alienate him and his children from France; for it would require more than the interval of a generation to wipe away such a stain. With her accustomed good

sense she immediately perceived that a little calm advice offered by a friend, who, like herself, had no personal interest in the question at issue, might give a fixed direction to his wavering sentiments. "Do you ask me for my opinion?" said she, with a serious air. "Ah! give it me," he exclaimed eagerly, "draw me from the gulf that yawns before me. On all sides I see nothing but misfortune and disaster."—"Hear me, then," resumed Madame Recamier; "you know that I do not like the Emperor! I am myself an exile, and my friends are proscribed. All who are dear to me have been plunged into misery by Napoleon. But still, in spite of these considerations, I will give you the same advice which I would give to my own brother in the like circumstances—you ought not to forsake the Emperor. No, I say again you ought not to forsake him!" As she uttered these words Murat became more and more pale. He looked at her for some moments without making any reply. Then, rising with impetuosity, he took her hand, and led her to the balcony before the window, and pointing to the bay of Naples, already filled with English ships, he exclaimed in a voice half-stifled with emotion: "Behold! look yonder! and now tell me whether this is the moment when France should address to me the title of *traitor!*"

Madame Recamier was astounded at what she heard; for, judging from all that she had had an opportunity of observing within the past hour, she confidently believed that Murat had not yet come to any decision; and yet the English ships hoisted their flags in the very port of his capital. She said nothing. What, indeed, could she have said,—she who never spoke but in sincerity and candour. Murat seemed perfectly bewildered with despair and grief, when the queen suddenly entered. She also was deadly pale. On perceiving the king in the pitiable state in which he was she trembled; and, running up to him, exclaimed: "In the name of Heaven, Joachim, be silent, or at least speak lower! In the adjoining room there are a hundred ears listening to you! Be silent! Have you lost all self-command?"

Finding she could produce no effect upon him, she ran to a table on which was some water, sugar, and orange-flower water. She herself mixed a portion, and, pouring into it some drops of ether, she brought it to him: "Drink this and compose yourself," said she. "The crisis has now arrived. Murat, recollect what you are. You are King of Naples. Do not lose sight of the duty you owe to your subjects and to your family. Hear me! In six weeks, perhaps, the Emperor may himself be in Italy." At this sharp apostrophe Murat again trembled. "What ails you?" resumed Caroline. "What are you afraid of? Reflect on your situation. View it as it really is. The worst you have to fear is to find yourself face to face with the Emperor. Well then! Suppose he were now only fifty leagues from Naples, and that you are going to mount your horse to meet him." Murat hid his face in his hands. "How! You dare not face him?" said Caroline, with a gesture of contempt. "Then I will do so for you! Yes, I will mount my horse. I will place myself at the head of the army, and I will go to the Emperor and ask him by *what right* he takes from me that which he gave as a reward for the blood you have shed for his glory!" Madame Recamier gazed at her with painful astonishment, and could not help exclaiming: "Oh, madame!" The queen understood the reproach conveyed in these words. She paced two or three times up and down the apartment, and then, as if in reply to Madame Recamier, she said: "Doubtless I am his sister! I know it but too well. Yet why did he give me a crown? If I am his sister I am likewise Queen of Naples!" Then, as if overcome by the weight of so many distressing sensations, she threw herself on a sofa and was silent. Presently a sort of murmur was heard on the quay. Caroline rose suddenly, ran to Murat, and, looking at him steadfastly, said, "Now you may show yourself. Go, my dear Joachim—and recollect who you are!" Murat rose, passed his hand through his hair, and stepped up to a mirror to adjust the deranged appearance of his cravat. He then embraced the queen, and, taking

Madame Recamier's hand, he said to her with a tone of sincere kindness: "You will return and dine with us. We shall be alone; do not refuse."

Madame Recamier promised to go, and Murat then took leave of her and the queen. When he had passed the folds of the satin curtains which were drawn over the door, the queen rushed into the arms of Madame Recamier, and shed a torrent of tears. "You see," said she, "I am obliged to have courage for him as well as myself! At a time, too, when my own fortitude is scarcely borne up even by my affection for my children—when I am hourly distracted by thinking of my brother, who believes me to be guilty of treason to him. Oh, pity me! I have need of pity, and I deserve it. If you could search my heart you would see what torture I am doomed to bear!"

On returning to her hotel Madame Recamier was absorbed in agitating reflections. Suddenly her attention was roused by a noise in the street. She ran to the window, and saw the whole population of the Carmine[1] and Santa Lucia assembled round Murat, who was parading the city on horseback. The intelligence of the treaty of alliance, confirmed by the presence of the English ships in the port, had excited the populace, and their enthusiasm for Murat and the queen was at its height. The king was still pale, but he appeared in good spirits; as he passed the balcony of Madame Recamier he looked up and gracefully saluted her.

[1] *Il Carmine* is that part of Naples inhabited by fishermen and lazzaroni. *Santa Lucia* is the district occupied by merchants and bankers. The *Chiaia* is the fashionable part of the city.

CHAPTER XXX.

Solitude of the Tuileries—Advance of the allied armies—Napoleon in Champagne—Intrigues of M. de Talleyrand—His interview with the Emperor—The *coup de poing*—The battle of Brienne—College recollections—The Congress of Châtillon—The Emperor Alexander and the Duc de Vicenza—Battles of Champaubert and Montmirail—Napoleon's refusal to sign the powers for the Duc de Vicenza—The campaign of France—Comte d'Artois at Vesoul—M. Wildermetz—His message to the Emperor Alexander—Horrors committed by the Cossacks—Buffon's country-house—Suppression of news in the journals—First performance of *The Oriflamme*—The Austrians before Grenoble—Paris in the winter of 1814—False reports of the enemy's progress—Saint Dizier—Review on the Place du Carrousel—Cardinal Maury predicts the return of the Bourbons—The Duc d'Angoulême enters Bordeaux—The treaty of Chaumont—Ferdinand VII. re-enters Spain—Talleyrand's influence in the restoration of the Bourbons—The Empress and the King of Rome leave Paris—The attack on Paris—Rovigo and Talleyrand—Capitulation of Paris.

WE are now on the eve of the most heartrending period of the brilliant career of the Emperor. No more balls at the Imperial palace—the silence and the solitude of whose walls were now disturbed only by the voice of that beautiful child, which was also to be stifled in exile. The fatal cordon of hostile forces by which we were surrounded approached us more and more. One day we learned that the Wirtemberg troops had entered Epinal; another time that the Prussians were masters of Nancy, of Chalons-sur-Saône, and that the Austrians were in Chambéry. The army of Silesia, commanded by Blucher, established itself in the vicinity of Paris, for so we may term St. Dizier and Joinville. The enemy was at length on the Marne. Then the Emperor quitted Paris! He had long hesitated before

he adopted this course, either because he was waiting to see the effect of the negotiations opened at Frankfort, or because he hoped that there would be a general rising in France at the sight of the foreign invaders. Doubtless this was naturally to be expected from the bravery and energy of the French people. But he himself had worn out all their springs of action—they had lost their elasticity. The most determined and the most active required repose; a general desire for it prevailed from the cottage of the soldier to the palace of the Marshal. Napoleon never could be brought to understand the law of necessity. He endeavoured to make everything yield to him, whilst he himself would never bend to circumstances. At this time Parisian society presented an extraordinary aspect. Grief and alarm now prevailed in those houses which had but recently been the scenes of uninterrupted festivity. The numerous families arrayed in mourning cast a gloom over the streets and public promenades, and it was particularly melancholy to observe the many young females who wore widow's weeds. This last circumstance struck the Emperor of Russia, as he himself informed me. Whilst the Emperor was in Champagne, exhibiting a last proof of that talent and energy which had raised him to one of the first thrones in the world, M. de Talleyrand remained in Paris, and his intrigues gave the finishing stroke to Napoleon's misfortunes.

It is said that the Emperor, on the eve of his departure to join the army, summoned M. de Talleyrand to the Tuileries, and there spoke to him in a tone that might be called more than firm, of the affairs of Spain. It would appear that the Emperor was not at that time very well acquainted with the style of conversation which was maintained in the coterie of M. de Talleyrand, when the affairs of Spain came under discussion. "Well, Monsieur de Talleyrand," said the Emperor, walking straight up to him, "I think it is somewhat strange that you should allege I made you the gaoler of Ferdinand, when you yourself made the proposition to me!" Talleyrand assumed one of his inflexible looks; half closing his little eyes, and

screwing up his lips, he stood with one hand resting upon the back of a chair, and the other in his waistcoat-pocket. Nothing increases anger so much as coolness. The Emperor was violently irritated at Talleyrand's immovability of countenance and coolness of manner, and he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, and stamping his foot, "Why do you not answer me?" The same silence was maintained. Napoleon's eyes flashed fire. Talleyrand became alarmed, not without reason, and then he stammered out the following words, which were certainly anything but satisfactory: —"I am at a loss to understand what your Majesty means." Napoleon attempted to speak, but rage choked his utterance. He advanced first one step, then a second, then a third, until at length he came close up to the Prince of Benevento. He then raised his hand to the height of the prince's chin, and continuing to advance, he forced Talleyrand to recede, which was no easy matter, owing to the defect in one of his feet. However, it was more advisable to recede than advance, for the Emperor's little hand was still held up, and was clenched in the form necessary for giving what is vulgarly called a *coup de poing*. However, it was not given. The Emperor merely drove the Prince of Benevento, half walking, half hobbling, along the whole length of the large cabinet of the *Pavillon de Flore*. At length the prince reached the wall of the apartment, and Napoleon repeated: "So you presume to say that you did not advise the captivity of the princes?" Here the scene ended. It had already been too long, and at the same time not long enough. Since the Emperor had gone so far he ought to have gone a little farther, and sent the Prince of Benevento to Vincennes, consigning him to the hands of General Dumesnil, with the recommendation to treat him with all possible respect, but to keep him rigidly *au secret*. Macchiavelli truly says, *One should never make an enemy by halves.*

On the evening of the day on which this scene was acted the Prince of Benevento had company. The chamberlain on duty at the Tuileries had overheard everything, and had repeated all he knew; for the truth is, though I

am sorry to say it, the *servants of honour*, who dance attendance upon royalty, differ but little from servants of any other kind. As I was myself lady of honour to a princess, I may attack this class of people without the fear of being thought unjust or prejudiced; and I have often thought, when we were assembled in the *salon de service*, gossiping about what did not concern us, that we very much resembled those who were amusing themselves in a similar way in the story below us. However this may be, it is nevertheless certain that the chamberlain on duty at the Tuileries, whose name I need not mention, reported that the Prince of Benevento had received a *coup de poing* from the Emperor. M. de Talleyrand, as I have already observed, had a party that same evening, and one of the visitors, who was on familiar terms with the prince, stepped up to him, saying, "Ah, Monseigneur! what have I heard?"—"What?" inquired the prince, with one of his cool impenetrable looks.—"I have been informed that the Emperor treated you! . . ."—"Oh!" interrupted the prince, "that is a thing that happens every day,—every day. . . ." The prince had heard no mention of the *coup de poing*, of which he flattered himself nobody knew; and when he said *every day*, he merely meant that the Emperor was out of temper and unreasonable every day. M. de Talleyrand's friend, however, who had no very refined notions of etiquette, as may be readily imagined from his address to the prince, took it into his head that Talleyrand was in the daily habit of receiving a blow with the fist, or at least a box on the ear, from the Emperor. This mistake gave rise to a fund of merriment when it came to be reported that the Prince of Benevento daily submitted to the Emperor's correction with that indifference which might be inferred from the negligent shrug of the shoulders that accompanied the words, "Every day!—*Mon Dieu!*—Every day."

I am not competent to judge of the merits of the military movements made by the Emperor in Champagne, but I have heard it alleged that his genius never was so brilliantly displayed as in that campaign. He

drove the Prussians from St. Dizier; and this triumph was almost immediately followed by the battle of Brienne. What painful feelings must have arisen in his mind while he was fighting to preserve his crown under the walls of the old college where, in his boyhood, he had passed so many happy hours. At Brienne he had also fought battles, but they were followed by no pangs of grief or remorse. His soldiers were his college companions, his ammunition snowballs, and the ransom of the prisoners some fruit, a book, or a print. I have frequently heard the Emperor describe his amusements at Brienne. I recollect in particular, one day, when Madame de Brienne paid a visit to Madame Mère, accompanied by her niece, Madame de Loménie. The Emperor, who was present, conversed with her for a considerable time with almost filial affection. The respect he showed to Madame de Brienne was unmixed with any trace of affectation; his behaviour to her was perfectly easy and natural. I am certain that Napoleon must have suffered cruelly on the day of the battle of Brienne. I am sure of it, from the complacency with which I have so often heard him dwell on the happiness he enjoyed at college. It was there that he first became acquainted with Bourrienne.

The battle of Brienne was followed by several others. In the midst of these conflicts, when cannons were roaring and blood flowing in every part of France, from the banks of the Rhine to those of the Mincio, a congress was opened, as if in derision of the impotence of human will. This congress held its sittings at Châtillon, in the heart of one of our provinces. Its members were Count Stadion, for Austria; Baron Humboldt, for Prussia; Count Razumowsky, for Russia; whilst Lord Aberdeen, Lord Cathcart, and Lord Castlereagh, the English minister for foreign affairs, represented the interests of Great Britain. This latter circumstance might have enabled Napoleon to see that his fate was decreed. England being represented by three members at the congress, sufficiently indicated the degree of influence she was about to claim over the destiny of Napoleon; whilst, at the same time, the other

Powers showed their submission to England by each sending only one plenipotentiary. As to France, she sent only one individual to the congress at Châtillon, and that was General Caulaincourt, the Duke of Vicenza.[1] He was then, nobody knows for why, minister for foreign affairs. I know very well the private motive which induced the Emperor to send him to Châtillon; but one thing which I cannot comprehend is, how Napoleon should imagine that that reason could have any weight in the scale of general interests. The reason to which I allude is the cordial friendship with which the Emperor Alexander honoured the Duke of Vicenza. It was one of those friendships, almost fraternal, which are so rare in the world, and, above all, rare among sovereigns. But in the circumstances in which Alexander stood, being called to the head of the gigantic coalition of Europe, he appeared in the face of the whole world as the opponent of Napoleon; and therefore the latter was wrong in flattering himself that any private interest could have weight with him in opposition to the general interests. Sovereigns have two natures. Napoleon well knew this.

Whilst the Congress was sitting the allied armies were advancing on Paris and enclosing us within their ranks. The Emperor fought and gained several battles, and seemed to surpass himself in energy and talent. But what availed this? France was overrun with enemies, who were marching in all directions upon the capital.

The victory of Champaubert revived a faint ray of hope. Alsuview, the Russian General, was taken, with a corps of 6000 men and 45 officers. This was succeeded by the battle of Montmirail. General Sacken, with a part of the army of Silesia, commanded by Blucher, was attacked and beaten by the Emperor. Twenty-five pieces of artillery, 3000 killed, 2000 wounded, and 1000 prisoners, were the result of this battle, which, as well

[1] The Emperor, who highly and justly esteemed the Duke of Bassano, had withdrawn him from the post of minister for foreign affairs, merely to satisfy petty passions, which he had not time to contend with. He gave the Duke of Bassano full powers to correspond with Châtillon. But to have done any good it would have been requisite for him to have been on the spot.

as the engagement of the preceding day, proved the inferiority of Blucher, and, indeed, of all who were opposed to the Emperor.

Two days before the battles of Montmirail and Champaubert, the Duke of Bassano, who had been daily urging the Emperor to send more extensive instructions to the Duke of Vicenza, had at length prevailed on Napoleon to draw up the powers, and to sign them, in order that they might be forwarded to Châtillon. On the eve of the battle of Champaubert, the duke said to the Emperor, "Sire, the powers are ready." "I will sign them to-morrow," replied Napoleon. "If I should be killed they will not be wanted; if I should conquer we shall then be able to treat with better advantage." Next day the Duke of Bassano, who, it is well known, was with the Emperor in all his battles, went to him after the victory, and presented to him the powers which he had promised to sign. The Emperor made the same reply as that which he had given on the preceding day. The Duke of Bassano withdrew much disappointed. On the evening of the battle of Montmirail he again urged the Emperor to sign the powers. But some strange visions had entered the Emperor's brain. He smiled, and, looking at the maps of France and Europe which lay before him: "I now stand in such a situation that I need not yield an inch of ground," said he to the duke, "and I will sign nothing."

The campaign in France is a sublime effort of Napoleon's genius, and places him in the rank of the most celebrated captains, if not at their head. But what result did he anticipate? What conclusion could be expected from partial victories like those of Montmirail and Champaubert, whilst innumerable legions covered our plains on the north and south. The Congress of Châtillon, it is true, held out some hope, but, as I have before observed, the presence of three envoys from England might have opened the eyes of the Emperor, even though he had been blinded by the blaze of his ancient glory. The following curious anecdote, the correctness of which I can vouch for, I had from the party concerned:—

When the Comte d'Artois arrived at Vesoul he was accompanied by several persons attached to the Bourbon cause, while a crowd of persons, who came to meet him, were awaiting his arrival to pay homage to him such as never was rendered to Napoleon. The prince had met with an old Swiss officer, named Wildermetz. This person was despatched to the Russian headquarters to request that the Emperor Alexander would authorise the Comte d'Artois, and I believe the Duc de Berry, to proceed to the headquarters of the allied sovereigns, and enter themselves as volunteers during the campaign for *reconquering* France. M. de Wildermetz was charged with a similar message to Count Stadion for the Emperor of Austria. He likewise had a letter accrediting him to Prince Metternich. On his arrival at the Russian headquarters he saw the Emperor Alexander, who addressed him thus: "Monsieur Wildermetz, you will tell the Comte d'Artois that I am extremely sorry to be obliged to refuse his request; but we are just now engaged in conferences of a serious and important nature. They may terminate in *maintaining the Emperor Napoleon on the throne of France.* Under these circumstances their Royal Highnesses would be placed here in an awkward position; and, in every respect, it is better that they should remain some time longer on the frontier." M. de Wildermetz returned to Franche-Comté, to report this answer, but the princes had left the place before he arrived. Napoleon hoped to draw the whole of the hostile army after him, when he fell back upon Saint Dizier. This was a noble resolution, and one the generosity of which the Parisians ought to have been sensible. But he was pursued by only a corps of ten thousand men, and the entire mass of the allied force fell upon Paris with all the fury of a tempest. The Emperor of Russia waited only to direct the attack on La Fère-Champenoise, and then proceeded to Paris, as if he had been making a journey from Moscow to St. Petersburg. The enemy was at the gates of Paris, and yet no measures had been taken for the defence of the capital. The Russians had the courage to burn their

palaces, why did we not fire our faubourgs for their reception? We had not even arms wherewith to equip our men. Ammunition, too, was wanting. Was this from want of foresight, or was it the result of treason? Alas! it is too true, that we had among us at that period many who were unworthy the name of Frenchmen.

The Cossacks committed atrocious horrors in the department of the Aisne. They then marched upon Sens. Dijon was laid under a contribution of two millions. Saumur was subjected to their insults, not only in the persons of its inhabitants but in those of its municipal body; and Montbard! which now contained the grave of one who would have valiantly defended it—that of Junot; Montbard, which was likewise the cradle of a man[1] whose fame belonged to all Europe, was delivered up to the pillage of the allied troops. Montbard was the favourite retreat of Buffon; he had fitted up a house there with exquisite taste. The gardens were superb, and the greenhouses and plantations were objects of curiosity to travellers. All was now laid waste. My father-in-law's house was visited with a similar fate by the exterminating hand of the invaders. The unfortunate old man was unable to bear up against this new calamity, following so closely on the death of his much-beloved son. He died a few weeks after the invasion, without ever recovering his speech, which he lost by a paralytic attack, occasioned by the sight of the Russian and German uniforms.

Our fertile provinces were now inundated with battalions of barbarians, and every day their destroying lines approximated closer and closer. At this period I maintained a pretty extensive correspondence, and received accounts on which I could rely from all parts of France. These accounts filled me with the most poignant grief. The Government, acting on its secret principles, prohibited the journals from publishing the truth. Whether this measure was wise or unwise I do not pretend to determine. But this, however, I can say, that the intelligence

[1] The Comte de Buffon wrote great part of his *Natural History* at his country-house close to the town.

most cautiously concealed was generally well known ; and that, perhaps, it would at this time have been better and wiser policy to have allowed a perfectly free interchange of opinions. Throughout the whole of this crisis the Emperor's conduct was certainly admirable ; but yet all he did led to no effective result. The battle of Montereau was doubtless one of the most brilliant conceptions of his genius, and one of the most remarkable examples of the valour of our troops and the skill of our generals.[1] But what we then wanted was peace—with peace all might have been saved.

An opera *de circonstance*, entitled the "*Oriflamme*," was brought out in Paris at the very time when the Comte

[1] Napoleon had the peculiar faculty of uniting military eloquence to all the other qualities of a great captain. His orders for the day, his proclamations to the army, his words of encouragement during an action, were all replete with those warlike sallies of magic touch that intoxicate the soldier while they lead him on to glory. The memory of his comrades, more faithful than history, can relate a thousand instances of this kind, of which the following occurred near Montereau, in the unfortunate though remarkable year of 1814 :—

The Emperor, after having beaten Prince Blucher in the successive battles of Champaubert, Montmirail, Château-Thierry and Vauchamps, sometimes engaged on the Seine, sometimes on the Marne, everywhere conqueror in person, without a moment of leisure to benefit by his victories at this critical juncture, attacked vehemently Prince Schwartzenburg and the Austrians, who were advancing on his right, and had gained the high road leading to Paris. The troops of the prince had established themselves on the bridge at Montereau, which the Duke of Belluno endeavoured in vain several times to take ; it was after these unsuccessful attempts that the Emperor arrived on the heights of Surville, that commanded the town as well as the junction of the rivers Seine and Yonne, and by his presence decided the fate of the day. He pointed the guns himself, he directed the discharge of each, and so well was the artillery arranged that the Wirtemberg troops in Montereau were slain in great numbers. Schwartzenburg, notwithstanding, endeavoured to silence the Emperor's batteries, but the balls from the town flew over the plains of Surville without any serious result to the French army. Several of Napoleon's generals remonstrated seriously with their commander at the constant exposure of his person in so critical a moment, and it was then that he replied with a gaiety of countenance : "Fear nothing, my friends, the bullet which will kill me is not yet cast." These memorable words are remembered by every artilleryman of the army, and have often been repeated by them in moments of the hottest fire.

Montereau was taken ; the enthusiasm of the soldiers, of the young officers, and of the inhabitants of the town, was increased by this victory gained by the Emperor in person. But hope of final success was not greater among the superior officers than it had been for some time past, and all these heroic efforts, while they tended to uphold the glory and renown of the army, could not save Napoleon or France.

d'Artois was at Vesoul.[1] At such a time the title might well have appeared ominous, but a sort of general vertigo seemed to prevail. I well remember the first performance of the *Oriflamme.* It was like a national convention of the *beau monde.* Every box was filled. The Faubourg St. Germain saw with enthusiasm the title of the *Oriflamme,* and prepared to bestow on the piece the most extravagant applause. I was then in the habit of seeing many of the residents of the royal Faubourg, and their joy knew no bounds. I never could understand the affectation which suggested the production of Charles Martel, the *Oriflamme les Gaulois et les France,* and various other *pièces de circonstance,* in which there appeared an array of old names, like the dead exhumed from their graves. The success of the *Oriflamme* was extraordinary. The authors certainly could not be accused of royalist opinions. I can answer for one of them at least, that is M. Etienne. The other was M. Baour Lormian. The music, which was exquisitely beautiful, was the joint production of MM. Paër, Mehul, Berton, and Kreutzer.

The Austrians were now before Grenoble maintaining a heavy cannonade. Affairs every day assumed a more sombre aspect. The invaders were advancing upon us with such terrible speed and regularity that nothing seemed likely to check their progress. The Austrians were penetrating into Dauphiné; the English and Spaniards were advancing by the Pyrenees. Hitherto our attention had been exclusively directed towards the north; but now the torrent was gaining upon us on all sides. One of the most remarkable singularities of that period was the gay aspect of Paris during the winter of 1814. Masked balls and private balls were given without intermission, and yet the disastrous intelligence that was daily received put dozens of families into mourning. Meanwhile the Emperor acquired some partial advantages over the allied armies. But what did they avail? Only to show the more convincingly that all was lost. Treason, too, had made rapid

[1] Formerly the Kings of France had the Oriflamme, or great standard, carried before them when they went to the wars.

progress. In many towns the white flag was concealed in some of the houses in anticipation of the favourable moment for raising the cry of *Vive le Roi.* How was it that the Duke of Rovigo, who was sincerely attached to the Emperor, did not make himself acquainted with the real state of France at that time? The truth is, that the Duke was a most incompetent minister of the police. Toulouse, Bordeaux, and a great part of the south, where trade had suffered greatly by the war, ardently prayed for peace, apart from any wish for the return of the Bourbons.

Will it be believed that Napoleon's evil star now so completely ruled his destiny that he allowed himself to be misled by false reports of the march of the enemy's forces, which reports, however, caused the loss of Paris. After the affair of Saint Dizier the Emperor's object was to make a diversion, to draw together all the enemy's forces, and to give a decisive battle, which should deliver Paris. Information, which was subsequently ascertained to be false, induced Napoleon to march to meet the corps of Winzingerode with a force amounting only to ten thousand men, all cavalry. In his rear there were no infantry; in short, no army. The marches and counter-marches requisite for this operation caused Napoleon to lose four days. This loss was irreparable.

Now that I have arrived at the period when we bade adieu to our days of glory, I must mention an occurrence which I think sufficiently important to claim a place in these Memoirs; I allude to the presentation to the city of Paris of the last colours taken by the Emperor from the enemy. It was a most imposing ceremony, and the recollection of it must still be vivid in the minds of many of my own age. I shall never forget what I felt on that occasion. It was on a Sunday; the weather was superb for that season of the year, for it was then the end of February. An immense concourse of people thronged the quays of the Louvre, the Place du Carrousel, and the Rue de Rivoli. The minister of the war department, who already in his heart had pronounced against the

colours which he bore in triumph, took a conspicuous part in the ceremony. The *cortége* passed along the Quay, the Place du Carrousel, and the Pont Royal, in admirable order. First came General Hulin and all his staff, preceded by a numerous military band; then followed the staff of the gendarmerie of Paris, the national guard, and finally the ten flags, two of which were borne by officers of the imperial guard. I could not help remarking the expression which was imprinted on the countenances of these two men. It partook at once of the pride of triumph and the dejection which necessarily followed the reflection—*These flags were taken from the enemy only twenty leagues from Paris!* The other eight flags were borne by four officers of the line and four officers of the national guard. Next came the minister of the war department in his carriage, followed and preceded by his aides-de-camp, likewise in carriages, which, by the way, I may observe, had rather a ludicrous effect. The procession was closed by the imperial guard and troops of the line. It entered the court of the Tuileries by the triumphal arch of the Carrousel, and the minister of the war department, having halted under the vestibule de l'Horloge, there received the trophies which he was afterwards to present to the Empress.

King Joseph, whom the Emperor had left in Paris as his lieutenant-general, that day reviewed the national guards. The Place du Carrousel and the Court of the Tuileries were filled with troops. I saw King Joseph at a distance, riding along the ranks of the national guards and troops of the line. His striking resemblance to the Emperor might have made me fancy myself transported back to the glorious days of the Consulate and the Empire. When the flags were carried through the court of the Tuileries the drums beat and the national guards presented arms; that movement was electrifying, and a general shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" was once more re-echoed by the walls of the Tuileries. The minister of the war department first proceeded to the hall of the Council of State, where he was received by a master of the ceremonies. He was afterwards conducted to the *Salon de la Paix*, where

the Comte de Ségur, as grand master of the ceremonies, awaited him. The Comte de Ségur introduced him to the *Salle du Trone*, where the Empress, surrounded by her ladies and gentlemen in waiting, the princes, grand dignitaries, ministers, and grand officers of the Empire, received the flags presented to her by the minister of the war department (the Duc de Feltre). A formal speech was delivered by the duke, to which the Empress replied very briefly. After this solemn ceremony the flags were conveyed to the Invalides and consigned to the care of that same Marshal Serrurier to whom Napoleon gave such a good-natured reproof, when, a year afterwards, he found the *Hôtel des Invalides* deserted by his old brothers in arms who had fought with him in Egypt and Italy. Of the ten flags one was Austrian, four Prussian, and five Russian. They were brought to Paris by Baron Mortemart, one of the Emperor's orderly officers.

One evening Cardinal Maury came to visit me. When he entered I observed that he looked particularly dull. I had two or three friends with me; and he asked me to favour him with a few minutes' conversation in my cabinet. As soon as we entered he closed the door, threw himself on a sofa, and folding his arms with an air of despondency, he said: "All is lost! Heaven alone can save us by a miracle! We must now invoke that miracle, for I have ordered prayers of forty hours." I shuddered! Prayers of forty hours! It seemed like the preparation for death. It was the precursor of the death of our country. "Heavens!" I exclaimed, "surely we may hope that the genius of the Emperor . . ." The cardinal shook his head mournfully.—"He is dragging us into the abyss into which he has plunged himself! His obstinacy banishes all hope. Oh! that we lived in the days in which ecclesiastics bore the halberd and the sword. Old as I am I would mount my horse. I would go to the Emperor and say, "Sire, if those who are about you have not courage to let you hear the truth, I will tell you that you are hurling yourself and France to destruction. I have come to lend my feeble aid in her defence."—"No,

cardinal," said I, "do not regret your mission of peace and conciliation. Remain with us, and pray for the success of our arms."

The most disastrous news had succeeded the delusive hope which for a moment cheered us. In the space of five days the Emperor had beaten all the corps of the army of Silesia, and driven them between the Aisne and the Marne. The five corps of the army of Silesia lost more than twenty thousand men in the space of five days. The genius of the army of Italy once more favoured Napoleon; yet her smiles were but transient. The Emperor's able and rapidly-conceived plans were all defeated by whom? By Blucher, the fugitive of Jena, the prisoner of Lübeck! In the meanwhile the party of the old *noblesse* was gaining strength. The cardinal told me many remarkable particulars on this subject, which I noted down the same evening. "The Emperor," said he, "does not attach sufficient importance to old recollections. Even the defects of the regime of the Bourbons, when contrasted with those of his, were converted into blessings. The pusillanimity of Louis XVI. and all the abuses of his reign vanished, in comparison with the absolutism of Napoleon."—"Do you then think it possible," said I, "that the Bourbons will ever return to France?" At first he made no reply. This subject did not please him. The Bourbons would certainly not receive him on their arrival in France. "Yes," said the cardinal, after a pause, "they will return; and the emigrants, who have been continually blundering, will, for once, probably see their way rightly, and will manœuvre by instinct, if not by talent. If this result do not arrive, it must be owing to a renewal of the same faults which they committed at Coblentz at the time of the emigration. The Emperor has loaded them with favours. He will see their gratitude."

The cardinal was right. The greatest fault Napoleon ever committed was to surround himself with men who, whilst they kissed his hand, were plotting treason against him. He who so often followed the maxims of Mac-

chiavelli ought to have borne in mind the following precept: "Never restore to men the half of what they have lost, for they will use it against you."

Bordeaux soon opened its gates to the Duc d'Angoulême. The prince was preceded by an Anglo-Spanish advanced guard. At length I received from Châtillon, where I had many friends, intelligence of the rupture of the negotiations. Napoleon, after long insisting on the bases of the treaty proposed at Frankfort, presented, through the medium of the Duke of Vicenza a counter-project, declaring that he, Napoleon, would consent to remain sovereign of France circumscribed within its old limits, with only the additions of Savoy, Nice, and the Isle of Elba.[1] The allies rejected all these propositions, and faithfully adhered to the declarations of the treaty, offensive and defensive, signed at Chaumont on the 1st of March —the situation of Napoleon had changed since the treaty of Frankfort!

The definitive reply was given on the 19th of March. Napoleon resolved that, if he fell, his fall should be without a parallel. On the 20th and 21st of March he fought the battles of Arcis-sur-Aube. On these two days he exposed himself to danger like a common soldier, giving proofs of the rarest courage and presence of mind at a time when he must have been a prey to the most harassing anxiety. The enemy's artillery kept up a terrible fire! The balls bounded through the air without intermission. In the very heat of the engagement there came up a corps of that sacred phalanx, composed of men whose courage had been tried in a hundred battles—I mean the old guard. At the moment when the corps arrived on the field the Emperor saw that the danger was imminent. He formed the troops into squares. The enemy's fire redoubled; and a bomb fell close to the foremost rank of one of the squares. In spite of the long-tried courage of the veterans, this occurrence caused a

[1] He also wished to retain a portion of Italy for Prince Eugène, the Grand Duchy of Berg, and the principality of Neufchâtel. The latter was for Berthier. A clause for Berthier!

movement in the ranks. Napoleon immediately saw how important was the result of that moment. He spurred his horse and galloped up close to the bombshell, and turning to the troops, said with a smile, "Well! what is the matter? surely you are not frightened at this?"—In another instant the shell burst; and not only did Napoleon and his horse escape unhurt, but no injury was sustained by any one. This was the way in which Napoleon led his troops to victory.

Ferdinand VII. had now returned to his kingdom. On his arrival at La Flania, near Figuieres, his person was delivered up by Marshal Suchet, in the presence of the two combined armies. Thus did the long Peninsular War terminate just at the point at which it began, and, to complete the mortification, Spain, whose soil had been drenched with the blood of so many martyrs of liberty, was a few months afterwards again made subject to the stupid and tyrannical yoke of divine right. Slavery was the reward of all the noble sacrifices made in the cause of freedom.

I have now arrived at the crisis of our misfortunes. The Emperor was forsaken by all his allies. Murat had totally abandoned him. He occupied Tuscany, and had become, as it were, the ally of Ferdinand IV., his enemy, the man who regarded him as a usurper. Both now marched together against the French. I have already mentioned that the Emperor Napoleon was misled by a false report, either through treachery or accident. This error was fatal to Paris, which was abandoned with no other defenders than Clarke, the war minister, and King Joseph—the latter abandoned us. Though I entertain a profound respect for General Clarke, I must confess that I do not think he was equal to the important trust reposed in him. But the main-spring which set all the machinery in motion was M. de Talleyrand, whom the Emperor would have done well to have lodged in Vincennes. It was not the unassisted efforts of the Faubourg Saint Germain that brought about the restoration; it is a great error to suppose so. No doubt the royalists had in Paris

very active coteries of intriguing priests and women; but these obscure arsenals merely prepared the arms which were directed against the Emperor. M. de Talleyrand was not the sole author of the restoration; he merely fixed the cockades which were already prepared. To this he will owe all his celebrity, and not to a political career which is not signalised by any incident important to his country. In spite of the *Hosannah* at that time chanted by a chorus of old women in honour of the genius of M. de Talleyrand, it might fairly be asked what he had ever done either *for* or *against* France. He was a man of wit, and his *bons-mots* were excellent. But wit was his only qualification. It was a finely-painted curtain, behind which there was absolutely *nothing* till the 30th of March. On the 30th of March M. de Talleyrand distinguished himself by doing something important *against* France. I will briefly trace his course during that memorable period.

The danger became daily more and more pressing. The Emperor momentarily received intelligence of new defections. The conscripts were refractory and discontented; treason multiplied in the departments, and rendered more frightful the disasters caused by the presence of the allied troops. There was no recruiting; contributions could no longer be levied, and money was scarce. Our most fertile provinces were desolated by the requisitions of the enemy. This disastrous state of things was aggravated by Napoleon himself, by his fatal distrust of the population of Paris. He was afraid to arm that population too long before the hour of danger really arrived, and then perfidy in the hour of need had neutralised our means of defence. He was deceived, as I have said, at St. Dizier by Winzingerode's corps of cavalry, which he took for the enemy's advanced guard; and having repulsed it, he discovered that the main army was not in its rear: what an error! He now found that he had been betrayed. He saw before him his own ruin, and that of France. He determined on a retrograde movement behind the forest of Fontainebleau.

The inhabitants of Paris were in a state of the most painful anxiety. What was to be their fate? We concealed all that we could conceal of our valuables, and prepared for flight; but in which direction were we to go? The English were advancing by the way of Guienne; the Austrians by the Lyonnais, the Bourbonnais, and Burgundy. Champagne was the theatre of war, as well as the provinces towards Flanders. On all sides there were disasters and ruin, towns and villages burnt, and the earth deluged with blood.

On the 28th of March a Council of Regency was held, and it was resolved that the Empress and the King of Rome should quit Paris. Who could have advised a measure so impolitic, and so little productive of advantage to the Empress herself? Was it expected that the English would show her more respect than the Austrians if she had encountered them? Maria Louisa was our shield, and we would have been her defence. The departure of the Empress and the King of Rome is still involved in mystery. They proceeded to Blois, accompanied by an escort of two thousand six hundred picked troops, leaving Paris to be defended by King Joseph and the national guard without arms. Doubtless Napoleon ordered their departure, but he must have been deceived. Maria Louisa was followed by all the ministers and all the great dignitaries, except M. de Talleyrand, Savary, and Clarke, who were not to depart until the 30th. The approaches to Paris were defended by Marshals Marmont and Mortier; the former having with him only two thousand four hundred men of good infantry, and eight hundred cavalry. Marmont defended the heights of Belleville and Romainville. The Duke of Treviso had to defend the intervening space from the canal to the Seine, and Marmont from the canal to the Marne. On the day of the attack, the 30th of March, universal terror prevailed. The interior of every house was like the abode of mourning and despair. Paris seemed like a city struck by the malediction of Heaven. The Duke of Rovigo had received instructions not to quit the capital before the

Prince of Benevento. This was strange, and it may serve as an answer to those who allege that the Emperor never respected social liberty where his interests were concerned. M. de Talleyrand was free to depart; it was only the Emperor's minister who was detained captive, for his departure depended on that of the Prince of Benevento. But to quit Paris at that particular moment would not have suited the prince's purpose. It was necessary to invent an excuse, and the following was thought of. I know not why the Duke of Rovigo has not related the circumstance as it really happened. Perhaps he wished to disguise, under the veil of silence, the sort of mystification that was played upon him.

Prince Talleyrand still remained in Paris; for his absence was not wished by the party who had been busily preparing white flags and cockades. That party wished to get rid of the Duke of Rovigo. He was devoted to the Emperor. I must render him this justice if I have been severe to him on other points. What was wanted was to get him to depart, and to allow the Prince of Benevento to stay. This object was effected by the clever management of Madame de Remusat. That lady repaired to the prefecture of the police. She was on terms of intimate friendship with M. Etienne Pasquier, then prefect. "My dear baron," said she, as she entered his cabinet "I have come to request that you will do me an act of service."—"What is it?"—"M. de Talleyrand must not quit Paris."

Accustomed as M. Pasquier was to extraordinary revolutions of opinions and parties, he could not repress a very significant expression of surprise whilst he listened to Madame de Remusat. It was some time before he made any reply. At length he said: "What can I do, Madame? M. de Talleyrand must quit Paris like all the rest of the great dignitaries. You would not have me disobey the Emperor's order; for he is still Emperor, and may be back again to-morrow." Madame de Remusat shrugged her shoulders with an air of contempt: "Come, come, baron, surely you are not one of those who think he has

power to work miracles! He has no longer any army, no empire." Baron Pasquier shook his head. "But that is nothing to the purpose," said he; "you propose a thing that cannot be done. It is perfectly impossible to do what you wish. Where is M. de Talleyrand?"—"At your door, in my carriage."—"Is not your husband at the Barrière du Maine with his company?"—"He is."—"Well, I should imagine that he is the best person to detain M. de Talleyrand in Paris. Let him set out in his own carriage, with his own liveries, so as to let it be seen that he does set out. On his arrival at the barrière, your husband may detain him if he pleases. I have no need to appear in the business. This is my advice; and if you think fit you may follow it."

Madame de Remusat left the cabinet of the prefect, perfectly satisfied. As soon as the Duke of Rovigo was informed, by his spies, that the Prince of Benevento had left his hotel, he left his, and quitted Paris without seeking any further information, and without knowing whether the enemy was not practising some artful scheme. I beg his pardon for speaking of him thus candidly; but his conduct was worse than *maladroit*—it was stupid.

When M. de Talleyrand learned that the Duke of Rovigo had thus left the field open to him, he said nothing; but he smiled with that satirical expression so customary with him. He returned to Paris, and his conduct there is so well known that I need scarcely describe it. He, without any reserve, placed himself in hostility to the falling party, and joined the party that was triumphing. There certainly is, in M. de Talleyrand's nature, some quality which attracts him towards those who are gaining power, and repels him from those who are losing that same power. We saw proofs of this on the 18th Brumaire, in 1814, and in 1830. Thus it was that M. de Talleyrand remained in Paris after all the members of the Government had joined the Empress at Blois. The poor Duke of Rovigo was so ill served by his spies that they gave him false reports, and the account of the above affair, as given in his Memoirs, is wholly incorrect. The story is as I have

related it. Several of the actors who took part in the drama are still living. My account may possibly displease them; but they can only deny my statements, they cannot prove them to be untrue.

While all these incidents were passing, the inhabitants of Paris were in a dreadful state of alarm. I had concealed most of my diamonds in a girdle which I wore over my corset. My pearls, and some other jewels of minor value, were concealed in a similar manner by Mademoiselle Poidevin, the governess of my daughters. Towards evening my drawing-room began to fill. Madame Juste de Noailles was among my visitors. She was very uneasy at the aspect of affairs, though not alarmed for the safety of herself and her family. In the event of a return of the Bourbons the Noailles were sure of standing on a favourable footing. But her husband was at the headquarters of the Emperor Alexander, and she was anxious to see what turn affairs would take. As to myself, I was truly miserable. I was tolerably well informed of all that was going on, and I saw nothing but an abyss. At length eleven o'clock struck. The fatal morning was approaching, and I had as yet formed no settled determination. I sat down and wrote to the Duke of Ragusa. The friendship which had united him to the Duke of Abrantes induced me to appeal to him for advice, and I felt assured that he would direct me to the most prudent course. I therefore wrote to him that, being *alone* in my house with my four young children, I was greatly perplexed, and did not know whether it would be most advisable to depart or to remain where I was. I sent my letter to the Hôtel de Raguse, where the Marshal happened to be at that very moment engaged in drawing up the capitulation, or rather in receiving the conditions. Occupied as he must have been, he seized his first moment of leisure to return me an answer. The following is a copy of his letter:—

"I thank you, madame, for the proof of confidence you have given me. Since you ask for my advice, I would recommend you not to quit Paris, which to-morrow will certainly be more tranquil than any place within

twenty leagues round. After having done all in my power for the honour of France and the French arms I am forced to sign a capitulation which will permit foreign troops to enter our capital to-morrow! All my efforts have been unavailing. I have been compelled to yield to numbers, whatever regret I may have felt in doing so. But it was my duty to spare the blood of the soldiers confided to my charge. I could not do otherwise than I have done; and I hope that my country will judge me as I deserve. My conscience expects this justice."

I received this letter at two o'clock in the morning. I read it to the friends who had assembled at my house. It, of course, decided us not to leave Paris; but at the same time it profoundly grieved us. A capitulation!—and before the very barriers of Paris! It is perfectly false that Napoleon sent M. de Girardin to Paris, with orders that the powder magazines of Grenelle should be blown up before the arrival of the Allies. The Emperor, on the contrary, was destitute of ammunition, and desired that the powder should be conveyed, if possible, to Fontainebleau. He loved his Parisians better than to sacrifice them wantonly, without any prospect of ulterior good.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Allies enter Paris—First appearance of the white cockade—The allied troops and their white scarfs—The Emperor Alexander at the hotel of M. de Talleyrand—The council—Napoleon at Fontainebleau—A conspiracy—Berthier deserts the Emperor—The Duke of Ragusa and General Souham—Deputation of the marshals—The Emperor of Russia—His answer to the marshals—Napoleon's conversation on suicide—He takes poison—His recovery—Marmont and the convention of Chevilly—Indignation of the troops against Marmont—The 4th of April at Fontainebleau—The abdication—Napoleon's forbearance—Carnot and Napoleon—M. Czernicheff—M. Platow's appetite—How Madame Junot's servants proposed to get rid of him—The effect of the drug—M. Volinski—Grand ceremony of expiation—A *Te Deum*.

THE Allies had now entered Paris. The Duke of Ragusa had retired to Essonne, together with Generals Souham, Compans, and several others.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 31st of March, that day so important in the history of France, the capitulation of Paris was signed. The Bourbons would consequently have been proclaimed at daybreak by their party, had the assent of the allied powers been positive and unreserved; but even at eleven o'clock in the forenoon nothing betokened the intended restoration. It was not until twelve o'clock that some white cockades and flags became visible in the Place Louis XV. These demonstrations of royalty were paraded along the Place by about forty persons on horseback, who waved the flags and shouted *Vive le Roi! Vivent les Bourbons!* But the people were mournful and silent, and did not join in these cries. This is an unquestionable fact. The Archbishop of Malines himself declared that however desirous he was to see the fall of Bonaparte, he neither heard nor saw

anything on the 31st of March that could lead him to expect the return of the old dynasty. The Duke of Dalberg, who was at a window in the hotel of M. de Talleyrand, exclaimed: "They are mounting the white cockade!" Then some of the party assembled at M. de Talleyrand's went out merely *to see*, as one of them expressed it, what had caused the uproar. Ten men on horseback, with white flags, proceeded in the direction of the Boulevard de la Madeleine. As they passed through the Rue Royale the shouts became louder. Windows were opened, white cockades were thrown out, and ladies waved white handkerchiefs.

The group of persons described above were on the Boulevard de la Madeleine when they met M. Tourton, a general officer of the national guard. He was on horseback, and was accompanied by an aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia. Both were stopped by the group, who continued to shout *Vive le Roi! Vivent les Bourbons!* M. Tourton said he could not grant them the protection they required until he had orders from the Government; and the Emperor of Russia's aide-de-camp seemed very much embarrassed. These two gentlemen proceeded to the Barrière de Belleville, leaving the group on the Boulevard. The fact is, that all this movement was perfectly partial, and that if a squadron of the imperial guard had only galloped through Paris the little party of Bourbonites would speedily have been dispersed.

On the 31st of March the allied sovereigns entered Paris. As they advanced into the capital the demonstrations in favour of the Bourbons became more positive; either because the fear of Napoleon had hitherto repressed the real sentiments of the populace, or because that populace merely followed the inclination natural to mankind, to salute the rising and to turn from the setting sun. A circumstance, trivial in itself, had a singular influence at this crisis; it was observed that the allied troops had all white scarfs tied round their arms: they were worn as the sign of victory, and not as the indications of French royalism. Most people, however, regarded them in the

latter point of view, and the royalists, artfully profiting by the mistake, reported that Louis XVIII. was acknowledged by the Emperor of Russia, and even by the Emperor of Austria; that Prince Schwartzenberg wore the white scarf, and that the king's arrival might be looked for next day.

It is a positive fact that no pledge for the restoration had been given by the Allies. No doubt the Emperor Alexander might cherish a feeling more or less favourable to the Bourbons; but as yet that feeling had not been manifested. It has been mentioned, as a proof of the Emperor Alexander's inclination to favour the royal cause, that he chose as his place of residence the house of M. de Talleyrand, who was known to be the enemy of Napoleon. I do not mean to say that Talleyrand was the friend of the Bourbons; it would be absurd either to say or to believe so; but he lent his aid to one sovereign merely for the sake of destroying the other. At five o'clock in the afternoon the Emperor Alexander arrived on foot at the hotel of M. de Talleyrand. The latter was then holding a consultation with M. de Pradt, who, after kissing the Imperial hand, which for fifteen years had overwhelmed him with favours, now acted the part of the Ass to the fallen Lion. Next arrived M. de Dalberg. He was more unpardonable, for Napoleon, instead of giving him any cause of dissatisfaction, had loaded him and his family with wealth and honours. Ingratitude like his is doubly revolting. The Emperor of Russia arrived at M. de Talleyrand's on foot, having alighted from his horse after seeing the troops defile. He was received by M. de Talleyrand, having as *aides des cérémonies* M. de Pradt on the one hand, and the Abbé Louis on the other. Both were eagerly craving for the good things of office; and they humbly bowed before the conqueror in the hope of sharing the spoil of the conquered. M. de Talleyrand did not reflect that these two gentlemen were of his own cloth; if he had, he would probably have shaken off the Archbishop of Malines at least. I ought, however, to mention that, previously to the arrival of the Emperor of Russia, M. de Nesselrode had been closeted for two hours

with M. de Talleyrand ; and there is reason to believe that in that *tête-à-tête* were *determined* the matters which were subsequently *discussed* in the council :—whether this was with the cognisance of the Emperor of Russia I know not.

On his way to the house of M. de Talleyrand the Emperor Alexander was accosted by Viscomte Sosthènes de Larochefoucauld, who earnestly implored him to restore to France her legitimate sovereign. This step on the part of M. de Larochefoucauld was as honourable as the conduct of the persons to whom I have just alluded was base. M. de Larochefoucauld never served Napoleon in any way—whether in the army or the imperial household. His sentiments were always consistent, and invariably tending to one object. When he mounted the white cockade he merely manifested a feeling which had long been cherished by himself and his family. In this there was nothing to blame ; but, on the contrary, everything to applaud. The reply of Alexander to the petition of M. de Larochefoucauld was singularly circumspect. He held out to him no hope ; and, indeed, his reply might without difficulty have been construed into a refusal.

This indecision arose out of a cause which was not, at the time, generally understood in Paris. The Emperor of Russia was not convinced that the whole nation shared the enthusiasm of a few hundred individuals whom M. de Talleyrand presented to him as the *kingdom.* At the recent engagement at Fère-Champenoise, the Russians had seen a few thousand men allow themselves to be cut to pieces rather than yield to the enemy ; and these men had been taken from the plough only a few days before. What, then, was to be expected from the army—the marshals and the generals? This question occupied the attention of the Emperor Alexander—I know this from a source of unquestionable authority. Thus far M. de Talleyrand may be said to have aided the restoration, for between him and M. de Nesselrode the plans were previously arranged. The Emperor Alexander was induced to adopt them ; and one strong argument employed to effect this object was the defection of Marmont.—

Marmont! the brother in arms, the aide-de-camp, the dearest bosom friend of Napoleon, since the death of Junot, Lannes, Duroc, Bessières; yes, even he had abandoned him! It was evident, then, that France wished to depose him. Another fatal circumstance was Napoleon's separation from Maria Louisa.[1]

Nevertheless, the Emperor of Russia firmly resisted the proposed restoration on the grounds proposed by M. de Talleyrand. "What means would you employ?" inquired the Emperor Alexander. "The constituted authorities," confidently replied M. de Talleyrand. The Emperor appeared astonished.—"What authorities? they are all dispersed."—"I ask your Majesty's pardon. The members of the Senate are in sufficient number. (This was not true.) So are those of the Legislative Body. The Senate having once pronounced, France will obey its dictates."[2] Alexander still hesitated. "Will your Majesty be pleased to hear two witnesses in confirmation of my testimony?" With these words M. de Talleyrand sent for the Baron Abbé Louis and the Archbishop of Malines. On the evidence of these two men the Emperor of Russia formed his opinion on the state of France! In truth, I am almost inclined to believe that his mind was made up beforehand.

The council was held immediately afterwards. It consisted of the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, the Duc de Dalberg, N. Nesselrode, M. Pozzo di Borgo, Prince Schwartzenberg, Prince Lichtenstein, M. de Talleyrand, Baron Louis, and the Archbishop of Malines. These individuals were ranged on the right and left of the large table which stood in the middle of the apartment. The Emperor Alexander did not sit down, but alternately stood and walked about: his mind seemed quite absorbed in the great interests which were under consideration. He expatiated largely on the misfortunes

[1] The Empress and her son were still at Blois.

[2] This remark of M. de Talleyrand is a terrible condemnation on the Senate. It would lead to the inference that if the Senate had protested against the arbitrary commands of Napoleon it would have been seconded by France.

of war, and ended by observing that Napoleon, having merited to be deprived of a power which he had abused, France should be allowed to choose another sovereign, and that the Allies should aid that important object by assisting to repress the efforts of persons striving to maintain an order of things which it was necessary totally to abolish. Having said thus much, he turned to the King of Prussia, and to Prince Schwartzenberg, who represented the Emperor of Austria, and asked them whether they concurred in his opinion. Alexander then made several noble and generous remarks, and betrayed considerable emotion. It is but justice to acknowledge that in his intervention in the affairs of France he was at the outset actuated by the most magnanimous feeling.

The conduct of the Archbishop of Malines was curious on this occasion. It will be best painted in colours borrowed from his own palette. "When the Emperor asked me my opinion," said he, in his description of the above scene, "I eagerly declared we were all royalists—that *all* France was of the same opinion—that we had only observed silence on account of the Congress of Châtillon" (that is to say, through fear). To this the Abbé added a thousand fine things of the same sort. Thus the business of the council was settled. I have neither added nor invented. The affair was reported in the journals; but not with the above details, for the authenticity of which I am enabled to vouch.

The Senate was convoked on the 1st of April. On the 2d the act of abdication was declared, and on the 3d the wreck of the Legislative Body declared its concurrence in the abdication. Napoleon was at Fontainebleau with Berthier, Maret, Caulaincourt, Bertrand, and the majority of the marshals. This interval in the career of the Emperor is, perhaps, unexampled in the history of the world. We have read of the revolutions of the seraglio; of those of the Lower Empire; of the assassinations of Russia: we have seen the blood-stained crowns of India given to vile eunuchs; but nothing in the pages of history present any parallel to what passed at Fontainebleau

during the days, and above all the nights, passed there by the hero, abandoned by fortune and surrounded by those whom he supposed to be his friends. A thick veil was drawn over the event, for the principal actors in it carefully concealed their baseness from the eye of the world. Few persons are aware that Napoleon was doomed to death during the few days which preceded his abdication, by a band of conspirators composed of the most distinguished chiefs of the army.

"But," said one of them in the council in which these demons discussed their atrocious project, "what are we to do with him? There are two or three among us who, like Antony,[1] would exhibit their blood-stained robes to the people, and make us play the parts of Cassius and Brutus. I have no wish to see my house burned, and to be sent into exile."—"Well," said another, "we must leave no trace of him. He must be sent to heaven like Romulus." The others applauded, and then a most horrible discussion commenced. It is not in my power to relate the details. Suffice it to say, that the Emperor's death was proposed and discussed for the space of an hour, with a degree of coolness which might be expected among Indian savages armed with tomahawks. "But," said he who had spoken first, "we must come to some determination. The Emperor of Russia is impatient. The month of April is advancing, and nothing has been done. Now, for the last time, we will speak to him of his abdication. He must sign it definitively—or——" A horrible gesture followed this last word.

Yes, the life of Napoleon was threatened by those very men whom he had loaded with wealth, honours, and favours; to whom he had given lustre from this reflection of his own glory. Napoleon was warned of the conspiracy, and it must have been the most agonising event of his whole life. The torments of St. Helena were nothing in comparison with what he must have suffered when a pen was presented to him by a man who presumed to say,

[1] They alluded to the Duke of Bassano, Caulaincourt, Bertrand, and some others.

"Sign—if you wish to live." If these last words were not articulated, the look, the gesture, the inflection of the voice, expressed more than the tongue could have uttered.

The Emperor of Russia wished to ascertain the feeling of the army before he adopted a final resolution. Napoleon made choice of Marshal Macdonald, Marshal Lefebvre, Marshal Oudinot, the Duke of Vicenza, Marshal Ney, and the Duke of Bassano, to bear to the Emperor Alexander the propositions which he had to make to the allied powers. Some time previously to this occurred a scene, the remembrance of which fills me with indignation against the man whom it almost exclusively concerns. I allude to Berthier. He was with the Emperor, and he invented an excuse for leaving him at that moment. He alleged that his presence was required in Paris, for the purpose of securing some papers which were of importance to the Emperor himself. Whilst he spoke, Napoleon looked at him with melancholy surprise, which, however, Berthier did not, or would not observe. "Berthier," said Napoleon, taking his hand, "you see that I have need of consolation—and how much I require at this moment to be surrounded by my true friends." He pronounced these last words emphatically. Berthier made no reply. Napoleon continued: "You will be back to-morrow, Berthier?" "Certainly, Sire," replied the Prince de Neufchâtel. And he left the Emperor's cabinet with treason in his heart. After his departure, Napoleon remained for some time silent. He followed him with his eyes, and when Berthier was out of sight, he cast them down towards the ground, on which he looked thoughtfully for several minutes. At length he advanced to the Duke of Bassano, and laying his hand on his arm, he pressed it forcibly and said, "Maret, he will not come back." He then threw himself dejectedly into a chair. He was right. Berthier did not return.

The Duke of Ragusa had left his army-corps under the command of General Souham. This army-corps was in the neighbourhood of Essonne. Marshal Marmont was still undetermined as to what course he should adopt.

The convention which, on the 5th of April, had been concluded at Chevilly between him and Prince Schwartzenberg, had been disavowed. But there was one thing very unpardonable in the Duke of Ragusa, which was his having sent a copy of the act of abdication, which was not yet known, to the army; and the remarks which accompanied the document sufficiently explained what were his motives for sending it. General Souham then thought that if the Emperor should return to power they had gone too far to retract,—that they were lost; and in the absence of the Duke of Ragusa he determined for himself as to what course he should adopt. He told the troops that they were to march against the enemy. The soldiers joyfully flew to arms; but they continued their march to a considerable distance without, as they expected, coming up with the enemy. At length, when they reached the neighbourhood of Versailles, they discovered they had been deceived. They then turned furiously against their generals, who were wellnigh being sacrificed to their anger and disappointment. Cries of *Vive l'Empereur! Mort aux étrangers! Mort aux Prussians! Mort aux Russes!* resounded on every side. This news speedily reached Paris; but not soon enough to enlighten the Emperor Alexander. But did he wish it? This is a secret which it is impossible to divine. And yet I think he was sincere on his first arrival in Paris.

The particulars of the deputation of the marshals to the Emperor of Russia have been detailed in so many publications that I think it unnecessary to repeat them here. I may merely mention that the number of marshals being complete, the Emperor wished to add Marshal Macdonald, and he said to the Duke of Bassano: "I wish to include the Duke of Tarento. He is not attached to me; but I know him to be an honest man, and for that reason his voice will have more weight with the Emperor of Russia than any other. Write to him, Maret." Then, after a moment's reflection, he added: "But poor Marmont! He will be grieved that I do not include him in the deputation. Well, Maret, we must have his name in

it too. Set down Macdonald's name. But do not erase Marmont's." I know not whether the Duke of Ragusa was ever made acquainted with this fact. If so, I think it must have caused him a pang of regret.

The marshals, after a long conference with Napoleon, set out for Paris. They stopped at Petit-Bourg, at the headquarters of the Prince of Wirtemberg, to take fresh escorts. Marshal Marmont did not alight from his carriage, which was remarked as extraordinary. On their arrival in Paris they immediately waited on the Emperor of Russia. There Marmont evinced signs of great agitation. It was doubtless caused by grief—for he was not a traitor. No, he was incapable of that;—but he was unhappy, and no wonder, if he knew the extent of the mischief he had done. When the Marshals entered the apartment in which the Emperor of Russia was in readiness to receive them, Marmont did not accompany them. Was he at that time aware of the step which Souham had taken?

The Emperor of Russia gave the marshals an attentive hearing. Doubtless his determination was formed; but he would not, even in appearance, put any restraint upon the nation. The abdication in favour of Napoleon II., by his father, was one of the three measures proposed to the council, the rejection of which had been brought about by M. de Talleyrand.

The Emperor of Russia spoke on the question with considerable warmth. The arguments brought forward in favour of the son of Napoleon appeared to produce an impression on him. Above all things civil war was in his opinion most to be dreaded. At the moment when he appeared to be ready to yield the point in question, one of his officers delivered to him a packet. He opened it, and his countenance suddenly changed. "How is this, gentlemen," said he to the marshals, in a tone of reproach. "You are treating with me in the name of the army. You give me assurance of its sentiments, and at the same moment I receive intelligence that the army-corps of the Duke of Ragusa has adhered to the act of abdication as

proclaimed by the Senate!" He exhibited to them the declaration of adherence, signed by all the generals and superior officers of the 5th corps. From that moment all was at an end. The Emperor declared that everything had been unalterably settled.

Such was the answer conveyed to Napoleon. On receiving it he was more deeply afflicted at finding himself abandoned by the men whom he had created than by the loss of his crown. The Duke of Bassano assured me that the Emperor never appeared to him so truly great as at that moment. Throughout the whole day his conversation turned on subjects of the most gloomy kind, and he dwelt much on suicide. He spoke so frequently on this subject that Marchand, his first *valet-de-chambre*, and Constant were struck with it. They consulted together, and both with common consent removed from the Emperor's chamber an Arabian poniard and the balls from his pistol-case.[1] The Duke of Bassano had also remarked this continued allusion to suicide, notwithstanding his efforts to divert Napoleon's thoughts from it. The duke spoke to Marchand, after he had taken leave of the Emperor previous to retiring to rest, and he expressed himself satisfied with the precautions which had been taken. The duke had been in bed some time when he was awoke by Constant, who came to him pale and trembling: "Monsieur le Duc," he exclaimed, "come immediately to the Emperor. His Majesty has been taken very ill!" The Duke of Bassano immediately hurried to the bedside of the Emperor, whom he found pale and cold as a marble statue. He had taken poison!

When Napoleon departed for his second campaign in Russia, Corvisart gave him some poison of so subtle a nature that in a few minutes, even in a few seconds, it would produce death. This poison was the same as that treated of by Cabanis, and consisted of the prussic acid which has subsequently been ascertained to be so fatal in

[1] Marchand, as is well known, accompanied Napoleon to the Isle of Elba, and subsequently to St. Helena. Constant, who imagined that he had been ill treated by the Emperor, quitted his service at Fontainebleau, after having received 50,000 francs from the funds of his royal master to repair his house.

its effects. It was with this same poison that Condorcet terminated his existence. Napoleon constantly carried it about him. It was enclosed in a little bag hermetically sealed, and suspended round his neck. As he always wore a flannel waistcoat next to his skin, the little bag had for a long time escaped the observation of Marchand, and he had forgotten it. Napoleon was confident in the efficacy of this poison, and regarded it as the means of being master of himself. He swallowed it on the night above mentioned, after having put his affairs in order and written some letters. He had tacitly bade farewell to the Duke of Bassano and some of his other friends, but without giving them cause for the slightest suspicion. The poison was, as I have already observed, extremely violent in its nature; but by reason of its subtlety it was the more liable to lose its power by being kept for any length of time. This happened in the present instance. It caused the Emperor dreadful pain, but it did not prove fatal. When the Duke of Bassano perceived him in a condition closely resembling death, he knelt down at his bedside and burst into tears: "Ah! Sire!" he exclaimed, "what have you done?" The Emperor raised his eyes and looked at the duke with an expression of kindness; then stretching to him his cold and humid hand, he said: "You see, God has decreed that I shall not die. He too condemns me to suffer!"

The Duke of Bassano could never relate this scene without the most painful emotion. The affair was but little known at the time of its occurrence, notwithstanding the importance which was attached to the most trivial act of Napoleon. But it was deemed prudent to conceal from the knowledge of the multitude everything calculated to excite sympathy for the victim and indignation against his persecutors.

When the provisional government saw that the army, which was described as being in a state of subjection, was, on the contrary, in open revolt, an order was sent to the Duke of Ragusa directing him to depart immediately and restore order. When it was understood that the marshal

was in the neighbourhood of Versailles a plan was laid to assassinate him. I could myself name several officers who were fully resolved to strike the blow. A fault in the unfortunate convention of Chevilly had exasperated not only the officers but the soldiers—this was the stipulation of a place of secure retirement for the Emperor and his family. There was, it must be confessed, in Marmont's conduct in this affair, a touch of *impudence.* I am sorry to employ this word, but it comes naturally to the point of my pen. Did he mean to tell the French people that the safety of Napoleon—of that colossus whose powerful hands had controlled the two hemispheres—depended upon him! On his arrival at Versailles Marmont dared not venture to present himself to his troops. He acquainted the general officers with his arrival, and retired to a farm at Grand Montreuil. The general officers did not choose to take the responsibility on their own heads, and they took with them a number of officers of every rank. The unfortunate Marmont was thus surrounded by an accusing circle, who raised cries of vengeance which might well have excited terror in a man less inured to danger than the Duke of Ragusa. "But what would you have done in my place?" he exclaimed, in a moment of despair. All were appeased by the abdication of the Emperor! That act may be regarded as the noblest of Napoleon's life. It was not duly appreciated by a nation like the French, who consider everything with levity. A single sign made by the little finger of Napoleon would have raised whole legions, as it were, out of the earth. He might have returned to Paris in disguise and have excited an insurrection: the allied sovereigns might have been massacred, and the streets deluged with blood. But he chose to descend from the throne rather than to continue on it by such means.

On the 4th of April the Emperor reviewed at Fontainebleau his guards and the troops who still remained faithful to him. Marshal Ney, Marshal Lefebvre, and Marshal Oudinot, were present at this review. The Emperor had very properly forbidden any of the journals from

being circulated among the military. He still cherished hope. The review passed off very quietly. When it was ended, Marshal Lefebvre entered the cabinet. "Sire," said he, in a voice faltering with emotion, "you would not listen to your faithful servants! You are lost! The Senate has declared the abdication!" The fact is, that Marshal Lefebvre had advised Napoleon to defend himself in Paris.

The guards still continued faithful, but the troops of the line had been tampered with. The Duke of Bassano was still at Fontainebleau. He would not leave the Emperor, and spared no effort to sustain his fortitude. The Duke of Reggio was likewise at Fontainebleau. After the parade on the 5th, the Emperor sent for him, and asked whether he thought the troops would follow him to Italy? "No, Sire," replied the marshal; "your Majesty has abdicated!"—"Yes, but on certain conditions!"—"Soldiers cannot discern these nice distinctions," observed the marshal. The Emperor made no reply.

At one in the morning Marshals Ney and Macdonald returned from Paris. Marshal Ney, who entered first, said, "Sire, we have succeeded only in part." And he related how the defection of the 6th corps had prevented them from settling the question of the abdication by securing the succession of his son. Napoleon was deeply wounded by the conduct of the troops confided to the command of Marmont. Marmont certainly was not a traitor; and yet no traitor could have done greater mischief. "To what place am I to retire with my family?" inquired Napoleon. "Wherever your Majesty may please. To the Isle of Elba, for example, with a revenue of six millions."—"Six millions! that is a large allowance, considering that I am only a soldier." At that moment Napoleon had with him at Fontainebleau the troops of Macdonald, Mortier, Lefebvre, and Marmont. These different corps amounted altogether to 45,000 men. Deducting 12,000 as the amount of Marmont's corps, there remained 33,000, with which Napoleon might have commenced civil war. Before the expiration of a fort-

night he would have doubled his forces. His forbearance, in this particular, has never been fully acknowledged. It has even been pronounced want of firmness! His abdication was prompted by a noble impulse of his generous nature. He abdicated to save France from the horrors of civil war.

It has been frequently alleged that Napoleon was a tyrant, who punished with imprisonment or exile all who ventured to utter a word in opposition to his will. It would be easy to quote a thousand examples in refutation of these assertions; but it will suffice to mention the cases of Carnot and Lafayette. Carnot refused to sanction the consulate for life,—the Empire, and its hereditary succession. He was firm and honest in his opinions, and he never expressed a sentiment in opposition to his conscience. He was a truly noble-minded man. The Emperor, who knew and esteemed his integrity, never reproached him for the line of conduct he had adopted; but, at the same time, he never bestowed upon him any favour—this was perfectly natural.

In 1809, Carnot, after having governed provinces and had mountains of gold at his disposal, was reduced to very straitened circumstances. A severe loss which he sustained left him no alternative but a prison, or to appeal to the generosity of a friend. He required eighty thousand francs to extricate him from his embarrassment. Where could he find a friend who would go such a length to serve him!

After several days of bitter inquietude (for a prison is a fearful prospect to a man of spirit, whatever may be the cause that drives him into it), Carnot came to the conclusion that there was but one man in Paris to whom he could address himself without humiliation, and that man was his enemy—it was the Emperor!

Carnot wrote to Napoleon. His letter was what might be expected from such a man. On receiving it the Emperor was deeply moved. He had a heart formed to understand the noble spirit of the writer. He mentioned the affair to the Duc de Bassano; in him, too, Carnot found an echo.

"Carnot must be extricated from this difficulty," said Napoleon; "but how can we manage it? One cannot offer money to such a man. Maret, you must draw up a memorial in which you will propose to me to allow him the arrears of his pay as a lieutenant-general during the time he held that rank previous to the formation of the Empire, and send him an order for the amount. You must also send him a brevet for a pension of 12,000 francs, the arrears of which will likewise be due to him; for he shall have a senatorship. In this manner he will be under no obligation, except to his country, of which I am merely the organ."

Carnot received the brevets above mentioned, and was thus enabled to fulfil his engagements without incurring the insupportable burden of a favour. He felt and acknowledged Napoleon's generosity.

With the Emperor Alexander there arrived in Paris a number of Russians, who had been our visitors on former occasions. Among the number was M. Czernicheff. He was the most agreeable of all. I have several times had occasion to mention him in the course of these Memoirs. As soon as he arrived he came to pay me a visit. I then occupied my hotel in the Rue de Champs-Elysées. The Emperor Alexander resided at the Elysée Napoleon.

M. Czernicheff spoke about the position of France with admirable judgment and shrewdness. He was remarkable for the readiness with which he took a mental *coup d'œil* of things, and his opinions were always unbiassed by prejudice. The conversation turned on various persons who had played a distinguished part during the Empire; and I was much surprised to learn that the Emperor Alexander entertained towards some of them not merely a prejudice, but a sort of dislike, which caused him to refuse seeing them. One of these persons was the Duc de Rovigo. I was amazed at hearing this. Czernicheff did not tell me the cause of this dislike, but I afterwards learned it.

"And how have you been treated, amidst all these changes?" inquired M. Czernicheff.

"But, indifferently," I replied. "I have a person quartered in my house, who, disagreeable as he is, might be endured. But his retinue of followers are absolutely insufferable. They give my servants no rest."

"Whom do you allude to?" inquired M. Czernicheff.

"To Platow."

"Platow! he is lodged at Madame de Remusat's."

"That is the father, but the son is here, as my cook can testify; for he regularly despatches twelve different dishes at his *déjeuner* exclusive of the dessert, which is equally copious, as my *maître-d'hôtel* well knows."

This was nothing more than the truth. Never did any animal walking on two legs exhibit such an example of gluttony. Then I had the most bitter complaints from my *femme de charge*. She came to me one day and said she could no longer bear to see such destruction. She was every day obliged to give out a pair of sheets for M. Platow, because he thought proper to go to bed in his boots. Consequently, the sheets were not only covered with mud, but were slit in enormous rents by the spurs of the young *dauphin* of the banks of the Don. Poor Blanche was exceedingly careful of my household linen, which was very fine, and she was not sparing of her imprecations on the *Russian savages*. At length, after a day or two, I observed that her anger was somewhat appeased; and I inquired whether our guest was behaving better.

"By no means, Madame," said she; "but I now give him the coarse sheets belonging to the servants of the stable. They are far too good for a savage like him," she added in a contemptuous tone.

Another incident of a similar nature occurred among my servants.

They were so disgusted at the gluttonous appetite of young Platow that they determined to give him a little wholesome correction. For this purpose they resorted to a scheme which I should certainly have prohibited had I been informed of it in time.

They procured a small quantity of an emetic drug, and mixed it not only in the dishes which were served for the

Cossack's *déjeuner*, but also in his wine and the bottle of brandy which he regularly swallowed after *every meal.* They might have killed him; but they had no idea they were incurring any such danger, and were merely intent on amusing themselves with what they conceived to be a most admirable joke.

Platow that day ate with more than his usual appetite, which was remarked with great satisfaction by the *valet-de-chambre* whom I had appointed to attend upon him. Joseph was an old confidential servant, who had accompanied me in all my travels. The disorder and destruction which he witnessed in the house of his mistress irritated him, and inspired him with a bitterness of feeling which did not belong to his nature.

Platow despatched his usual hearty *déjeuner*, after which he swallowed a large basin of *café à-la-crême* and the remains of his bottle of brandy. Being somewhat exhausted by this exertion, he yawned, stretched out his arms, and finally threw himself on the bed, where he soon began to snore so loudly that Joseph feared he would shatter the panes of glass in the windows.

Joseph was at first surprised, but at length he became uneasy. He removed the dishes from the table without disturbing Platow. He went in and out of the room, purposely making a noise to endeavour to awaken the Cossack, but without effect. At length he approached the bedside and looked at him. He looked, as he always did, very ugly; but he was perfectly calm; and his respiration, though heavy, was very regular.

Joseph left him. Several hours elapsed, and the Cossack continued sleeping, apparently in a state of the most perfect beatitude. At five o'clock in the afternoon he awoke, and expressed himself much astonished at his long nap. Joseph, who had been the first to think of the emetic scheme, was carefully watching the result of what he termed his *espièglerie.* As soon as he heard the Cossack begin to yawn and swear, which were always his first signs of waking existence, Joseph entered the chamber and asked him in German how he was.

"Wonderfully well," replied he; "I have never felt myself better since I have been in Paris; it is strange, too, for I have taken no exercise, and yet I have a most sharp appetite. Desire the cook to hurry the dinner!"

Joseph was petrified with astonishment.

"Say I want dinner as soon as possible," continued young Platow, without noticing the surprise of Joseph, who proceeded to the kitchen with such an air of consternation, that the *maître d'hôtel* exclaimed with alarm:

"Mon Dieu! is he dead?"

"Dead, truly!" said Joseph, with two or three determined oaths; "dead, indeed! There is no such good luck. He wants his dinner!"

"His dinner!" exclaimed the other servants.

"Impossible!" said the *maître d'hôtel.* "Well, in that case we must give him another dose."

Joseph opposed this proposition.

"No, no," said he, "we have already gone far enough in this business without the knowledge of Madame. I shall go and tell her all."

Accordingly, he came to me, and told me how they had dosed the Cossack, and that the medicine had only had the effect of giving him a better appetite. I could scarcely refrain from laughter, but nevertheless I preserved my gravity. I told him that I considered his conduct very blamable, and desired it might not be repeated under pain of my great displeasure. I told the story to Czernicheff, who enjoyed a hearty laugh at it.

"I must let the Emperor know it," said he; "for you, Madame, must be freed from this troublesome guest. To-morrow I will take care to get him removed, and I will send you, in his stead, an officer attached to the Emperor's staff, who I think will be a protection rather than an annoyance to you."

Platow left my house next day, and I received in his place M. Volinski, gentleman of the chamber to the Emperor of Russia. His conduct was perfectly gentlemanly, and, until the arrival of Lord Cathcart, my house maintained its usual regularity.

The Emperor of Russia stopped but a short time at the house of M. de Talleyrand. He subsequently took up his residence in the Elysée Napoleon, in the suite of apartments usually occupied by the Emperor. This removal was said to have been dictated by the apprehension of meeting with mined apartments, or some other hidden danger. I know very well that the Elysée was examined by two Russian engineers, accompanied by one of the Emperor Alexander's officers. The cellars and closets were all explored with the most scrupulous care. As to the Tuileries, it being well known that the Comte d'Artois was expected to arrive, no one could, in conscience, take his place. This was the real origin of this selection, whilst many people imagined it to have a very profound significance. The Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, in spite of their apparent confidence, were guarded with the most scrupulous vigilance. The posts of Cossacks of the Russian imperial guard were not limited to the palace of the Elysée or its environs, they extended to the Boulevard from the avenue of Marigny; and I saw Cossacks coming as far as the Champs-Elysées in their sentinel walks.

About this time a ceremony took place in Paris, at which I was present, because there was nothing in it that could be mortifying to a French heart. The death of Louis XVI. had long been admitted to be one of the most serious misfortunes of the Revolution. The Emperor Napoleon never spoke of that sovereign but in terms of the highest respect, and always prefixed the epithet *unfortunate* to his name. The ceremony to which I have alluded was proposed by the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. It consisted of a kind of expiation and purification of the spot on which Louis XVI. and the queen were beheaded. I went to see this ceremony, and I had a place at a window in the hotel of Madame de Remusat, next to the Hôtel de Crillon, and what was termed the Hôtel de Courlande. The ceremony took place on the 10th of April. The weather was extremely fine, and warm for the season. The Emperor

of Russia and King of Prussia, accompanied by Prince Schwartzenberg, took their station at the entrance of the Rue Royale; the King of Prussia being on the right of the Emperor Alexander, and Prince Schwartzenberg on his left. There was a long parade, during which the Russian, Prussian, and Austrian military bands vied with each other in playing the air—*Vive Henri IV.* The cavalry defiled, and then withdrew into the Champs-Elysées; but the infantry ranged themselves round an altar which was raised in the middle of the Place, and which was elevated on a platform having twelve or fifteen steps. The Emperor of Russia alighted from his horse, and, followed by the King of Prussia, the Grand Duke Constantine, Lord Cathcart, and Prince Schwartzenberg, advanced to the altar. When the Emperor had nearly reached the altar the *Te Deum* commenced. At the moment of the benediction, the sovereigns and persons who accompanied them, as well as the twenty-five thousand troops who covered the Place, all knelt down. On rising, the Grand Duke Constantine took off his hat, and immediately salvos of artillery were heard. The Greek priest presented the cross to the Emperor Alexander, who kissed it: his example was followed by the individuals who accompanied him, though they were not of the Greek faith.[1]

[1] The King of Prussia was a Protestant, Prince Schwartzenberg a Catholic, and the Emperor Alexander belonged to the Greek communion.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Dispersion of the imperial family—Judas and St. Peter—The Emperor of Austria's arrival in Paris—Napoleon's act of abdication signed—Forfeiture of majorates—M. Metternich's advice—Visit to me from the Emperor of Russia—The bronze figure of Napoleon—Alexander's opinion of the Duke of Rovigo—The Duc de Bassano—Junot's portrait—The Emperor's departure—His Majesty's second visit—His conversation on the Duke of Vicenza—His admiration of Paris—Promises his influence in favour of my son's majorates—Lord Cathcart—The staff-officer of the Prince Royal of Sweden—Motives of Bernadotte's visit to Paris—His proposition to the Comte d'Artois—Visit from the Duke of Wellington—General and Lady Cole—Miss E. Bathurst—The *Monster Prince*—His love adventures.

THE Empress Maria Louisa was now at Rambouillet, and was preparing to set out for Germany. Napoleon's brothers and sisters were all scattered about in various places. Queen Hortense was in Paris; the Empress Josephine was at Malmaison; the Princess Pauline was in Provence, residing at a country-house near Orgon; Madame Mère and Cardinal Fesch were on their way from Lyons to Rome; Jerôme and Joseph were about to depart to America, and Lucien was in England. In short, the different members of the imperial family were all separated and dispersed. It was now their turn to suffer. Whilst tears were flowing from the eyes of a glorious dynasty, who must have felt their misfortunes the more keenly, inasmuch as when they had reason to count on a very different fate, the other proscribed family were returning to the land of their fathers. The Comte d'Artois re-entered Paris after an exile of twenty-two years.

All was consummated. Every day the journals were filled with the names of generals who seemed to fancy that their adherence to the new Government could not be

declared speedily enough, or in terms sufficiently servile. This was most revolting conduct in persons who had all their lives enjoyed the favours of the man towards whom some of them now acted the part of Judas, and others that of St. Peter. And yet the Emperor's act of abdication, though signed, or at least assented to by him, had not appeared. It was not published till the 12th.

M. de Metternich came to Paris with the Emperor of Austria. They arrived, I think, on the 14th or 15th of April. Though honoured with the friendship of M. de Metternich yet I never conversed with him on the political affairs of the time. I may therefore, without reserve, state what I presume to have been his sentiments, as if he were a stranger to me. I have reason to believe that both he and the Emperor of Austria were much disappointed at not having reached Paris in time to secure the regency to Maria Louisa, and to make Russia declare in favour of the imperial orphan. The Emperor of Austria experienced, on his entry into Paris, a truly imperial reception. This was not intended as a mark of honour to the House of Hapsburg: it was an artful political contrivance for dazzling the Emperor Francis, and stifling any regrets which might have led him to say: "If my daughter had been Regent here!" But whilst he was lingering on the road from Dijon, Maria Louisa, the Empress of the French, became Grand Duchess of Parma and Placentia. The reception given to the Emperor Francis was superb. The passage of carriages or any other vehicles was prohibited through a great portion of the capital. The streets were lined with troops and bands of music. In short, it was a perfect *fête*.

At length the Emperor's act of abdication was made public.[1] It is simple and noble, and worthy of Napoleon in his most glorious days:—

"The Allied Powers having proclaimed the Emperor Napoleon to be the only obstacle to the re-establishment

[1] An interesting facsimile of this document, which was entirely in the autograph of Napoleon, will be found in Bourrienne's *Memoirs*. It is blotted, and nearly illegible, and bears tokens of the manner in which an unwelcome duty is hurried over.

of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and Italy, and that there is no sacrifice, even that of life, which he is not ready to make for the interests of France.

"Given at the Palace of Fontainebleau, April 11, 1814. NAPOLEON."

Berthier, Prince of Neufchâtel, sent in his adherence to the new Government, dated the 11th of April. For some time the Emperor had observed him biting his nails, and absorbed in reverie. He guessed his intention.

When the Emperor's abdication was made public—when our allegiance was annulled—I, in common with many others, began to turn our thoughts to the fate that awaited our families. M. de Metternich, whom I had seen the day after his arrival, told me that the majorates would be forfeited, with the exception of those in Illyria and the kingdom of Italy,—those, in short, under the dominion of Austria. "Mine," observed I, "are in Westphalia, Prussia, and Hanover." M. de Metternich shook his head and said: "I am much afraid that you will lose them all." But when I showed him the titles of a portion of them, producing a revenue of about fifty thousand francs, he said that they might possibly be restored to me in virtue of my claims, which had been confirmed by the King of Prussia himself. He referred to the territories and castle of Acken, which had been the personal property of the King of Prussia; but ceded by him in three different treaties, and which he had a right, if he chose, to relinquish. "Assert your claim," said M. de Metternich; "I will use all my influence to support it; but if you would take my advice you would first of all appeal for the protection of the Emperor Alexander. He has great influence over the King of Prussia."

I mentioned the business to M. Czernicheff, and expressed my wish to obtain an audience of the Emperor of Russia. "I will mention your wish," replied M. Czernicheff; "but I doubt whether he will grant it," added he, laughing. "Why not?"—"I don't know; but I could

lay a wager he will not," he said, still laughing. "His Majesty's refusal cannot be caused by any very serious fault of mine, since it appears to afford you so much amusement." Next day M. Czernicheff brought the answer. "I told you how it would be," said he; "the Emperor will not receive you at the Elysée."—"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, quite surprised and mortified, "what have I done to displease him?" M. Czernicheff continued speaking as though he did not hear me. "He will not receive you at the Elysée because he says he wishes to *do himself the honour* of coming to see you. These were his own words; what do you think of them?" —"This kind condescension touches me to the very heart," I replied. "Yes," added M. Czernicheff; "His Majesty wishes to pay a visit to the widow of the man of whom he has so frequently heard and read." He further added that the Emperor of Russia would be with me next day between twelve and one o'clock if that time *would be convenient to me.*

I must confess that I was totally unprepared for this excess of imperial courtesy; and notwithstanding all I had heard the Duke of Vicenza say of the Emperor Alexander, I scarcely believed that he would have carried his condescension so far. Next day about one o'clock the Emperor arrived. I then resided in my hotel in the Rue des Champs-Elysées. He was alone, in an open carriage, and had but one servant with him. I hurried to the head of the staircase to receive him, leading by the hand my little son scarcely three years of age. As soon as the Emperor saw me he bowed in recognition of the mistress of the house; then taking my hand he conducted me into the apartment with an air of kindness and affability. When we had reached the inner drawing-room, preceding the billiard-room, I stopped, and after thanking the Emperor for having come to visit a widow and her young family, I presented my children to him, who made their obeisance to His Majesty and withdrew. I then remained alone with the Emperor of Russia. I found myself quite in a new character—that of a petitioner to

a foreign sovereign! *I* who had never but once solicited anything, even from the Emperor Napoleon. But I was a mother! That consideration prompted my suit. "Sire," said I, "those children whom your Majesty has just seen have lost their father at a very early age. In losing him they lost everything. They are reduced to beggary if they forfeit their majorates; they were the price of their unfortunate father's blood." Whilst I said this we walked up and down the billiard-room and the salon. The Emperor led me to an arm-chair at the side of the fireplace; he then drew a small chair in front of me, and seated himself on it. "Sire," said I, rising, "I cannot possibly suffer your Majesty to sit on that chair."—"Pray resume your seat, Madame," said he, with a charming smile; "I prefer sitting here in order to hear you the more distinctly. You know I am deaf of one ear." He then again seated himself before me, and our conversation commenced; I noted it down as soon as the Emperor left me.

"First of all," said Alexander, "let me know what is the boon you have to solicit from me. Explain the affair to me that I may understand it." I stated my case to him. "The matter appears to me to be beyond a doubt," said he. "Draw up an explanatory note of the business, and I will *myself* give it to the King of Prussia. Czernicheff shall take charge of this affair by my order, and shall report to you the result. He is a friend of yours, I believe?" I replied in the affirmative, and added that I thought him an excellent man, possessing more merit than most persons were for a long time willing to give him credit for, because he was a man of fashion and agreeable manners. "But," said the Emperor, laughing, "I should have imagined that in France those were additional claims to favour."—"Sometimes, Sire."

At that moment Alexander directed his eye towards a *console* on which stood a small bronze figure of the Emperor Napoleon, about two feet and a half high, and clothed in the imperial robes. The Emperor of Russia looked at it for some moments, then turning from it he remained silent. This silence was embarrassing to us

both. At length Alexander broke it, saying: "One thing which particularly struck me on my entrance into Paris was the vast number of persons, especially women and children, in mourning."—"Sire," returned I, "your Majesty would have seen a great many more if all the widows and orphans in Paris had gone to meet you. As for my family and myself, I can only say that your Majesty neither saw my widow's weeds nor the mourning of my children." Alexander took my hand, and, pressing it in a friendly manner, he said: "I know it, I know it."

Then again, turning to look at the figure of Napoleon, he said, as if speaking to himself: "How I loved that man! I do assure you, Duchesse, that I loved him as much—perhaps I may say more—than any one of my brothers, and when he betrayed me I suffered more by his treachery than by the war he brought upon me. Would you believe, Madame, that the officer who brought me the first intelligence that the Emperor Napoleon had crossed the Vistula was imprisoned and put into irons? Yes, had Napoleon been willing to maintain the fraternity of arms and of hearts which subsisted between us at Erfurth, I confidently believe that we should have rendered Europe the finest part of the universe." (As he uttered these last words he rose and began to walk rapidly up and down the room.) "But Napoleon was surrounded by a set of men who have ruined him. One of them in particular—one of them is to me the object of an aversion which I can never overcome!" He paused—I could not venture to question him. "That man," resumed Alexander, "has committed thousands of iniquities in the name of Napoleon for which his unfortunate master is now called to account. I allude to the Duke of Rovigo!" I knew he did, and I was in no way astonished to hear him mention the name.

Alexander, who had been walking about, now came and resumed his seat on the chair near me: "One might almost suppose that you had guessed to whom I alluded?" I smiled. "Has he, then, behaved equally ill to his comrades?"—"Not to all of them, Sire; my husband had serious cause to complain of him; but still I am of opinion

that your Majesty has been prepossessed against the Duke of Rovigo. He has his faults; but he cannot be accused of wilfully behaving ill to the Emperor, to whom he is devotedly attached. Your Majesty has, perhaps, been misinformed, and——"—"No, no," resumed he, hastily, "not at all misinformed. I know the truth. That man had the insolence to attempt to introduce his police system into my palace at St. Petersburg. To place spies about me. It exceeds all belief; and then——" He stopped, and appeared to be struggling to repress his rage. "Since my arrival in Paris," continued the Emperor, "he has twenty times solicited an audience of me; but I have constantly refused to receive him. I understand he intends to ask the Comte d'Artois to see him. Truly the Duke of Rovigo would do well to recollect Vincennes. He ought also to screen an innocent man from the odium which belongs to himself; for poor Caulaincourt was at that time at Strasburg, and not at Vincennes; so that he could have nothing to do with ordering the death of the Duc d'Enghien."

The conversation was now becoming more and more interesting. I listened with a degree of attention and interest which must doubtless have been visibly depicted in my countenance, for the Emperor's politeness became more marked. He once more sat down beside me, for he rose and sat down by turns. "The Duke of Bassano," continued he, "is another person who has done the Emperor a great deal of harm."—"I am sorry to differ from your Majesty," observed I. "There is no man in France who would more readily lay down his life for the Emperor than M. de Bassano."—"What matters that, if he has not served him dutifully?"—"Sire, is it not possible that unjust, perhaps even malignant reports may have reached your Majesty's ear, and influenced you against the Duc de Bassano? He is an able statesman, a man of talent and incorruptible integrity. He has been a martyr to the cause which he served in his youth. He has never forsaken his principles, and has always been devoted to his country. These sentiments are innate in him. When M. de Bassano sent in his adherence to the provisional

Government, it was because he thought France could now only be saved by the general union of her children."

I stopped short, and felt quite astonished at having said so much. But I could not refrain from speaking the truth in defence of my friend, and then the affability of the Emperor of Russia divested me of all fear. His Majesty listened to me attentively, and when I had ended he said: "Was the Duke of Abrantes on very cordial terms of friendship with the Duke of Bassano?"—"He was, Sire; and, besides, my husband was from the same province as M. de Bassano. They were both natives of Burgundy, and I may almost add that they were brothers-in-arms!" —"How?"—"Because M. de Bassano was never absent from a single battle in which the Emperor was engaged. He is a brave man, and has exposed himself to all the dangers of a soldier's life without the hope of a soldier's recompence; for the only reward he would have gained by having a leg or an arm shot off would be *not* to have the benefit of the *Invalides*." Alexander smiled. "Ah!" resumed he; "I did not know he was so brave a man: and General Savary? What sort of reputation for courage does he enjoy?"—"He is a very brave man, Sire; I have always heard that admitted even by my husband, who was not easily pleased on that score."—"General Junot had a glorious military reputation. The sovereign is happy who is surrounded by such men. But how happens it, Madame, that you have not your husband's portrait among your collection of pictures?" and he looked round with an air of curiosity. "If your Majesty wishes to see a portrait of Junot, and a striking likeness of him, I can show you one. But I must request your Majesty to take the trouble to step into another apartment." I shall never forget the rapid and gracious manner in which the Emperor rose and offered me his arm. "Will you be kind enough to show me the way?" said he. I led him through the billiard-room, the library, the large cabinet fitted up in the style of an antique apartment, then through my bedchamber into another cabinet, and finally into my little workroom, in which was the portrait of Junot.

On his departure the Emperor bowed to me with the easy grace of a polished gentleman, free from anything approaching to royal *hauteur*. I followed him out of the room, when suddenly turning round and perceiving me, he said: "Why do you leave the room, Madame?" We were by this time at the head of the staircase. "Sire," said I, "your Majesty will permit me——"—"I will permit nothing of the kind. How! would you wish to see me to my carriage?"—"Certainly, Sire," replied I, smiling; for I was amused at the astonishment with which he seemed to regard a thing which appeared to me perfectly a matter of course. "See me to my carriage?" said the Emperor, smiling in his turn. "*Mon Dieu!* What would be said of me in St. Petersburg if I allowed myself to be escorted by a lady?"—"But we are not in St. Petersburg, Sire," said I; "and I entreat that you will permit me to do what I conceive to be the duty of the mistress of a house towards a sovereign visitor."—"Nay, nay," said the Emperor, taking my hand, and conducting me back to the door of the drawing-room, "the conquered must submit to the conqueror,"—and then he added with a charming grace: "Suppose I *command* you to stay where you are?"—"I am not your Majesty's subject, Sire."—"Well, then, you will prevent me paying you another visit. Surely you will not punish me so far as that?"—"That fear, Sire, ensures my ready obedience. I will not stir another step." He then descended the staircase, running as if to prevent me following him.

Some days after this visit of the Emperor Alexander, he called on me again one morning. He had given me no intimation of this intended honour. He came on foot, and quite unattended, and was dressed in plain clothes, wearing a round hat and a green coat. If Joseph, my *valet-de-chambre*, had not happened to recognise him, he would have been upstairs and into my workroom before I was aware of his being in the house.

On this second visit he was even more gracious and communicative than on the first. Every one must acknowledge the charm of this sort of affability in a sovereign;

it carries with it a *prestige*, the influence of which must be felt by persons of the coldest temperament.[1] Besides, in 1814 Alexander was really great. Yes, the term *great* may truly be applied to the man who, having the cup of revenge within his reach, averts the delicious beverage from his lips. This is being something superior to human nature! On this occasion Alexander spoke to me of Napoleon. He had abdicated, and his fate was sealed. "Have you seen the Duke of Vicenza?" inquired Alexander with an expression which I could not but remark. "I have, Sire."—"I am glad to hear it. But how had you the courage to do so? It would have been all very well a month ago, but within the last fortnight . . . "—"Because I had heard him less talked about within the last fortnight. I therefore called on the old friend of my childhood; him whom I so long called my brother." The Emperor Alexander approached me, took my hand and pressed it, then after a pause he said: "You did right, very right. I assure you again, on my word of honour as a sovereign, that the Duke of Vicenza is perfectly innocent of the crime with which he is charged!" This was the second time the Emperor Alexander had spoken to me with great warmth on the same subject.

Our conversation next turned on Paris, and the persons who had been most conspicuous in the imperial court, especially the ladies. He spoke of Madame Ney and the Empress Josephine. He seemed very curious to hear what I had to say of the latter; and frequently brought the conversation back to her, though I constantly endeavoured to let it drop. At length he said, with a good-humoured smile: "I almost think you are afraid of me." —"By no means, Sire! your Majesty's kindness renders that quite impossible. But you must be aware that on such a subject I feel myself bound to be silent." He appeared to reflect for a few moments, and then he said: "You are right! This is the second lesson you have given me. I thank you."

[1] Madame de Sévigné gives a proof of this feeling in the letter in which she mentions having danced with the king.

Our conversation then changed to another subject. The Emperor spoke of our theatres, our museums, with which he was highly delighted; and he declared that the magnificent city of Paris had not its equal in the whole world. "My stony city," said he, "(*ma ville de pierre*) will also be a splendid place one day or other. You must come and see it; say you will; I am sure you would like St. Petersburg; and we will give you a welcome reception. Then you can tell on your return that we are not quite such savages as we are said to be." I was deeply touched by these words, which he uttered with the most unaffected kindness of manner. He next spoke of the state of my affairs, and asked me in what circumstances Junot had left his family. I replied: "Without any fortune."—"How! and Napoleon . . . "—"It was not in his power to do anything, Sire. He was in Champagne at the time of Junot's death, and his attention was engrossed by matters of greater import than making a provision for us."—"But your majorates? Prince Metternich is your friend." He paused for a moment, and then continued: "It is his duty to protect you and your family." —"Our majorates, Sire, are in Prussia and in Hanover; consequently M. de Metternich can do nothing in the business. He is my friend, and I will not be so unjust as to accuse him of indifference. I will not myself solicit his intervention with Prussia; it is yours I should wish to have, Sire." The Emperor smiled. "Mine? Well, so be it. Czernicheff has begun the business, and he shall follow it up." I curtsied; and he added with charming grace: "Let it be understood. He shall arrange the business with the King of Prussia *in my name.* Will that satisfy you?"—"The widow of Junot can wish for nothing more when she has such an advocate for her children."

A flood of tears prevented me from saying more. Alexander took my hand (an English custom, which he had contracted, and which I at first thought very strange), and said: "Would it be inconvenient or unpleasant to you to have another *lodger* in your house? In the hotels near the Elysée, which have extensive suites of apart-

ments, there is none but yours that has the ground-floor unoccupied. I wish you could receive Lord Cathcart, the English ambassador to me; and allow me to mention that you are to provide nothing but lodging-room either for Lord Cathcart or his attendants. His lordship is a man of agreeable and gentlemanly manners, and his presence here will be a protection to you. Besides, as I shall sometimes have occasion to call on him, I may at the same time take the opportunity of visiting his hostess, so that I shall hear whether he gives her any reason to complain."

Such was the conduct of the Emperor of Russia in 1814. I will here subjoin an anecdote of the same period, which may serve as a pendant to the above. I had gone out one day to take an airing. On my return home I found my servants in a state of great alarm and consternation. My *valet-de-chambre* informed me that an officer of the staff of the Prince Royal of Sweden, accompanied by some others, had called about an hour before my return. They had taken a survey of the house from the cellar to the very uppermost rooms. On being informed that one of the Emperor of Russia's officers lodged in the apartments overlooking the garden, the Swedish officer said, with an insolent air: "Well, he must remove."—"But," said Joseph, "where are we to put him, if you dislodge him?"—"Is there not an apartment adjoining the billiard-room which we just passed through?" "That is my mistress's apartment," said Joseph indignantly. "And pray, who is your mistress?" said the officer, in a jeering impertinent tone. Joseph was greatly irritated. He had been with Junot in the campaigns of Egypt and Italy. To see our enemies in France deeply mortified him; to see them in Paris nearly broke his heart; but to be insulted by them in his master's house was more than he could possibly endure. Directing a look of the most consummate contempt at the Swedish officer, he replied: "The mistress of this house is the widow of a man, at the mention of whose name Frenchmen and foreigners should raise their hats and bow with

respect. (The officer had kept on his hat.) He was General Junot, the Duke of Abrantes. If he were now living and Governor of Paris you would not have been allowed to enter it."

The officer replied to this only by a shrug of the shoulders, and continued to make out his list of quarters, marking the different rooms, as is customary in a conquered city. This chamber was for the colonel, that for the general, etc. "I tell you once more," said my *valet-de-chambre*, "that this is my mistress's apartment."—"I must obey my orders."—"And who ordered you to come here?"—"His Royal Highness the Prince of Sweden."

The officers took their departure. I returned home shortly after, and my *valet-de-chambre* related to me what had occurred. My first impulse is always impetuous; and I flew to my desk and wrote the following note:—

"MONSEIGNEUR—The allied troops occupy Paris. I have received no offence from the officers or their inferiors of any rank whatever. I must confess that it appears to me as strange as it is vexatious that I should have experienced the first insult just at the time your Royal Highness arrived in Paris. Feeling assured that it cannot be by your orders that any house (hitherto respected by all parties) should be violated by any of your officers, I complain of what has taken place to-day in the hope that you will make me a suitable apology."

About an hour after my letter had been delivered at the hotel of the Prince Royal of Sweden, in the Rue d'Anjou Saint Honoré, I received a visit from his first aide-de-camp, Count Brahé. He made me a very handsome apology on the part of the Prince of Sweden, and assured me that His Royal Highness and the persons of his household were totally ignorant of the intrusion and annoyance to which I had been exposed in his name. I was charmed with the politeness and elegant manners of Count Brahé, who seemed to have been brought up in the same school of good-breeding as M. de Metternich.

Few persons could comprehend what was Bernadotte's object in coming to Paris at that time; still less could they understand his eagerness to hurl Napoleon from his throne. There was then no chance of a Republic as on the 18th Brumaire. But though General Bernadotte had forsaken France he still loved her. His rank, as Prince Royal, had only made him change his opinions. Being no longer a republican he was become a royalist. The Princess of Sweden used to complain bitterly of the *ennui* of the frigid and gloomy court of Sweden, which was never excited except when they shot kings at masked balls. On hearing the princess make these complaints, M. de Talleyrand used to say: "But really, Madame, this is very well for a beginning." Bernadotte thought so too. But the *beginning* had unfortunately become the *end*, since the downfall of the great European Colossus, and Bernadotte looked fondly back to his native country. He offered to His Royal Highness, Monsieur, who had just arrived in Paris, his services in putting down the different factions which might still exist in the army, over which his name might yet have some influence. To effect this object he conceived it would be requisite to be invested with some imposing title, such as Generalissimo of the Forces, or Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom: the latter, it is true, was the title which Monsieur himself held; but he thought it might be rendered more practically useful when possessed by Bernadotte. The latter, therefore, consented to abandon the government of his own States, and to remain a year in France if necessary.

The proposition of the Prince Royal of Sweden was made to Comte d'Artois; but after a very brief consideration His Royal Highness was informed that the sooner he returned to his own army the better. This was the reason of that sudden departure which left the princess unprotected and a prey to the unfortunate attachment which she conceived for a man who was certainly the very last person in the world who might have been expected to play the part of a romantic lover.

At this time I was in the habit of seeing Prince

Metternich every day. He frequently called on me in the morning, and almost always took tea with me in the evening. He was extremely fearful of being suspected of interfering in the affairs of France.

In reference to this subject I may relate a circumstance which took place before my departure from Paris, at the time when Louis XVIII. was forming his ministry. Lord Wellington had been in Paris for some days before he learned that I also was there, and that I was residing very near him. He called on me, and I was much pleased and interested by his conversation. I have already mentioned that Lord Wellington was highly esteemed by the Duke of Abrantes, who had imbued me with the same favourable opinion of him, so I was the friend of Lord Wellington though the enemy of the English general. His lordship resided at the Hôtel de la Reynière, which belonged to Ouvrard. "I have come to beg your kind reception of a new lodger," said Lord Wellington to me one day. "I allude to Lord Cathcart." "He cannot fail to be welcome, my lord," said I, "since the Emperor Alexander has introduced him. Lord Cathcart came that same morning. As soon as he arrived he sent to say he wished to speak with me. When he entered, he requested, in the most polite terms, that I would permit him to reside in my house. His manners were those of a polished man of rank, and I saw at once that I should have every reason to congratulate myself on having him quartered beneath my roof. Next morning he took possession of the suite of apartments on the ground-floor. They consisted of four drawing-rooms, a spacious gallery, two small billiard-rooms, and a large cabinet, which might easily be converted into a bedchamber. This was the suite of apartments in which I used to receive company. They overlooked the gardens. There was also a bathroom attached to them. I assigned to Lord Cathcart's use a great portion of my stables. They had become useless to me since the death of my husband; for I kept only four carriage-horses and a saddle-horse. Lord Cathcart assured me that he would be answerable for his servants

committing no depredations, and I must in justice say that they were extremely well-behaved and quiet.

My house was soon entirely filled. The apartments on the first floor, overlooking the garden, were occupied by General and Lady Cole. They occasioned no inconvenience to me; but there was a great difference between them and Lord Cathcart. This difference extended even to their servants, which I discovered to my cost.[1] Lady Cole was a very pleasing woman, and the general was a true model of an English country gentleman. Lady Cole often came to take tea with me in the evening. On one of these occasions she told me that she had a favour to ask of me. "A young lady, an intimate friend of mine," said she, "is very anxious to see Paris. Her relations will entrust her to my care; but if I take charge of her she must reside with me. How can I manage this unless you grant me permission?" I assured her that I was most ready to do everything in my power to oblige her, but that I could not render the walls of my house elastic. It was already completely filled by Lord Cathcart, the general and herself, my own household, my brother, and my uncles the prince and the Abbé Comnenas. "But she can sleep in the great divan, in the boudoir," said Lady Cole, "if you have no objection." I gave my consent, though I was certain that my divan would be destroyed. But how could I refuse? "Well, since I have your consent, my young friend shall come to-morrow. Her brother is aide-de-camp to Lord Wellington, and he will himself thank you for your hospitality to his sister."

The young lady had been in Paris since the previous day; but Lady Cole had very politely declined bringing her until she had obtained my consent. When she introduced me to her I was struck with her beauty. Her fine

[1] There were in my boudoir, which adjoined my bedchamber, four small landscapes painted on vellum. They might be called miniatures, being only fifteen inches by twenty-two. They had been given to me by my brother-in-law, M. de Geouffre, and I valued them on account of their beauty and as a pledge of friendship. I persume that some of the servants of Lady Cole had taken a fancy to them; for the day after her departure, when the apartments were being put in order, they were nowhere to be found.

fresh complexion, her beautiful fair hair, and her soft blue eyes, produced altogether that youthful appearance which is found only among English women. It is the same with the English children; they are always prettier than any others. A child may have a white and red complexion, fair curled hair; it may be dressed in a white frock with a pink or blue sash;—all this makes a pretty child, but still it is not like an English child. It is the same with young girls of England. Lady Cole's young friend pleased me at first sight, and the hospitality which I had granted as a favour to Lady Cole became a source of gratification to myself. This young lady was Miss Eliza Bathurst, a relation of the English Secretary of the War Department. She was not only pretty and agreeable, but she possessed considerable talents and accomplishments. Alas! I little thought that the lovely flower with which I was so highly charmed would be so early blighted! Some time after her visit to Paris she accompanied her mother to Rome. It was at the time the Duc de Laval was our ambassador there. One day Miss Bathurst, with a party of friends, were riding on horseback along the banks of the Tiber. The weather was delightful. They were admiring the clear blue sky and the brilliant sun, which spreads a sort of magical glory over the Campagna di Roma. Suddenly Miss Bathurst's horse took fright; she endeavoured to rein him in. The animal darted off, and plunged, with his rider, into the Tiber, where the young lady perished. I was deeply shocked on hearing this event, when I recollected the many attractive and amiable qualities of Miss Bathurst. Her brother, Lord Wellington's aide-de-camp, was a very fine young man. In person he resembled his sister. I do not know what became of him.

One day M. de Metternich called on me and said: "Will you promise not to laugh at a gentleman whom I wish to introduce to you?"—"That must depend on what sort of a person he is. You know I am very apt to laugh. But tell me who he is."—"He is a friend of mine. He is not at all handsome; I tell you that before-

hand. And to convince you of that fact, I may inform you that he goes by the name of the *Monster Prince*." —"Surely you are joking!"—"I am not indeed. He has another name, it is true. His real name is Wenzel Lichtenstein. His brother, Prince Moritz Lichtenstein, has also requested me to introduce him to you, which, with your permission, I will do. The two brothers are very unlike each other. Pray behave well when you see Wenzel."

Prince Wenzel Lichtenstein was certainly the most ugly man I ever beheld in my life. He was the very perfection of ugliness. One might imagine he was endowed with this perfection by a fairy, as others are said to have been endowed with beauty. Nothing was wanting to complete it. Even his voice was the very strangest that can well be imagined. I must confess that when I first saw him I was perfectly petrified. "Well," said Metternich, the next time he called on me, "what do you think of him?"—"That he is by no means handsome. That is very certain. Poor fellow! He must be very unhappy if he is tender-hearted." I made the same remark to another friend who happened to call upon me that same day. "I beg your pardon," said he, "you are quite mistaken. Prince Wenzel, ugly as he is, has made his conquests."—"Impossible!" I exclaimed; "unless he happened to meet with a woman as frightful as himself."—"By no means. The lady whose affections he won was very pretty. The affair made some noise not long since at Vienna." The gentleman who gave me these particulars mentioned Princess ——. I was confounded. I was assured that Prince Wenzel had had several such adventures, and that he had now become so confident that he never doubted his success with any woman. "Have a care of yourself!" said my friend, who had made me thus far acquainted with the secret biography of the *Monster Prince*. "Upon my word," replied I, "you are right to put me on my guard; for he must possess infinite powers of seduction to have rendered himself agreeable to any woman."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Letter from Fontainebleau—M. Corvisart—Visit to Malmaison—Josephine's sorrow—My opinion of Maria Louisa—Josephine's projects—Future Duchess of Navarre—Approaching departure of Napoleon for Elba—Augereau's proclamation—The Emperor leaves France—Commissioners who accompanied him—General Bertrand—Arrival of the Duc de Berry—Reception of Louis XVIII. in London—The Comte d'Artois—Madame de Lawestine—The Duc de Berry—Louis XVIII.—Dangerous excess of joy—Cardinal Maury's mysterious visit—Scene in the archiepiscopal chapel.

I RECEIVED a letter from Fontainebleau, written in a strain of unreserved confidence. The Emperor was very ill. The poison he had taken had not been productive of the effect he expected from it, but had proved highly injurious to his health. It is worthy of remark, as illustrative of the bad faith of the newspapers of the period, that not one of them made the slightest allusion to this poisoning. The *Gazette de France*, of the 14th of April 1814, says: "The day on which Napoleon was to sign his abdication he found on his table a packet containing the conditions of the abdication, and likewise a pistol."—"Ah," said the Emperor, "they wish to counsel me; but they shall learn that I follow no advice but my own."

Be this as it may, he was now seriously ill, and M. Corvisart's attentions stood him in the utmost stead. The attention with which he watched over him was only equalled by his assiduous skill. I saw Corvisart at this period: the tears were starting from the eyes of a man whose firmness of character was never known to falter!

And yet he bent before this gigantic misfortune which never had its parallel in vicissitude! He never dwelt but with sorrow on what was taking place at Fontainebleau. I loved Corvisart as a man who had saved my life; but since this period of 1814 I have loved him for the exalted qualities which he then unfolded to view.

The letter I received from Fontainebleau entered into much detail respecting the preparations for the Emperor's departure. When I heard of it, though never expecting he would accept of the plan which I had proposed for his adoption,[1] I relied at least on a verbal answer. The Duke of Rovigo afterwards told me that he had not delivered my letter. I am unable to vouch for the truth of this assertion. I went to Malmaison the day after receiving the letter from Fontainebleau. I knew the Empress Josephine to be extremely uneasy respecting the passing occurrences, and she could not fail to set a high value on any intelligence derived from the spot. It was early when I arrived, and the Empress was still in her bedroom. I repaired to Madame d'Audenarde's apartment, and begged she would inquire of Her Majesty whether I might see her before breakfast. My name was no sooner mentioned to the Empress than she desired I should be admitted. She was still in bed, and stretching out her arms as soon as she saw me, she burst into tears, and exclaimed: "Alas! Madame Junot, Madame Junot!"

I was deeply affected at the meeting. I knew how sincerely she was attached to the Emperor; and at this moment every reproach she had to make was cast into shade by the heavy misfortune which oppressed him. I

[1] This plan was somewhat singular, and is believed to have arisen solely in the ardent mind of Madame d'Abrantès. She told Savary, Duke of Rovigo, that she should write a letter to Napoleon, who was yet at Fontainebleau, proposing to him to come to her house incognito; and that at the expected second visit to her of the Emperor Alexander, he should suddenly present himself to the Autocrat and demand of him protection for his son Napoleon II.; that she knew the high opinion and affection Alexander entertained for the Emperor, and she was sure that he would listen to him, and exert his powerful interest with the other sovereigns to secure the nomination of a regency to act for the son. Savary undertook to deliver this letter; but, as appears by the sequel, he did not carry out the trust imposed upon him.

could read her feelings, and this burst of deep affliction found in my heart the most congenial sympathy. Mingling my tears with hers, I told her what I felt. The sight, alas! of this dwelling reminded me of such pleasing recollections now buried in the tomb! My heart was broken! I wept with the afflicted princess, and my tears were more bitter than her own, for they flowed over a sorrow which death had occasioned, whereas she had still hope. The hundred days have proved how reasonably she could indulge it.

When I told her of my having received a letter from Fontainebleau she said to me, with an eagerness she had never displayed on any former occasion: "Oh! I beseech you, do read me that letter; read *the whole* of it; I desire to know *everything*." The contents were very painful for Josephine's heart, as many passages related to the King of Rome and to Maria Louisa. "What think you of that woman?" said the Empress Josephine, looking at me with a remarkable expression of countenance. "I, Madame! What I have always thought,—that such a woman should never have crossed the frontiers of France; I say so from the bottom of my heart."—"Indeed!" said Josephine, fixing on me her eyes bathed in tears, but smiling at the idea that I shared her opinion.

I repeated the expression, adding that I did so not to gratify the Empress Josephine, but because such was my opinion. And I think so still, at the present day, after the lapse of twenty-two years. "Madame Junot," said the Empress Josephine, "I have a great mind to write to Napoleon. Would you know the reason? I wish he would permit my accompanying him to the island of Elba, if Maria Louisa should keep away. Do you think she will follow him?"—"Quite the contrary; she is incapable of doing so."—"But if the Emperor of Austria should send to Napoleon his wife and child, as indeed he ought to do?" [Josephine, it may be seen, was not much skilled in politics.] "I am very anxious to know whether that will be the case; and you, Madame Junot" (she always called me thus) "may be useful to me in this emergency."

—"How so, Madame?"—"By putting the question to M. de Metternich; he is a friend of yours; you often see him; nothing can be more easy than to ask him."—"Your Majesty is quite mistaken. M. de Metternich is no doubt a great friend of mine; I often see him; but when he arrived at Paris he told me that if he called to indulge in my society a short relaxation from the fatigue of his occupations, he beseeched that I would never speak to him again upon matters respecting which he could not even give me a reply. In a word, he made me promise I should never mention any political act to him."

The Empress did not seem displeased at my refusal; she was kind-hearted, and knew how incapable I was of refusing her through any sinister motive. She merely shed tears, and said that my grounds of objection were a fresh source of sorrow to her. "I am beset with misfortunes," added she, bursting again into tears. I then observed to her that the Emperor's consent that she should go to the island of Elba was more than doubtful. She seemed astonished. "Why should he refuse it?"—"Because his sisters will assuredly go there, as well as Madame Mère. Let your Majesty recollect all you have suffered when seated on the throne of France, in the imperial palace of the Tuileries, when strong in the title of the Emperor's consort; if when you were sovereign, Madame, the Emperor's sisters could disturb your repose, what might they not do at the present day?" The Empress fell into a deep meditation, a circumstance of rare occurrence. "I think you are in the right," she at last said to me,—"I think you are right." She remained for some time with her head resting upon her hand. On a sudden she raised it, and said to me: "Have you seen the Comte d'Artois?"—"No, Madame."—"You have, then, never heard anything said respecting me?"—"Absolutely nothing."—"Madame Junot, you are deceiving me."—"I assure your Majesty, on my word of honour, that I am not."—"I hear that it is intended to deprive me of the title of Majesty, and to compel me to assume the name and title of Duchess of Navarre." I repeated my assertion that I knew nothing whatever.

The ruling desire in Josephine's mind at this moment was to retain the title of *Majesty;* I even think she had already made this request to the Emperor of Russia, though she assured me she had not yet mentioned the subject to him. She was greatly agitated; her face was the colour of scarlet, and I could perceive in her physiognomy that the various recent occurrences had made a deep impression upon her. It is well known that she had become very corpulent; she had lost her slender figure; her features were altered; she was divested of that elegance which had once made her the most fascinating female of Paris and of her court. All that was left to her was a dignified deportment, and great elegance of manners, and especially of dress. This was always the important point with her.

It was very late when I left Malmaison for Paris, and I did not reach home until nearly six o'clock. I found another letter, which in fact announced to me the Emperor's departure as fixed for the following day; but a circumstance which would have been painful to the Empress Josephine had she known it was, that on the same day on which she delighted in recalling to her mind the visit of the Emperor of Russia, he had gone with the Emperor of Austria to dine with Maria Louisa at Rambouillet. I learned this on my return. Maria Louisa appeared resigned and indifferent to her fate; Madame de Montesquieu was to accompany her in order not to quit her pupil—happily, as we hoped, for the future prospects of France.

Yes, Napoleon was on the eve of his departure! he was quitting that France which he had rendered so happy and so glorious! he was quitting it as an outlaw! How dreadful was that moment for us all who had loved and still loved him, even though he had broken our hearts! Yes, I fearlessly declare it, he was still an object of adoration to all those whose homage he had a right to claim.

What must he not have felt on learning that Ney had given a magnificent breakfast to the Emperor of Russia, and that he wept at the kindness of his royal guest!

What were Napoleon's feelings on reading the act of adhesion, the proclamation of Marshal Augereau! of a man who had never forgiven him the bridge of Arcola, and who now in his proclamation to his soldiers had the audacity to pen and to commit to the press—to his eternal shame, I may venture to assert it—this insolent phrase which was so insulting to the nation itself.

After admitting that Louis XVIII. was the beloved sovereign wished for in the secret aspirings of *Augereau* himself, he added: "Soldiers, you are released from your oaths by the very abdication of a man who, after having sacrificed millions of victims to his cruel ambition, had not the courage to die the death of a soldier."

All was anxiety at the Tuileries until the Emperor should have quitted France. This colossus of greatness, whose mere looks had so long been an object of terror, exercised an influence even in his downfall. The rays of his glory, though now displayed in a less elevated region, continued to dazzle the pigmies whose short sight could not resist the brilliancy of his sun. It was not enough that he should have fallen—he must be crushed; his removal was no security—they longed for his death. At last he took his departure. The immortal picture of Horace Vernet, which represents the moment of Napoleon quitting his faithful guards in the White Horse Court of the palace, renders superfluous all description of this scene. . . . The hero and his lofty soul are faithfully portrayed in that admirable production. Nothing can be more eloquent than the pencil which could read and give animation to the heart of this great man.[1]

The Emperor quitted Fontainebleau on the 20th of April, escorted, like a prisoner, by commissioners from all the Allied Powers. England was represented by Colonel Campbell, Russia by General Schuwaloff, Austria by

[1] When the Emperor passed in review, in the great court of the palace, the troops that had been faithful, and whose headquarters were at Fontainebleau, he was, as may be supposed, very much affected. He said to the officer who carried the colours: "As I cannot take leave personally of all my friends who surround me at this moment, I embrace these colours, and bid them an eternal adieu."

General Koller, Prussia by M. de Schack, and France by I know not whom ; the escort of foreign troops amounted to fifteen hundred men.

The 20th of April, then, was the day that the Emperor quitted Fontainebleau, which he was to revisit on the 20th of March following. The suite of the Emperor was too considerable, and the escort too numerous, to allow of rapid travelling; he had only reached Montargis late on the same day. General Bertrand was alone with the Emperor in his carriage. On that morning piquets of cavalry and escorts had reconnoitred the road. Well-founded fears were entertained. Had the Emperor uttered a word a civil war would have been kindled, and perhaps not twenty thousand of the allied troops would have escaped out of France. Napoleon's carriage was drawn by six horses : it was immediately followed by a special troop of cavalry, consisting of twenty-five men ; then came the generals, the French, Prussian, Austrian, Russian, and English commissioners, with their long train of carriages, also drawn by six horses. The Emperor's baggage followed, but not sufficient to fill SIXTY carriages, as it has been asserted in many newspapers. They amounted to twenty at most—a remarkable circumstance was, that a part of the guard was cantoned in the country, and under arms ; but they had been enjoined, many days before, not to give the slightest indication of pity towards their fallen master. The least movement might have occasioned his death!! The guard maintained a profound silence ; it was dejected and broken in spirits, and many of their numbers shed tears whilst on duty. The Emperor was calm and serene. He bowed with that wonted smile so peculiar to him, and which so brightened up his countenance. He perhaps showed himself a greater man on that day than at moments when he stood before the admiring world. He was, then, surrounded by a devoted body of men—the least sign of his small hand, and thousands of swords would have been drawn from their scabbards. But he suppressed every feeling. On the night of Napoleon's passing Montargis he slept at the,

castle of Briare; this was the 23d of April. He then continued his journey towards Saint Tropez and Orgon.

But I must now bestow attention on the events which were taking place at Paris under my own eyes, and engrossing the public mind. The day on which Napoleon quitted the castle of Fontainebleau as a prisoner, the Duc de Berry arrived at Paris, and Louis XVIII. made that royal entrance into London which he had assuredly never meditated in his most sanguine dreams.

I have almost exclusively devoted these Memoirs to Napoleon and his family, because I was familiar from infancy with whatever was personal to them; but by a somewhat singular accident I am similarly circumstanced with regard to Louis XVIII. and his family. My life has passed, and I still live, in habits of intimacy with persons who were not only attached to the household of the Comte de Provence, but who are closely allied to him by the ties of consanguinity and of the closest intercourse. Previous to the return to France of Louis XVIII., I knew every minute particular concerning him, and could contribute to his biography some features which are perhaps yet unknown. Cardinal Maury had had an opportunity of studying very closely Louis XVIII., and he left me various notes respecting him, which are the more valuable as the king was almost a stranger to the generation he now found at his return; he was only known to us by a doubtful tradition, and there was nothing to his advantage in the accounts we received of him. The Comte d'Artois was also, for France, a new personage. "The Comte d'Artois," said the Duc de Mouchy, M. de Laigle, and a crowd of our fashionables of the period intervening before the Revolution of 1814, "is a delightful man; he is elegance itself; a charming prince, and will be the very oracle of fashion!" Next followed a long account of all the hearts which the Comte d'Artois had immolated,[1] a

[1] Madame de Lawestine, as is well known, was the daughter of Madame de Genlis, and sister of the amiable, witty, and good-natured Madame de Valence. Presented at the court of Louis XVI., and possessing unrivalled beauty, Madame de Lawestine immediately found herself run after by a crowd of men who sought to win her affections. But the Comte d'Artois no sooner

detail of overpowering interest respecting the importance of Madame de Polignac, the despair of Madame de Gontaud. In short, there was really something to expect from a prince who, whilst breaking every heart, could spread so much happiness. It was in the midst of a conversation which chanced to dwell on the amours of the Comte d'Artois that two persons who knew him well gave me an insight into his true character. The illusion immediately vanished—nothing was left to admire in him except his good-nature; we might add to it the most accomplished manners, and even a species of worldly wit which might be worthy of admiration in 1780, but which in 1814, and especially in 1830, nearly caused the ruin of France, since he was not adequate to bear the weight of the Empire.

The Duc de Berry was called the descendant of Henry IV. Poor Henry IV.! he is ever at hand to be used as a point of comparison. This adulation was distributed with due reference to the peculiarity of disposition. The Duc d'Angoulême descended from Saint Louis because of his devotion—the Duc de Berry from Henry IV. because of his worldly passions—and the Comte d'Artois from Francis I. because he had been a man of consummate gallantry five and twenty years before. How entertaining!

With respect to Louis XVIII., he was really a superior man. His ideas, when he first arrived in France, were framed upon a comprehensive scale, and rested upon a broad foundation; witness the constitutional charter. I will not probe the inmost heart, or exact a more rigid account from the tomb, than what it has disclosed to my view. In Louis XVIII. I found a man of great

saw Madame de Lawestine than he determined to take the lead, and placing himself near her he spoke to her with great warmth, but in a low voice. Every one else then withdrew, and left Madame de Lawestine alone with the prince. The young lady soon perceived her isolated situation. She addressed the Comte d'Artois in a loud tone of voice as follows: "Your Royal Highness is perhaps not aware that I have the misfortune of being deaf. If you would condescend to speak louder, all would benefit, and I in particular, by the conversation." The son of this lady is a general in the French service; he distinguished himself at the siege of Antwerp, and was attached to the military household of Louis Philippe.

capacity, of profound wisdom, and of a deep knowledge of men. I have often been closeted with him in a private audience. On one occasion, in particular, I remained with him for three-quarters of an hour, and have assuredly never repented paying close attention to his words. Nothing was to be lost of his conversation. He spoke with consummate talent, and could read the characters of men. He was devoid of every kind feeling, if we are to judge from the opinions of those who were about him, and to believe in the sincerity of such a circle. Louis XVIII. was deeply learned. Like all princes, he was gifted with an extraordinary memory, but in a higher degree than any one else. To *affection* he was not insensible; but he was a stranger to any deep settled friendship for those to whom he was attached.

When Louis XVIII. heard the news that the crown of France was *decreed* to him he was well-nigh yielding it up. He felt such an inward revolution within him that he fainted away, and was for a short time seriously ill from excess of joy. This particular was made known to me by a person who had long resided near Hartwell. It was perhaps deemed conducive to the dignity of Louis XVIII. to conceal this fact, which is nevertheless incontrovertible.

The new position of the King of France no sooner became known than the deportment of the Prince Regent of England towards him altered on a sudden; for, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, his royal demeanour in his intercourse with a brother sovereign was more than familiar, a circumstance which I learned from those who had assuredly no interest in perverting the truth.

Cardinal Maury had been to me a perfect enigma during the whole of this period. He had written me several singular letters; and when the address of the chapter was delivered to him, and the Abbé Dartros was again in power, I presumed that he might need consolation, and I was not deceived. He prepared to go to Italy, and his uneasiness relative to the treatment which

the court of Rome had in reserve for him was very visible. He wrote one day requesting to see me, but expressed a great wish for secrecy. "I entreat," said he in his letter, "that nobody may know of your visit. This is the reason why I do not come to you." I was altogether astonished at this air of mystery. Nevertheless, I complied with the cardinal's desire; and, arriving at the great gate of Notre Dame, I went into the church, and after performing my devotions issued by the little red door, and entered the archiepiscopal precincts, where the cardinal lodged before his departure for Italy. His Eminence awaited me in the chapel, whither I was conducted by his *valet-de-chambre.* I confess that this mystery and these precautions amused me infinitely.

The archiepiscopal chapel, which had been constructed by Cardinal Fesch during his short episcopacy, was very peculiar in form; its situation in the garden, surrounded by flowers, gave it an aspect always very touching to me when I have attended divine service therein. I knelt down on entering and said a prayer; I then advanced towards the cardinal, who, seated on one of the arm-chairs which stood before the balustrade, seemed either praying or reflecting. His countenance was peculiar: he gazed on me, but made no motion even for me to advance; I felt some trepidation. I, however, went to him. "Your Eminence has desired to see me," said I; "I attend your orders." He started, gazed on me anew, and then said: "You are kind to come. But I knew you would. You know how to be the friend of those who are no longer fortunate. Is it not so?" His large forehead contracted itself, whilst his little eyes glared in their orbits, and his voice became tremulous. "Will you serve me?" said he at length, fixing on me an earnest glance. "Undoubtedly, if I can. But my influence is very slight. In what can I be of use to you?"—"You might save me!" said he in a low voice; looking meanwhile round the chapel like a man who dreads to encounter a spy. "Save you, Monseigneur?"—"Yes; listen to me. I am certain that at Rome they want to impose on me a rude penance.

They will perhaps seek to shut me up in a cloister; but I will not go there. No! by all the fiends," cried he, forgetting his caution, "they shall not have me living! I will entertain no more fear of Consalvi than formerly I did of that silly Duc d'Aiguillon." He was red as his cassock, and appeared beside himself. I regarded him with astonishment, and perceived not in what way I could be useful to him. He soon told me. "This court of Rome, which imagines itself of some consequence because the Pope is recognised by schismatical and Protestant sovereigns, fancies it can still act as it did at the time when the *imbeciles* condemned Galileo. But they are deceived; and I will employ the credit of a schismatic in order to laugh at them. You must obtain me an audience of the Emperor of Russia." I stood aghast. "You will not?"—"I did not say that, Monseigneur. But your Eminence should reflect a moment ere you invoke the aid of a prince who is not of the Catholic communion. I do not think it can be done with proper dignity." The cardinal regarded me with concentrated rage. He would have pulverised me if he had dared. He rose, traversed the chapel for some time, and then again approached me:

"You blame me then?" said he. "No, sir; but I confess I should grieve at taking a message from you to the Emperor of Russia."—"*Diable! Diable!*" repeated he, pacing the floor again, and occasionally taking a large pinch of Spanish snuff from the pocket of his under-vest. Suddenly he stopped; then, coming up to me once more, he said, with that voice of thunder known to belong to him: "But, nevertheless, you are my friend. How can you see me depart for Rome without having fears for my life?"—"Oh, Monseigneur!"—"I know well that they will not poison me like Zizim. I know well that they will not roast me before a slow fire; but they will probably incarcerate me in the monastery of Albano, or in a convent situated in the most savage mountains of the Apennines. And once there, what would become of me? And all because I have obeyed him whom Pius VII. consecrated,

anointed, crowned with his own hand. And this Consalvi!"

He smote his forehead with his hand, strewing his visage in the most whimsical-looking manner imaginable with his snuff.

"Monseigneur, your fears are, I am sure, without foundation. But even admitting them, what can I do in the matter?"—"Well! speak to Metternich. He is Catholic, apostolic, and Roman; and, I think, would not willingly see me ill-treated."—"That I will do with pleasure," answered I. "I am confident M. de Metternich will do his utmost to serve your Eminence, and I will speak to him this very day. But, after all, what am I to say? for I cannot tell him that the Holy Father means to kill your Eminence, or transform you into a lay brother, for he would not listen to me."—"And why not?" demanded he in an eager tone. "Why, Monseigneur? Because the Pope is the most perfect human being in Rome. He is an angel and a saint. Your Eminence is misinformed if you have fears of him; neither is Cardinal Consalvi capable of so much treachery."—"Really!" rejoined he, with an expression I had never witnessed in him before. "Ah! you pretend to know all the gang better than I? Well, be it so. But meanwhile I take care of my skin." (I quote the cardinal's own phrase.) "If you object to introducing me to your friends from the fear of compromising yourself you are at liberty."

It might be remarked throughout these Memoirs that persons might do with me what they would, provided they used fair and sincere words; but in braving me, and treating me with *hauteur*, they repelled and incensed me, and all the ties of amity were broken. Hearing the cardinal's last speech I became offended, rose, and walked towards the door. "I have the honour," said I, "to observe to your Eminence that I am disposed to execute every commission you might give me; but I cannot suffer friendship to carry me so far as to become ridiculous. When you can make use of my services I am at your command." I was about to retire, when he came to me, took me by the hand, and seated me in an arm-chair.

"The Emperor," said he, "might well say that you had a head of iron."—"He might have added," returned I, "that with this head of iron I have a woman's heart to serve those I love. This is perhaps better than where there is a head more pliable and a less feeling heart." "Hem! I know that you are right, and perhaps it is as you say, I know that Metternich must not be told that the Pope and Consalvi mean to act falsely; but he may be led to understand as much."—"I cannot speak of Cardinal Consalvi in this matter without evil, and I esteem him too much to . . . "—"Ah! you were going to tell me that you also esteem La Somaglia, Spada, and Pacca! Oh, that Cardinal Pacca!"—"But, Monseigneur, I know nothing against Consalvi; why, therefore, should I speak ill of him?"—"But *I* know, and *I* direct you to speak."—"That will not suffice, Monseigneur. Your Eminence is irritated, and not master of yourself. At this moment I must not hear you." The cardinal looked as if he could beat me; but he perhaps thought better of it. He ascended or rather leaped up the two steps of the sanctuary, disappeared through the little door which was to the left of the altar, and gained the private staircase which led to his apartment.

After his departure I remained some time expecting he would return. I pitied his folly, but was resolved not to cede my point. He came not, nor did he send any one. After waiting a quarter of an hour I went to my carriage and drove home. The same evening I related the conversation to my uncle, the Abbé Comnena, whose virtues and intelligence were to me the surest guide. He applauded my conduct, assuring me he would have done the same in my place. From this moment I felt tranquil, particularly as Albert, to whom I also mentioned the affair, coincided in opinion with my uncle. I thus felt quite confident that I had not erred in apparently refusing to serve a friend, but in reality declining to second a vengeance ill combined and ill conceived, even in the interest of the person who desired to consummate it.

The next day the cardinal wrote me a strange letter,

wherein he begged pardon for the conversation of the previous day, begging me to forget, and above all, not to mention it. He told me likewise that he was about to depart for Italy, and would come to bid me farewell. I replied that I should be delighted to see him; that I advised him to write to Metternich, and place entire confidence in him. With respect to mentioning our interview, I frankly said that I had disclosed it to my uncle and my brother, who were both too dear to me to conceal from them my thoughts, and more particularly my conduct in a matter bearing upon politics.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The joy of Paris—Conversation of the Emperor with the postmaster at Montélimart—The Inhabitants of Avignon always violent—Fury of the populace at Orgon—Anecdote of Nicholas—The Emperor arrives at Avignon—Precautions—Devotion of an officer—A harangue—Proposals for assassination—Vincent, the butcher of Avignon, and one of the assassins of la Glacière—Recrimination—The female servant at the inn—The Princess Pauline—Monsieur de Montbreton—A disguise—"O Napoleon, what have you done?"—The Emperor in the midst of five hundred peasants—Jacques Dumont—Recollections of Egypt—Two hundred messengers to carry one letter—Departure for Porto Ferrajo.

WHILE Louis XVIII. was advancing towards the throne of Clovis, Paris testified the same joy which it had before then exhibited on so many opposite occasions. At this time Napoleon, still in the midst of his enemies, received a short but most extraordinary letter, which was put into his hands at Montélimart. He immediately entered into conversation with the innkeeper, and asked him if he was the master of the house. "Yes, Sire."—"How far do you reckon it from hence to Avignon?"—"Eight hours' journey, if your Majesty be well driven, but the roads are bad."

Napoleon walked about musing. "Eight hours!" at length he said, "and now it is——"—"Twenty minutes to seven, Sire," replied General Bertrand, "your Majesty should set out again at ten."—"Let the horses be put to at nine," said Napoleon; and, continuing his walk, he appeared to be calculating how long his journey would take him. "I shall arrive at six o'clock in the morning,"

continued he; "these natives of Avignon were always hot-headed." "Well," pursued he, "we must warn the Commissioners of the Allied Powers. We will change horses without the town."

At this time several of the public officers of the commune of Montélimart were introduced to the Emperor. He conversed with them for some moments with a calmness most remarkable at such a time, when the question of his own life or death was being agitated around him. When these officers spoke to him of their regrets, he replied in these words, replete with wisdom and firmness,[1] "Gentlemen, act like me: be resigned." The troops in the city, when they saw him getting into the carriage, cried out enthusiastically, *Vive l'Empereur!* Two stages farther on, at Donzène, he was met by cries of vengeance. The inhabitants were celebrating a *fête* for the arrival of the King in Paris, and the sight of the Emperor roused their indignation. He looked out upon the women, who, like furies, were shouting and uttering invectives against him: it was a shocking spectacle.

On his arrival at Orgon he was convinced that his fears were well founded.[2] In proportion as he removed from Paris and entered Provence, Napoleon observed gloomy countenances and armed hands. Mothers demanded their children, and widows their husbands. There was a terrible eloquence in these cries, wrung from the wretched people; but was it right to overwhelm him who was as wretched as they? At Avignon the danger which had been secretly threatening the travellers since leaving Valence broke out with a fury which alarmed the Commissioners of the Allies. Napoleon was always calm and remarkably unconcerned, whilst all around him were inspired with an ardour which perhaps had not him alone

[1] Would it be believed that the spirit of party has endeavoured to cast a censure upon this noble and affecting reply?

[2] At Orgon the Emperor ran a risk of his life, and only owed his safety to the lucky thought of passing for one of the suite of the Commissioners. He was to stop at the Hôtel Royal, to which there were two entrances; and while the Emperor was conversing with the master of the house, preparations were made for his departure by one of these.

for its object.[1] Already for some days, since the arrival of Napoleon had been announced, the tumult in the city had been terrible, and the national guard was wholly occupied in quieting the people. On Sunday, the 23d of April, couriers, and carriages with the imperial arms, arrived at the post-house—that same house which was shortly afterwards to serve as the scaffold of a virtuous man. A popular disturbance ensued, and was only allayed by the Emperor's suite who were in these carriages assuming the white cockade. The riot lasted during the greater

[1] The conduct of Napoleon as a conquered hero, and as a captive, was perhaps more honourable to him than his valour as a warrior. During the time that his fortune declined before all the combined forces of Europe, he looked on the change not with a dejected countenance, but with the hope of repairing the reverses which characterised the years 1813, and particularly 1814; it was at this period that he was most indefatigable. Paris was already taken; his throne was gone. He was still general of an army, but the idea never once occurred to him that he was no longer Emperor.

The morning of the 11th of April put an end to this dream, and as soon as he had signed his abdication he became calm; no reproach or murmur escaped his lips; he determined to live a sacrifice, and resigned himself to his new destiny. As he approached Avignon he found the populace ripe for disorder; and as the Emperor advanced more towards the south of France violence and danger increased. Every one knows that this part of the French Empire is of all others the most blind instrument in all great movements and political reactions. Religious and revolutionary madness have both successively been idolised there. The people of that lovely country have danced round the scaffold of terror, and a year later they massacred the terrorists confined in the fortress of Saint John. After having assassinated Marshal Brune at Avignon, the people saluted with outrage and with menace their beloved Emperor. The most ignoble epithets were hurled at him, accompanied with obscene verses, in which his name appeared in every line. One single fact that occurred at this moment will speak more volumes than the historian can write. On leaving a small inn where he had passed the night, he was walking towards his carriage to proceed to Fréjus, when a lady, who was mixed in the mob that was vociferating "*Down with Nicholas,*" addressed herself to Napoleon, believing him to be one of the suite, and begged him to point out *Nicholas* to her. "I am Nicholas," replied he with graceful dignity. "You are jesting," said the lady; "Nicholas has not so benevolent a countenance as you have; and besides, he is a greater man than you." "Oh!" rejoined the Emperor, "I understand: you suppose that Nicholas has the stature of a giant and the face of an ogre." Scarcely had Napoleon finished these words when he drew from his pocket several pieces of gold, and desired her to compare the likeness. The lady examined the profile with an eye of confusion and surprise, while the Emperor told her to distribute the money among the mob of the place, as a gift on the part of *Nicholas.* It may not be generally known that the term "Nicholas" in the French language is an opprobrious name, and is often applied to those who, either from want of reason, common sense, or reflection, hoped to succeed in some rash or mad-brained exploit.

part of the day; but at last, weary of waiting, the crowd separated.

On Monday, the 24th of April, Colonel Campbell, the Commissioner of England, arrived at Avignon at four o'clock in the morning. The officer at the gate through which Napoleon was to enter anxiously inquired of Colonel Campbell if the Emperor's escort were sufficient to make a strong resistance in the event of an attack. "Do you really fear any attempt?" said the colonel. The officer replied in the affirmative. The colonel appeared very uneasy, and in consequence of this intelligence, and from what he himself witnessed, he ordered the post-horses to be taken to the city gate opposite to that through which the Emperor was to enter, and sent an express that the escort should direct its course thither. But he could not give his orders so secretly as to escape the notice of the townspeople, and a furious crowd surrounded the imperial carriage as soon as it appeared. The officer, whose conduct was so honourable to him, and whose name I regret much to be unable to give, was unavoidably absent from this newly-appointed place when Napoleon arrived there, and when he came up the carriage was entirely surrounded by an angry mob, and a drunken man, brandishing an old sabre, had already his hand on the door of the Emperor's carriage, uttering frightful exclamations. On a movement that indicated the design on the part of the ruffian, a footman of the Emperor, named François, who was seated on the outside, drew his sword. "Remain quiet," exclaimed the officer, and at the same instant the Emperor rapidly let down the front glass and said in a loud and commanding tone, "François, remain still, I command you." By this time the horses were put to, and the carriage started. As soon as he felt himself in motion the Emperor bowed to the officer, and smiling, thanked him in a most affectionate tone.

General Schouwaloff, the Commissioner from Russia, General Koller, and Colonel Campbell, behaved admirably in this affair. There were two others of whom I cannot say the same—I will not name them. It has been said

that the Prussian Commissioner harangued the people, exhorting them "to let the tyrant live that he might be punished by repentance and regrets, which would inflict upon him a thousand deaths." This bad taste in the foreign commissioner did not escape Napoleon, who, smiling ironically, said, "In truth, general, you speak French admirably."

Much has been said of several proposals made to the king and to Monsieur to assassinate Napoleon, and of the constant refusal of the king. I well believe this, as also the innocence of M. de Talleyrand in this affair. My credulity shall extend as far as they please; I have much need of it. I nevertheless recollect that, under Louis XIV., the Marquis de Louville wrote to the Duc de Beauvilliers and to M. de Torcy, all three considered among the most virtuous men of their age: "Let the handsome Amirant of Castile be pursued, and let him be killed wherever he may be, and no matter in what way." However chivalrous the loyalty and piety of M. de Blacas may be, it is not more so than that of M. de Louville; and therefore I have a right to suspect that a blow, the most important in its results, was intended to have been struck at Orgon. Emissaries were sent into this town; the Emperor was expected there. The famous Vincent, the town butcher, and one of the murderers of la Glacière, was at the head of two hundred wretches who were shouting that they would have the blood of the Emperor, of the tyrant, of the *Corsican.*

Napoleon was aware, from the time of his arrival at Montélimart, of the danger which he would run at Orgon and at Fréjus. Life had now become a burden to him; but to lose it by the dagger of the assassin, yet streaming with the blood of women and aged priests, was abhorrent to his feelings. General Koller and the other Commissioners were informed by him of what was about to take place. They received the communication as honourable men might be expected to do. Their names belonged to posterity from the moment when at Fontainebleau the Emperor Napoleon had been placed in their hands—and they knew it.

The Emperor arrived at Orgon in the first carriage; he was with General Koller. But how was he to escape recognition from eyes that found a portrait of him on the smallest coin! The post-house at Orgon had a courtyard with a gate at each extremity. Between these the carriage of the Emperor halted; a figure clothed like him was suspended to a rope and swung about in the air, accompanied by the shouts of the whole crowd, thirsting for his blood. The post-master and mistress of Orgon wished to protect the travellers, whoever they might be, from the dangers which threatened them. They therefore closed the gate towards the disturbed portion of the town, and hastened the postillions. It is known how this gate was shattered beneath the blows of this butcher himself, encouraged by a gentleman, said to be of the neighbourhood, who, from the preceding day, had been profusely scattering money among the people. An excitement was thus kept up among them, and the hatred of the women especially was aroused by the recollection of the losses they had sustained in the Emperor's wars.—"I lost two of my sons at Mojaisk," cried one.—"I lost my husband and my father at Wagram," said her companion.—"And I," exclaimed a man with a wooden leg, "have been thus mutilated since I was twenty."—"And the taxes," cried another, "are they not disgraceful—and a jug of wine to cost threepence, and all to support his *butcheries*, which he calls wars—death to the tyrant!"

These cries assumed every moment a more serious character. What happened a few weeks later at Avignon has shown the horrors that might have been committed at Orgon. The Emperor appears to have escaped this extreme danger by disguising himself in a travelling-coat of General Koller's. Other accounts attribute his preservation to a female servant at the inn. This woman had resolved to strike the first blow at the Emperor, but when she saw him before her, stripped of his power and overwhelmed by misfortune, her feeling towards him relented, and she exerted herself for his preservation. She cried out to the mob with a loud voice: "Stand by and

let the Commissioners pass who are going to embark the tyrant."

One consolation was afforded to him under these painful circumstances. His sister, the Princess Pauline, after having passed the winter at Nice and Hyères, had hired a small country-house where she was awaiting the final issue of events in the greatest anxiety. She was informed that her brother was approaching, and that his life was threatened. She knew the disposition of the country; and when she heard that the Emperor was but a few leagues distant she was in the greatest alarm. The mad cries of the populace were heard even beneath the windows of the house in which the princess was living with no other attendants than Madame la Marquise de Saluces, one of her ladies, and M. le Comte de Montbreton, her principal equerry.

At two in the afternoon of the 26th of April the Emperor's arrival was announced. M. de Montbreton hastened into the hall to meet him, when a person unknown to the count leapt hastily from the carriage and inquired for the princess. It was the Emperor, but so disguised that it was impossible to recognise him. He knew well M. de Montbreton, and said: "These poor wretches would have murdered me—I have escaped only by means of this disguise."—"Your Majesty has done well," replied the count. At this moment they entered the chamber of the princess. She extended her arms to him and burst into tears. All at once her attention was arrested by the Austrian uniform which he wore, and she turned pale. "How is this?" she asked. "Why this uniform?" —"Pauline," replied Napoleon, "do you wish me dead?" The princess, looking at him steadfastly, replied: "I cannot embrace you in that dress—O Napoleon, what have you done?"

The Emperor immediately retired, and having substituted for the Austrian the uniform of one of the old guard, entered the chamber of his sister, who ran to him and embraced him with a tenderness which drew tears from the eyes of all present. Napoleon himself was much

affected. These emotions, however, were but of short duration. He approached the window and looked into the little court beneath, which was filled with a crowd of persons, for the most part as much exasperated against him as those of Orgon, of Fréjus, and of Avignon. Napoleon, profiting by a momentary calm which appeared to have fallen upon them, descended into this very small courtyard, in which were four or five hundred persons. He had on his three-cornered hat, and the coat of the Imperial Guard, the rest of his dress being the same as that in which the soldiers had always seen him. The Commissioners, when they saw him in the midst of these peasants, became alarmed, and General Koller respectfully reminded him that until his arrival at Porto Ferrajo they were answerable for his safety. "To whom?" said the Emperor sarcastically. "To the whole world, Sire," replied the general. In spite of these representations, Napoleon resolved to trust himself in the crowd, which soon became still more dense around him. A confused buzz was heard, and the Commissioners, greatly alarmed, entreated him to return into the house; but this was a sort of danger that delighted him.

While he was in the crowd he noticed in a corner of the courtyard a man about fifty years old, with a gash across his nose, and a red ribbon in his button-hole. The Emperor perceived that this man was looking at him, and returning his gaze, appeared to be endeavouring to recollect his name. All at once he smiled, and approaching him, said: "Are you not Jacques Dumont?" The man could not immediately reply, but at length he said: "Yes, my Lord—yes, General—yes, yes, Sire!"—"You were in Egypt with me?"—"Yes, Sire!" and the old soldier drew himself up, and put his hand to his forehead as if to give the military salute. "You were wounded, but that seems to me very long ago."—"At the battle of Trébia, Sire, with the brave General Suchet; I was unable to serve any longer. Yet now, whenever the drum beats, I feel like a deserter. Under your ensign, Sire, I could still serve wherever your Majesty should command."

And the brave old man shed tears as he said: "My name! to recollect my name at the end of fifteen years." The Emperor on dismissing him presented him with a cross.

Napoleon having expressed a desire to communicate with Marshal Masséna, at that time in command at Toulon, the greatest eagerness was displayed among the crowd to convey his letter. "*I* will go!" exclaimed two hundred voices at once, in a delirium of enthusiasm. "Let it be I," cried a woman, "for the Emperor knew my husband—'twas he who gave him his horse that he might better pursue those Austrians in Italy." At this moment General Koller approached M. de Montbreton.—"How shall we induce His Majesty to return into the house?" said the general, "I would not say anything unpleasant, nevertheless . . ." The count understood the general's meaning, and ten minutes afterwards the Princess Borghèse sent for her brother. Napoleon, restored to a sense of his situation by these simple words, "Sire, the Princess would speak to you without witnesses," hastened to OBEY.

The Emperor remained a day and a half with his sister, and then took the road to Porto Ferrajo, to reign over fruits and fields, which subsequently were changed to fetters and a barren rock.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Anglomania—A stroke of the pen—*Fête* of Prince Schwartzenberg at St. Cloud—The Comédie Française—The Polonaise—*Œdipe*—Maubrueil and Talleyrand, and the robbery of the diamonds of the Queen of Westphalia—Maria Louisa—The ices of the Duc de Berry—The grenadier—O Richard! O mon Roi!—The priest—The Emperor's alms—Embarkation—Pretended conspiracy—Victims—I make my *Court*—Presentation—Louis XVIII.

WHILE the exile was thus travelling towards his prison, the new King of France made his entry into Paris. He arrived from London in an English dress, with an English hat, and an *English* white cockade that the Prince Regent himself had fastened in; and nature decreed that the change should be complete; the new king was unable to walk, as he then laboured under a fit of the gout;. he wore velvet boots, and appeared in powder; he was the representative of the good old men of 1789.

The Charter was granted, and we ought to have been satisfied with it. Indeed it was an excellent one, and had it been adhered to we should have had no reason to complain. When Napoleon read it he exclaimed: "This one stroke of the pen has done in an instant what I have been endeavouring to do for the last twenty years." This was very complimentary, and I believe he felt it to be true.

Prince Schwartzenberg gave a splendid *fête* at the Palace of St. Cloud, in which he was then living. The period of my mourning had not yet expired, and that served me as a pretext for my absence. The Emperor

of Russia, and the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas; the King of Prussia, and the Princess; the Duc de Berry, and an immense and elegant assemblage of nobility, were present.

The company of the Comédie Française were in attendance at this *fête*. Mademoiselle Mars played in *Le Legs* (the Legacy) most exquisitely, as she always does. This was succeeded by *La Suite d'un Bal Masqué*, a pretty lively comedy, by Madame de Bawr, formerly the wife of M. de Saint Simon, who has given his name to a religious sect lately much in vogue: his wife composed plays perhaps better than her husband knew how to introduce a new religion. The temporary theatre was erected in the gallery painted by Mignard. The effect was most complete, and the Emperor Alexander[1] told me the next day that he had no idea of a play being performed in such perfection.

A slight accident cast a gloom over one portion of the company: a garland of flowers, cut in paper, which decorated the gallery, caught fire. The terrible misfortune which had happened to the same Prince Schwartzenberg at the marriage of Maria Louisa immediately occurred to them, and a feeling of superstition, which was perhaps excusable, threw a shade over that portion of the assembly by whom the facts were known. The supper was served in a room adjoining the orangery, in which was a great profusion of flowers. The dancing was continued until daylight, and the whole *fête* was very well arranged. The prince must have felt perfectly satisfied if no recollection of the past disturbed him.

The next day *Œdipe* was performed at the Grand Opera, at which were present His Majesty and the Duchesse d'Angoulême. The interior of the theatre presented a most extraordinary appearance: none of the women had diamonds; all were in white, and all their ornaments con-

[1] It was in this year that the Emperor of Russia brought into fashion a dance, which had certainly need of his patronage to render it acceptable. But he danced it, and that was enough to induce every one to admire it. It was the Polonaise, a dance invented expressly for those who have no other opportunity than the ball-room to open their hearts.

sisted of plumes of feathers, of lilies, and of bunches or garlands of white lilac. There was in the whole scene an elegance for which I could not at first account; I, however, afterwards attributed it to the agreeable colour that prevailed, and to the scent of the spring flowers which spread itself in every direction. The opera of *Œdipe* was ill chosen on this occasion, as it contained passages that would bear a disagreeable interpretation.

Between the acts the orchestra played "Vive Henri IV.," which air was introduced three times more in the course of the ballet.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême was condescending, but appeared melancholy;—melancholy, however, in a being who sacrifices on the altar of the living God all resentment, every painful thought, and all recollection of injury, is a feeling which should indeed be permitted to her who has wept for twenty years over those whom she lost by a death more frightful in its manner than in itself.

The theft of the Queen of Westphalia's diamonds by Maubreuil was of a very extraordinary character, and one of which M. de Talleyrand can furnish the particulars. The queen was returning leisurely to her residence in Germany, when she was surrounded, stopped, and then robbed, by persons under the direction of a man whom the Princess Catharine herself recollected. This man showed her an order, signed by Louis XVIII., and then set to work with a quickness and regularity that showed, as the princess said, that this was not the first time that he had been thus employed. M. de Maubreuil, before this adventure, was wholly unknown; but since, according to custom, we have spoken of nothing but him. This man, the bearer, as I have said, of an order signed by Louis XVIII., stopped the Queen of Westphalia on the 21st of April, at seven o'clock in the morning, between Sens and Weimans. He took from her a hundred thousand francs in gold, and her diamonds, estimated at about five million francs. He was accompanied by twenty persons, and had with him as an *ostensible* accomplice a fellow of the name of Desies. M. de Talleyrand

was, as is well known, greatly compromised in this affair. What may have been the origin of it it is not necessary to inquire; it was highly impolitic, and the event has since justified what I then asserted—M. de Talleyrand is not free from blame. Beyond this, until we have more positive evidence, we must be silent.

One of the most disgraceful characteristics of the journals of this time was the spontaneous servility which they exhibited towards the new-comers, and the indifference, and even insolence, which marked their conduct towards those who were no longer in power. They never gave to Maria-Louisa any other title than Her Imperial Highness the Archduchess.—"Am I then a lost and dishonoured woman? Have I, for the six years that I have lived with this man, and called him my husband,—have I been his mistress, his slave? No! I am his wife; and to prove it to Europe and to the whole world, my arm shall support him, nor will I allow him to believe himself abandoned by me."

The Duc de Berry possessed, in 1814, qualities likely to render him more popular than most men. His countenance was open, and his manners frank. Anecdotes were told of him which amused the people; and, besides, he possessed qualities that reminded them of Henry IV. He was in the habit of taking two ices every night before he went to bed. On one occasion he returned home later than usual; it was five o'clock, and the day was beginning to break. The servant who had charge of the ices, finding that the prince did not return, looked wistfully at them, now fast dissolving, and, that they might not be lost, determined to swallow both. Scarcely had he finished them when the prince entered, and called for his ices. The unlucky fellow had hidden himself; for at this time the prince made every one tremble by his violence of temper. The duke being appeased, desired to see the culprit, that he might judge whether he deserved his pardon. The servant approached trembling. "Well, rascal," said the duke, "what induced you to eat my ices? Take care another time to leave *one* for me."

On another occasion, at a review, a grenadier called out very loud, *Vive l'Empereur!* The prince went up to him and said: "How is it that you are so fond of a man who did not pay you, and who led you, without recompense, from one end of Europe to the other?" The grenadier raised his eyes, and looked at the duke with a gloomy air, then dropped his eyes upon his firelock, and replied: "What is it to you if *we* chose to give him credit?" The grenadier certainly had the best of this interview.

The following anecdote of the Emperor on his way to Elba ought not to be omitted: A little on the north of Lyons, at La Tour, the Emperor supped alone—(he was not in the habit of supping with the Allied Commissioners); —his meal was soon over; and as the night was fine he went out and walked upon the road. A respectable ecclesiastic followed at the same time to meet the Emperor and to speak with him. Napoleon was singing in a low tone—(he is known to have had a very bad voice) —and the air that the priest recognised was, "O Richard! O mon Roi!" He sang for some time; at length he stopped, leaned against a tree, and looked up to heaven. Who can say what were the thoughts that then passed through his lofty mind! He remained some time contemplating a star, and then resumed his lonely walk. The priest now placed himself opposite to him, and Napoleon started on seeing a man so near.

"Who are you?" he asked.—"I am an ecclesiastic, Sire, and rector of this commune."—"Have you been so long?"—"Since its foundation—since your Majesty restored religion to France" (and the worthy priest bowed to the Emperor. All are not ungrateful!). Napoleon walked on for some time in silence:—"Has this village suffered much?"—"Greatly, Sire; its burdens were too heavy."

The Emperor pursued his way; at length, stopping suddenly, he looked up to the sky, and inquired the name of a certain star. The priest being unable to inform him, he said: "Once I knew the names of all these stars—and

of my own ; but now——" He was silent for a short space, and then resumed : "Yes, now I forget everything." They were now approaching the house ; the Emperor took some gold from his pocket, and giving it to the priest, said : "I cannot do more ; but the humble are great in the eyes of God. Pray for me, and mine alms will bring forth fruit."—"Sire!" The pronunciation of this single word had probably a particular expression, for the Emperor started when he heard it, and replied : "Yes, perhaps you are right—perhaps I was too fond of war ;—but it is too serious a question," said he, smiling, "to be discussed on the highway. Once more adieu! Pray for me!"

I have already remarked that Lyons was on the point of rising in his favour, and that he was hurried through that city by night. It is certain that he was for a long time in fear of his life, and that it was only when in sight of the Mediterranean that his spirits recovered their wonted elasticity. He smiled upon the blue fields of the sea, and greeted the asylum where he would at least find rest. The Russian, English, and Prussian Commissioners left him at Saint Euphemia, where he embarked for Porto Ferrajo. General Koller was the only one who accompanied him to Elba, unless Colonel Campbell was also with him.

The fault of the Restoration and the Holy Alliance consisted in believing themselves in safety the instant that Napoleon was banished. They all forgot that the imperial party was yet in the freshness of its power ; that the apostates who had abandoned it, such as M. de Massa, and a crowd of others, were of no importance ; and that, besides, if any one would make them a recompense, these men would immediately pass over to the party paying, on the plea of serving the country. The imperial party was then, in fact, most potent. The men at its head were habituated to peril ; they even courted danger ; and the Duke of Bassano, with several others, were denounced as having formed a conspiracy that was ready to explode. No proofs, it is true, were forthcoming—there was nothing but the men and their known devotedness. In this ex-

tremity a diabolical means presented itself to get rid of the whole imperialist sections. A name famous in La Vendée brought to Paris a troop of wretches—such as, in 1792, were got together for the purpose of facilitating the massacres in the prisons. The houses of the imperialists were marked. M. de Bassano, apprised of the intended horrors, saw no other means of shunning them than by exposing them in broad daylight, and by placing himself immediately under the protection of the Chamber. The thing was very adroitly done; and next day, the eve on which the unhappy victims were to be delivered up to the assassin's knife—so long covered with rust—the Chamber was informed of this atrocious manœuvre. From that moment they no longer entertained any fear.

It is true that in turn their opponents had some ground for apprehension. Among the imperialists were several hot-headed persons who breathed nought but vengeance. They wished, indeed, for justice; but, not obtaining it, sought to take the law into their own hands. Perhaps if the Chamber of Peers had not condemned Marshal Ney, he might have been cited to the bar of this new tribunal of invisibles, who punished without recompensing.

The island of Elba was then the point which attracted great attention. The Emperor, humbled by misfortune, might become less despotic, more frugal of the blood of Frenchmen, and desirous to re-enter the true limits which the events of 1792 had given him. Thus argued many persons whose eyes were at first fixed on Louis XVIII., seduced by the charter, and seeing nothing in Louis but grace, good manners, and a remarkable eloquence of language; but they apprehended artifice, and felt that the new order of things resembled a whited sepulchre, in which there was—nothing. Nevertheless, Louis XVIII. performed many actions which continued to make a favourable impression upon us who knew how to estimate things and men. The years 1814-15 belong to Louis as well as to Bonaparte, and I should speak of all.

The day on which the ladies had received notice to go to the Tuileries I consulted my uncle and Albert,

and determined to pay what is called *my court.* But there was one point of embarrassment. We all recollected the luxury of the imperial court: I still had my jewels, but I did not make use of them. I had a garland of diamonds, but I would not put it on; neither did I wear any of my most valuable diamonds. I selected a set of emeralds surrounded by small diamonds; it was termed a morning full-dress, but even this seemed to me too brilliant. As for my robes, I could not dream of wearing one of my imperial court dresses, and therefore had one made for the occasion of white satin, covered with white crape, and decorated with blonde. I put a few simple ornaments in my hair, and thus completed the court toilet for my presentation to Louis XVIII. I give the details as being characteristic of the period I am describing.

I was introduced to the Duchess of Angoulême on the first day. She received all the ladies standing, having beside her the Duchesse de Seran, who knew none of us, and was obliged to ask three-fourths of the names. The dauphiness inclined her head, and we passed on after having made our reverence to the princess. I was between Madame Juste de Noailles and the Duchess of Hamilton, the latter accompanying us as Duchesse d'Aubigné. I was affected, otherwise I should have spoken to her of her sister, whom I knew well as Lady Georgiana, now Duchess of Bedford; but in fact I was moved at seeing in the place of that good Josephine a person who, legitimate as her position was, appeared to me to usurp the situation of the mother of the King of Rome. I had not loved, but I now pitied her.

I advanced then, thus placed by chance between a dear friend and a stranger. I arrived in front of the princess; I curtsied as they named me, and was about to pass on, when the dauphiness, repeating my name, fixed on me that kind look which secured her the love of all by whom she was surrounded. That glance directed me to stop—I stopped. "You are Madame Junot?"—"Yes, Madame."—"You suffered much, I think, in your last expedition to Spain?" The princess said this in an accent of such

great interest that I could not avoid raising my eyes to her, though with the greatest respect. "Have you saved your son?" she continued. "Yes, Madame." I had very nearly added: "That child lives, and I will educate him for you—to defend you!" It struck me, however, that such a boast might be considered somewhat *mal-à-propos.* My looks meanwhile spoke for me, and I comprehended her reply. "You no longer suffer from your hardships, then?" pursued she. I answered that I had returned three years ago. She appeared to calculate, and then said: "Ah, that is true."

Making a movement of the head, she indicated that I might pass on. My life, since the age of fifteen, had been passed in familiar intercourse not only with the princes of Germany (and it is known that everything connected with etiquette is of much importance to them), but with almost all the crowned heads of Europe. I was touched with the kindness and the fascination of the dauphiness. Tears came into my eyes, and I described my feelings vividly to Madame de Noailles, who knew well how to appreciate them.

On speaking, the same evening, to my uncle and brother of the goodness of the princess, the latter told me I should be to blame if I did not go to the Tuileries with my son, and request from Louis XVIII. the 200,000 francs entered on the State Ledger for my first-born son. It seemed evident that Madame d'Angoulême, rigid and severe to the world generally, had been particularly kind to me; I therefore wrote next day for my first audience. I was answered by the Duc de Chartres without delay, that the king would receive me the following day between three and four o'clock.

I framed the requisite answers to such questions as I thought might be put to me; and felt no trepidation when I entered the cabinet of the king.

It should be recollected that Louis XVIII. had a very kind and even soft address: he was extremely polite after the manner of kings, which seemed to impose on you silence. Notwithstanding his black velvet boots

and absurd general appearance, I found myself at once as much at ease with His Majesty as if we had been acquainted for ten years. He made me sit down near him, entered himself upon the subject of my audience, and asked if my request was within scope of the law. He added, with much grace: "The Duke of Abrantes did not die in my service; but such a man does honour to his country, which should therefore render her acknowledgments: I will take charge of it." He then entered upon the subject which I most dreaded, that of the Emperor. He spoke to me of my mother and of him. As my Memoirs had not then been published, I could not imagine how the king had become so well acquainted with Napoleon's earliest years. But, upon reflection, it appeared perfectly natural. He talked a long time, asking questions as princes ask them, and received laconic answers as became a subject. He spoke, among other things, of my uncle Demetrius, whom he had not only known in exile, but who, continuing faithful, had been charged by Louis XVIII., then Monsieur and Regent of France, with several delicate and even dangerous missions to the King of Naples (father to Queen Amelia). He talked of my uncle with much complacency, saying that he had known him when young and gay. "One day," continued the king, "he supped with me at Brunois. We made a comparison which had the longest memory. I believe I beat him; and can you imagine how? By enumerating the *cures* of Meudon in chronological order."

I could not help laughing at this anecdote in a degree not quite respectful; but when one laughs at what they say, and not in derision, kings excuse us. However, I injured my purpose in the audience, for with my customary freedom I said to His Majesty: "True, Sire, that was a droll idea; but the list must have been very long, and not a little tiresome to your Majesty to repeat."—"You mean tiresome for him to hear?"

I laughed again, and the king seemed glad to see me so joyous. It was a happy moment for my purpose. I presented him my petition, and invoked his goodness for

my son, relating to him the Prussian history, which I had not then communicated to any one. In listening to it Louis XVIII. coloured slightly; in fact, he perceived the humiliation of the proposal. It was at this audience that I offered His Majesty my hotel for the depository of the crown wardrobe, and that he pledged his word that, at the end of the year, the purchase should be concluded. I spoke to him also of my brother, and he granted every request, leaving me, on my withdrawing, as satisfied and content with Louis XVIII. as it was possible to be with a king.

The Duke of Rovigo, that complete meddler in all things, having learned that I had had a private audience of the king, came in a great hurry to inquire if Louis XVIII. had mentioned the Duc d'Enghien. I replied with the simple word, No!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Lord Wellington—Embarrassment—The riding-coat and dusty shoes—*Fêtes* at Vienna—Napoleon.

THE horizon gradually darkened, and heavy clouds portended a coming storm. Vienna was at this moment resplendent with all the rank and luxury of Europe concentrated upon one single point: every one went to Vienna to be present at the Congress. The wealthiest and most beautiful women of the continent were there, and England contributed her full share of nobility and loveliness. M. de Metternich, who was both Chancellor of the Court and of the State, with an influence extending throughout Europe, to which he formulated laws, although Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Canning, and perhaps Capo d'Istria, were there as the originators of them. I had seen Lord Wellington immediately after his arrival from Toulouse. The frequent relations he had been in with my husband had established a sort of intimacy between us, which, on my part, was heightened by a knowledge of the admirable arrangements he had made in Spain for my safety. I asked him one day to dine with me. Several ladies of my acquaintance had been desirous of knowing him; amongst others, the Comtesse de Lucay, lady of the wardrobe to the Empress Maria Louisa. "Ah!" said Lord Wellington to me, "would you show me as something marvellous?"—"No, certainly. Whom would you have?"—"Whom you please: Metternich—he is amiable, and so witty." I thought with him, but etiquette induced me

to pause. Which of the two should I place on my right? To which of the two should I give my hand in going to table? These petty considerations prevented me from asking them at the same time.

I invited Englishmen and Frenchmen; I would have asked Cardinal Maury, who was to leave in a day or two for Italy; but by virtue of his office he would claim precedence over all. It was necessary to omit him. I invited Sir George Murray, the duke's quartermaster-general, a French lieutenant-general, and the Comte de Lucay. The day arrived, and with it one of those mishaps so disagreeable to the mistress of a house. I had intimated to the lieutenant-general that it was to be a dinner of ceremony, but not in uniform—no one but men of elegant manners. The Marquis de Balincourt, and two or three similar persons; Prince Wenzel de Lichtenstein, and his brother Prince Maurice. All were suitable to each other. The Duke of Wellington, who had then just assumed that rank, came in the full dress of a gentleman, with the Order of the Garter, looking as well as a private attire would permit him to do. The ladies' present consisted of Madame Duchâtel, Madame Lallemand, the Baroness Thomières, the Comtesse de Lucay, Madame Doumerc, and myself. We were all as elegant as we could be; and in those days this was saying something. My house, always excellently furnished, was on this occasion ornamented with peculiar care, and seemed to join in our female coquetry. There were flowers everywhere—and flowers in the month of May—a month redolent of roses! "It seems," says the duke, "that you have adopted our fashion of dining late. Is it not a delightful one?"

I dared not tell him that I was waiting for General Comte de C——; but as he had desired to dine with one of our generals, I had selected a man who belonged both to the old and the new *noblesse;* and, in fact, my choice struck me as excellent. However, as time passed on, I ordered dinner, and two minutes after my expected guest arrived. But how? Heavens! in a riding-coat, with nankeen trousers and dusty shoes. I cannot tell what I

felt at this moment. It was a great act of rudeness to me, but still greater to the Duke of Wellington. "He did not intend to do anything that might be disagreeable to me, and trusted I would excuse his want of ceremony!" *Mon Dieu!* As for the duke, he was inclined to laugh, but said nothing. With regard to the rest, all went well. My self-love, as hostess, might even have been flattered. But that unfortunate surtout — those miserable nankeen trousers! Wellington was very complaisant—friendly even—and stopped to hear Madame Emilie Doumerc sing; she was a particular friend of mine, and one of the most exquisite sirens ever created. M. de Metternich, to whom I related my embarrassment respecting the place and the arm, excused me, and came after dinner.

When Lord Wellington was gone, I said to the general: "*Ah, ça!* Now, will you explain to me the trousers and the riding-coat? You, whom I have known in the country dress for our society alone!"—"So I would again," replied he. "But do you imagine that I would pay the least compliment to a personage who draws us along in chains after him, like Lord Wellington?" I stood astonished. "We are all of the same mind!" continued he. I confess I knew not what to say. He was so honest—so far from showing a disposition to offend *me*. I have set down the above anecdote to show the spirit of the army at this epoch.

When the allied sovereigns were in London I received intelligence of all the sumptuous entertainments, first by letter from Prince Metternich, and afterwards by verbal description from that minister during his brief residence at Paris. I parted from him with regret, for I loved him tenderly, and felt confident of finding in him a faithful friend. He wrote me from Vienna in November: "I have been passing a month at Baden. But my furlough has been very short, and already the political world is assembling at Vienna; as if life consisted but in attending to the requisitions of others. You will hear anon of a grand ball which I purpose giving in a charming house that I

have in the Faubourg of Vienna." And this *fête* was given, and described in all the newspapers of the day. The Prince de Ligne observed: "*Pardieu!* if the Congress takes few steps, at least it dances well."

Vienna was at this period a place of enchantment and delicious pleasure; *fêtes*, joy, love, ambition, all were written on the golden and perfumed pages of enchantment. Those moments were among the fugitive ones which the hand cannot arrest as they glide quickly by, but which, notwithstanding, often leave imperishable recollections. In the midst of all this voluptuousness, when the ear was excited only by the music of the dance, or the words of love, suddenly a new sound was heard! It consisted of but one word, but that word suspended all! The surprise was more than surprise; it was disquietude, and that of the most disheartening nature. This cabalistic word was NAPOLEON! Yes, Napoleon had returned into his dominions! He came borne on the arms of his soldiers, more terrible than ever to trembling sovereigns, for he came armed with vengeance. He returned to demand his cities, his cannon, his ramparts, his fortresses, and a thousand flags stained with the blood of those who had conquered them; all these were to be regained. The brass would dissolve again in the furnace: the dismantled ramparts might be restored; we might regain the colours; but our glory was eclipsed! our beautiful France disgraced! placed under the yoke! our old soldiers humiliated—their widows and orphans without succour or asylum—with some exceptions, and I am grateful for being permitted to call myself one: these things it was that made Napoleon terrible to the Congress, trembling at his name even, and fearing, despite the six hundred leagues which separated them, that he might arrive, as if by magic, at the gates of Vienna without their being able to prevent his conquering march. They fancied he stood before them, more fierce and menacing even than after the battles of Austerlitz and Wagram; speaking, as master, to that assemblage of kings: "Give me back my son! give me back my wife!" And could he have so presented himself, his wife and child

would assuredly have been restored to him, for never in all his career was Napoleon so truly great as on his return from Elba.

This event was not anticipated. Often an idea is given by peculiar circumstances of the scenes that are to follow; but here there was nothing of the kind. It resembled a thunderbolt in the middle of a serene day. When the first news reached Paris of Napoleon's disembarkation, we regarded each other with an almost stupid astonishment, and ere we could believe we gazed around to ascertain if it were not a dream. Louis XVIII. was well advised not to quit France; had he only gone to Brussels, which was no longer ours, France would not again have received him. But all counsels offered to him were not equally wise, and this period was fatal in its results. He believed, like his advisers, that severity was necessary, but they inflicted punishment with as little judgment as they bestowed rewards.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

M. Dumoulin of Grenoble at Porto Ferrajo—An audience—The Emperor's opinion on Dauphiné—Monsieur Fourrier Prefect of Grenoble—Departure of M. Dumoulin—Resolution of the Congress—The landing—Orders for Grenoble—M. Gavin—Proclamation—Charles de Labédoyère—Dauphiné—The Nobility offer their services—Projects for defence—Café Tortoni—Caricatures—Monsieur Jacqueminot (now general) the principal actor in this scene—Madame de Vaudé—Conferences—The Duc de Feltre, minister of war—Alarm of the Congress—Order of march—Monsieur Barginet of Grenoble—Recollections of the *château* of Vizille—Successive desertions from the King—Orders are given twice to fire upon the Emperor.

IN a stormy evening of the month of September 1814 a young man, calling himself a merchant, travelling for a house at Genoa, arrived at Porto Ferrajo, and put up at the inn of the port. He immediately, on landing, inquired for Monsieur Emery, chief surgeon of the guard, the same person who followed Napoleon to St. Helena, and to whom the Emperor left in his will 100,000 francs. This young man was M. Dumoulin, the son of a rich merchant at Grenoble, and the early friend of Monsieur Emery. "Here I am," said Dumoulin, "but what are you doing here? Why is not the Emperor in France? If his foot were once again on the shores of France in three days he would be at the Tuileries. The enthusiasm in his favour has been increased by his humiliation. The Emperor must return. I say—can I be presented to him?"

"You shall see him this very night."

M. Dumoulin only took time to change his linen when he was conducted to the wretched dwelling of Napoleon, who started on the entrance of a stranger, but

immediately recovered himself on hearing his name. He conversed with him for some time on the state of Dauphiné, and then entered, at length, on the condition of the south of France and of France itself; he afterwards listened with evident satisfaction to Dumoulin's suggestions as to his return. There were several maps in his room, and while he spoke he traced his purposed route upon them.

"But, Sire," said M. Dumoulin, "the roads that your Majesty is tracing are impracticable, especially for cavalry." —"Resolution will overcome everything," said Napoleon "Cannon can be *carried;* and infantry can march twenty leagues a day. Do you not know the power of a firm resolve in important conjunctures?" These were the Emperor's own words, which I received from M. Dumoulin himself, who took them down the same evening that they were uttered at Porto Ferrajo. "And then," continued the Emperor, "Dauphiné is for us; they do not like the royal family—they and Brittany were the first who proclaimed their liberty at the castle of Vizille, now belonging to M. Perrier."

Napoleon then questioned M. Dumoulin respecting the *triumphal* journey of the Comte d'Artois through the south, and laughed heartily at the narrative which he received: his gaiety, however, was checked on learning the conduct of Monsieur Fourrier, Prefect of Grenoble, a man of some talent, who wrote the preface to the excellent work on Egypt, whither the Emperor had taken him, and who owed everything to Napoleon. He was the son of a tailor of Auxerre, and should have been a liberal, but was, on the contrary, so anxious for the favour of the royal party, that, like St. Peter, he denied his master; asserting in exculpation that he had *forgotten* him—an excuse which would not certainly have occurred to every one. The Emperor, in speaking of him on this occasion, said: "I know him; he will not succeed; he would do better to remain a writer, for he will never make a courtier." The conference lasted for some time; when Napoleon dismissed M. Dumoulin he started for France,

having remained on the island about thirty-six hours. On his departure the Emperor said to him: "Write frequently to Emery; be prudent; be faithful. I am not now rich, but I have still sufficient to assist those who may devote themselves to me."

I have spoken of this interview to show that the Emperor was aware of the feelings which existed in his favour throughout Dauphiné. As soon, therefore, as he learned the resolution of the Congress to shut him up in a fortress, or to send him to St. Helena, he no longer hesitated to embark for France. The details of his departure and arrival are well known; and as I have but little room to spare I shall devote my remaining space to relations interesting although but little known. As soon as his foot touched the soil of France, Napoleon said to Dr. Emery: "Start for Grenoble; travel night and day until you arrive at the house of Dumoulin, who must set out immediately to join me." He entrusted him also with despatches to be forwarded by some safe and trustworthy person to the Duke of Bassano, and to the colonel of the 7th regiment of the line, then at Chambéry. When the doctor was about to set out, the Emperor called him back, and having pointed out to him on a map his route, said: "You will take the road by Grasse, Digne, and Gap. When you arrive at Grenoble be sure to send me an account of each day's journey; and, above all, of the disposition of the people."

Dr. Emery was high-minded and ardent, and well fitted for such a mission. He only stopped at Digne and Gap to change horses; so much did he fear an arrest, not for his own sake, but for the cause in which he was engaged. On the morning of the 4th of March, Emery entered Grenoble, where every one was as yet in ignorance of the landing of the Emperor, but which was known at Paris by telegraph. He hastened to Dumoulin, and his first words were: "The Emperor has landed; let us thank God." He was so overcome by fatigue that they were obliged to cut off his boots; but this had to be done with great caution, as important papers were con-

cealed within them. These documents were to be printed, and Dumoulin placed them in the hands of M. Gavin, a printer, as determined a partisan as himself, who finished them the same evening in the chamber of Dumoulin. While thus engaged they fancied themselves betrayed; they stopped to listen, then resumed their work, saying: "If they will only allow us to finish it."

About the same time letters arrived from Paris, enclosing manuscript proclamations. These were to invite the patriots to unite in this one endeavour to cast off the foreign yoke, and once more become Frenchmen. "On the 1st of March," said this proclamation, "France again became free; and she must take her rank as the first of nations," etc.

Some asserted that this attempt was in favour of the Emperor; others, of Napoleon II. The style of the proclamation was not very hostile to the Bourbons. At the same time the Imperial Guard were reassembled under the command of Generals Lefebvre-Desnouettes and Lallemand, and of Colonel Briche. They wished to possess themselves of La Fère, but the desertion of General *Lyons* frustrated this well-concerted project. There was a report, which I consider altogether false, although it gained great credit at the time: It was said that this movement arose from a party belonging neither to the Emperor nor to the Bourbons. I do not believe it. The fact is, that neither M. Emery nor M. Dumoulin knew by whom the proclamations were issued, nor have they ever been able to discover; nevertheless, a month later, when the Emperor was at the Tuileries, persons came to claim a reward.

When Dumoulin knew that the Emperor's letter to M. de Labédoyère was of great importance, he resolved to be the bearer of it himself; and immediately hastened, or rather flew, to Chambéry, where, incredible to relate, he arrived at nine on the same evening. Labédoyère read the letter with considerable emotion, and exclaimed: "Yes, indeed, the Emperor may reckon on me. I must wait till the news of his arrival be officially known before I can act. You may, sir, return to His Majesty, and assure

him that I am his *for life or death!*" Alas! the unfortunate young man knew not that he was foretelling so truly his destiny!

Dumoulin again started, after a few moments' rest, for Grenoble, where he arrived at five in the morning. Positive intelligence of the landing of the Emperor had now spread through Grenoble, and official notice of it had reached the prefect. General Marchand (by whom precautions were taken for the protection of the city), and a company of soldiers, were ordered to occupy a defile through which the Emperor would have to pass on his approach. On the morning of the 5th an extraordinary procession of old gentlemen appeared before General Marchand, and *offered him the services of the nobility of Dauphiné.* The general thanked them, and they went their way. At this time printed proclamations were scattered about in abundance, and appeared to be well received among the garrison. Murmurs were heard in the ranks; and General Marchand was even threatened with death should he attempt resistance. "We will do no harm to the Bourbons," exclaimed some; "but let them restore to the Emperor his throne, and return as they came." Uneasy at the disposition of the town and troops, the general and prefect convoked the principal inhabitants, and it was determined in this council that Grenoble should hold out to the last extremity. Another meeting took place on the same day, composed of officers of the 5th regiment, and of a company of engineers, who all solemnly engaged not to act in any way against the Emperor, or those who accompanied him, three hundred of whom were of the battalion of his guard at Elba.

The situation of Marchand was critical; the soldiers declared that they would not oppose the Emperor; everything seemed to threaten a rising, and the murmurs of a discontented population were already heard. M. Fourrier (the prefect) put forth an official proclamation, announcing the arrival of Bonaparte, which the people received with cries of contempt; it produced, indeed, a very droll effect, for it occasioned the mass to declare in favour of

the Emperor. What completed the destruction of the royalist party was the call made to the *gentlemen;* for among such as could bear arms there were not two who were not devoted to the Emperor, having served in the army since 1792.

A few weeks after the arrival of Louis XVIII. Paris is said to have been inundated by a crowd of the old nobility, who filled the approaches of the palace, and greatly injured the cause of the Bourbons. One morning five persons entered Tortoni's in a very stately manner, and placed themselves at the same table. They were all habited alike, in the complete costume of the old times. They inquired for the bill of fare, and, looking disdainfully around them, appeared to pay no attention to the crowd, who were amusing themselves with the peculiarity of their dress and appearance; a conversation in the same spirit as their manners and dress accompanied their scanty meal, which was terminated by a characteristic song. The police, however, will not allow a jest at the expense of those in power, however ridiculous that power may be; and the five persons who had ventured on this burlesque were conducted to prison, where they remained many weeks. I believe I may say many months. On leaving the prison of l'Abbaye they were ordered to ask pardon of the Duc d'Angoulême and the Duc de Berry, which they did. As they were leaving the Tuileries, M. Jacqueminot, one of the five offenders, and who is at present a general officer, met on the stairs a personage dressed precisely as he had been at the famous breakfast. He stopped him, and, taking him by the hand, said: "May I ask you if you have worn this dress long?"

"Yes, sir, very long," replied the other with an air of indignant surprise. "And has no mischief ever happened to you from wearing it?" said Jacqueminot, with a plaintive expression.

"Sir! sir! do you mean to insult me?—No, certainly not—no mischief."—"Ah, sir, you are very fortunate; I wore it but for two hours, and I have spent three months in prison for my frolic." These were so many blows

levelled at the royal authority. I, however, did not approve of these gentlemen's jest. Old age and poverty are never fit subjects for raillery; they should always be respected.

A barrister of Grenoble offered to assassinate the Emperor; this was one scheme among many. Madame de Vaudé herself tells us, in her *Reminiscences* that she wished to go, like a new Judith, and slay this poor Holophernes. For this purpose she asked for neither dagger, nor pistol, nor cannon; she only required a post-chaise. But the person to whom she addressed herself was a man of honour and good sense; he looked upon her as insane, or as acting from other motives than those which she professed. The result of both these proposals was the same.

During this time the partisans of Napoleon were busily employed. Conferences were held at the house of M. Dumoulin; and on the night of the 5th or 6th Dr. Fournier, a rich hemp-merchant of the Faubourg St. Joseph, M. Risson, and many others, determined that every sacrifice both of person and property should be risked. On perceiving these decided manifestations the authorities fortified the gate of Beaune, at the entrance of the Faubourg St. Joseph, through which the Emperor would have to pass, and thirty pieces of cannon were placed upon the ramparts; the soldiers of the 4th regiment of artillery received orders to stand in readiness on the batteries; they did so, and often did the inhabitants approach and shake them by the hand. "He is coming," said they; "but what will you do? you will not oppose him; it is not in your nature."—"We know what we have to do." In the meantime the Comte d'Artois and the Duke of Orleans arrived at Lyons. They were entreated to hasten to Grenoble, and were assured that no engagement should take place with the troops of the *usurper* before their arrival. Immediately after, orders were given to the artillery to fire on the Emperor as soon as he should appear on the road leading to the gate of Beaune. At this time Generals Marchand and Mouton-Duvernet were

making careful search for Dr. Emery; but although he remained within the city he was undiscovered. Grenoble was a point of considerable importance for the Emperor, on account of its large depôt of artillery. While all was in agitation in the south, the King convoked the Chambers; dismissed Marshal Soult, the minister of war; and substituted for him the Duc de Feltre, a man wholly unfit for this office. The Congress of Vienna, too, felt extreme alarm on hearing of Napoleon's journey.

The discussions with which they were now fully occupied ceased at the voice which proclaimed the approach of Napoleon. Austria, France, and England were already leagued against Russia and Prussia. Talleyrand felt assured of the success of his intrigue. Had the Emperor been willing or able to wait for the dissolution of the Congress he might then have mounted his throne. Napoleon would then have had to contend only against internal enemies, whose numbers in a few months would have been greatly diminished. It has been said, however, that he received certain intelligence that his banishment to St. Helena had been resolved on, and this was the immediate cause of his hastening back to France.

Grenoble, while these deliberations were passing in it, presented a most extraordinary spectacle. All authority was at an end, for the people would acknowledge none. The troops kept within their barracks, while the whole population filled the square and streets through which Napoleon was expected to pass on the following day. In six days he had marched seventy-two leagues across a rough and mountainous country! On the morning of the 7th of March a squadron of the 4th hussars entered Grenoble from Vienne, and at noon the 7th regiment of the line, commanded by Labédoyère. This morning, at daybreak, Dumoulin quitted Grenoble. He started on horseback at a gallop, and passed behind some gendarmes, whose duty it was to prevent any one from leaving the city. He rejoined the Emperor as he was leaving Lamure, a large town on the road from Grenoble to Marseilles. "*Vive l'Empereur!*" cried Dumoulin as he galloped past

the advanced guard. "*Vive l'Empereur*," they replied, and he leaped from his horse and ran to Napoleon. "Who are you, young man?" said the Emperor. "I am Dumoulin, Sire, coming to offer you my arm and fortune. It was I who last autumn——"—"Oh, I recollect; mount your horse again, and let us converse." Dumoulin was again in the saddle when, after many questions, the Emperor inquired what effect his proclamations had had upon the people and soldiers. "That which your Majesty might expect," said Dumoulin; "they have produced the greatest enthusiasm."—"The battalion sent out from Grenoble," said the Emperor, "joined me as soon as they saw me. I had only to show myself, my old soldiers soon recollected me."

The line of march was arranged in this manner. The Emperor was preceded by four mounted chasseurs of his guard, and four Polish lancers, who cleared the way. Then came Napoleon, some paces before his attendants, and having at his side only Generals Bertrand, Drouot, and Cambronne. At five or six paces distant were several officers, among whom could be distinguished General Count Germanouski, colonel of the Polish Lancers. A dozen chasseurs and lancers followed, then the Emperor's guard, a body of a hundred horsemen, Poles and chasseurs; behind these came the body of the army—a force of six hundred men, increased by a battalion of the 5th, and a company of engineers.

Napoleon appeared absorbed in thought, for at Grenoble was to be determined his success or failure. They were on the road from Lamure to Vizille. The Emperor had advanced before his companions, and was slowly descending the side of Laffray; he was in deep meditation. All at once he was struck by the appearance of a group of young men who were advancing towards him. He stopped his horse, and smiling, said: "Who are you, my children; and what would you say to me?"

The young men looked at each other; then one of them, chosen by his companions, advanced to the Emperor; the expression of his countenance was amiable, and

full of intelligence. Napoleon extended his hand towards him; he seized it, and kissed it with a sentiment of respect and delight; he wished to speak, but could only utter unconnected words: "General!—Citizen!—Sire!"

This was Barginet himself, then a pupil at the Imperial College at Grenoble. He was a highly estimable young man, and possessed a heart truly French. I beg to repeat to him the assurance of my esteem. He related this anecdote with a feeling which will be shared by all his countrymen. "You have something to say to me, my friend," said the Emperor; "speak without fear. Where do you come from, and what would you have?"—"We come from Grenoble, Sire; we are pupils of the Imperial School, and, hearing of your return, my companions and myself wished to see you one day sooner, and to assure you, Sire, that we are ready to die for you." Napoleon was deeply affected by conduct so noble and so enthusiastic. "In devoting yourselves to me," said he, "you devote yourselves to France. But you are young to become soldiers. Do your parents know of your resolution?" M. Barginet answered, a little embarrassed: "Sire, we set out without informing any one."—"That is not right—our first duty in society is to obey our parents,—never forget that; at least," he added, smiling, "you will never again fail in this duty on a similar occasion. But come, fear nothing; tell me what they say of me in Grenoble?"

This unexpected question produced on the young student, as he has since informed me, the effect of an electric shock. He answered that Grenoble and its neighbourhood looked for him with the utmost anxiety and love; but that the people also expected from him liberal institutions, peace, and the total repeal of certain taxes, which were held in utter detestation. Louis XVIII. promised to abolish them, and his neglect of this promise was highly injurious to him. Napoleon turned away, and did not immediately reply; at length he said: "The people are right to reckon upon me. I love them, and wish them to be happy. Their rights have been outraged

for the last year; I will repair this evil. France has been the most splendid Empire of the world; it shall become the seat of liberty."

At this moment, on a sudden turn of the road, a pile of buildings presented themselves to his view, and Napoleon inquired what they were. "It is the castle of Vizille, Sire, where in 1788 the estates-general of Dauphiné proclaimed liberty." The Emperor then inquired particularly into the history of Dauphiné. This was a characteristic trait in Napoleon; he always conversed with those whom he met on subjects on which they were best informed. And as this young student might have been expected to be better acquainted with the history of his own province than with any other subject, the Emperor led him to speak of it. He seemed much surprised on learning that Hannibal had passed over the same road where he now was two thousand years before. Hannibal was his hero, as is well known.

"I will stop at Vizille and pass the night there," said the Emperor, after a moment's hesitation. "No, Sire," said the youth. "Why so?" said Napoleon, astonished at his decided tone. "Grenoble is but three leagues distant, Sire; you have enemies there, and should face them to-night."—"Who are my enemies at Grenoble?" said the Emperor, looking kindly on him. "I cannot name them, Sire; I can only put you on your guard."—"How old are you, and where have you been educated?"—"I am sixteen, Sire, and my education is one of the benefits that I have received from you. I am a public pupil of the school of Grenoble."—"Do you understand mathematics?"—No, Sire."—"What, then, do you know?"—"I have studied literature and history."—"Pooh; literature will not make a general officer. You must follow me to Paris, and you shall enter at St. Cyr or Fontainebleau."—"My parents are too poor to defray my expenses there."—"I will take care of that. I am your father also; so that is settled. Adieu; when *we* reach Paris you must remind the minister of war of the promise that I have just made you." This promise was fulfilled: a decree of the 10th April

1815 named him as a public pupil at St. Cyr or Fontainebleau, and a decision, dated a few days after, freed him from the payment of the fees required by the regulations.

I have mentioned the defection of the troops sent against the Emperor; I shall now give some particulars of this event. On the night of the 6th of March a battalion of the 5th regiment of the line, and a company of sappers, marched out towards Lamure. They were commanded by an aide-de-camp of General Marchand, and the most violent measures were enjoined to them. These troops met about forty or fifty grenadiers who had set out from Lamure for the purpose of clearing the road. The officers, not seeing Napoleon, would not allow the two bodies to approach. The grenadiers fell back to join the Emperor, and the others took up a position on a rising ground between Lamure and the lakes of Laffray. On learning the resistance that his soldiers had met with, the Emperor felt uneasy; his fate was to be decided at Grenoble, or by the troops at that station. Of this he was well aware. The inhabitants of Lamure and the neighbouring villages received the Emperor as he passed with every demonstration of joy; they did not even appear uneasy as to the issue of the struggle that was about to take place.

The Emperor rode a very small and spirited mountain pony, from which he rarely dismounted; but on seeing the troops that occupied the plain of Lamure he quitted his horse and advanced quickly towards them. The valley in which this important scene took place is wild and picturesque; it is, I think, called the Vale of Beaumont. Napoleon stood on a little hill which overlooked the plain filled with the troops sent against him. He had his grenadiers with him, but they carried their pieces under their left arms. When he appeared, a feeble voice ordered an advance—the soldiers stood still. Then the Emperor approaching them, and unbuttoning his great-coat, said, in a loud voice: "Soldiers, I am your Emperor; do you not recollect me? If there is one among you who wishes to kill his general, here I am."—"*Vive*

l'Empereur!" shouted the soldiers, throwing down their muskets and running to him. The young aide-de-camp twice gave the order to fire upon the Emperor, but at the second time he was obliged to fly, for the soldiers would have killed him.

The Emperor was at this time superior to himself. He would not be the head of a party, the chief of a turbulent faction. He refused the services of the officers who came to join him, and who proposed returning to Grenoble and obliging the authorities to open the gates to him. The inhabitants of Mateyline also offered to rise *en masse* in his favour; but he refused both. He wished to be a *sovereign*, only depending upon the love of his people and of the army.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Arrival of the Emperor at Vizille—"What have you there, sir priest?"—The white riband—The *Marseillaise* and the *Chant du Départ*—The approach of the troops—7th regiment of the line—Labédoyère embraced by the Emperor—History of the 7th—The eagle concealed in a drum—Triumphal march—The aide-de-camp always for firing—New obstruction—Dr. Emery—Gates of Grenoble burst open—Novel species of homage to be offered at the feet of an Emperor—Inn kept by one of the veterans of Egypt—Knight of the Legion of Honour and brevet-officer—M. Dumoulin in 1830—Lafayette twice fatal to the imperial dynasty and the destinies of France—M. Champollion Figéac—Plan for reaching Paris without firing a gun—Diplomacy—Presentation of the bishop and curés of the four parishes of Grenoble—The imperial court—Rejoicings—Kiss on both cheeks—A makeshift tricolour—Speech of a free and brave man.

THE Emperor was still at some distance from Vizille when the sound of the bells, blended with the confused murmur of its whole population coming out to meet him, told him of his welcome. Scarcely, indeed, had he reached the bridge than he was surrounded by a crowd, wild with joy, who strewed on his path a shower of violets and mountain hyacinths. "Long live the Emperor!" was the universal shout. "Down with the *calotte!*"—"What's that they say?" he asked. "They cry: 'Down with the priests,'" was Dumoulin's answer. "But this is not the fitting spot, my friends, to show our love to His Majesty; wait till we reach Grenoble!"—"Grenoble!" exclaimed the troop; "on to Grenoble!" In this manner Napoleon passed through Vizille in the midst of a crowd intoxicated with zeal for him. When in front of the church he perceived a man dressed in black, who was vociferating like a madman, and crying: "Long live the Emperor, long live the great

Napoleon!". This was the curé. The Emperor stopped before him. "Good day, sir," he said; "I am obliged to you. But pray, M. l'Abbé, what have you there?" and pointed to a small white riband. "Ah, Sire, your pardon; *it is nothing*," replied the curé, quite confused, and thrusting his lily-white ribbon in his pocket. However, there arose from the crowd that fierce buzz which is, as it were, the voice of the people. The poor priest turned pale and looked at Napoleon. The Emperor held out his hand, which the curé kissed with transport, exclaiming: "Vive l'Empereur." The whole population of Vizille followed the Emperor, and at this moment there were more than six thousand of the country people around him. Almost all the young men of this town, in particular, wore tricoloured ribands in their hats, and preceded the Emperor singing the *Marseillaise* and the *Chant du Départ.* Every house was thrown open, and the soldiers, who were overcome with fatigue, entered to refresh themselves, if but for a moment. There was something antique and beautiful, like the traditions of the olden times, in these popular rejoicings and this universal demonstration of the love of a free nation. In this manner they reached the little village of Brié, between Grenoble and Vizille, about five in the evening, when suddenly the Emperor stopped, and, looking with his glass, exclaimed: "I am not mistaken; here are the troops. Ha! ha! it looks as if they were coming to give us battle!"

Dumoulin, who, from his residing at Grenoble, was well acquainted with the country and the troops of the garrison, spurred on his horse to reconnoitre. After some minutes he returned with the news of his having encountered M. de Launay, adjutant-major of the 7th regiment, who had been sent forward by Labédoyère to apprise the Emperor that he was on his march to join him. At that moment the soldiers of the 7th came up, running, and in the greatest disorder. It had been impossible to keep them in their ranks—they shouted, they wept! The Emperor was much affected. "Where is the colonel?" he said. "Ah, Sire, do I see you once

more?" exclaimed the noble young man, taking hold of Napoleon's stirrup; his fine face was radiant with joy, and his eyes filled with tears. "Come to my arms, *mon cher enfant*," cried the Emperor, who embraced him like a brother. "But my eagle?" Labédoyère presented it to him. Napoleon took it, gazed upon it, twice kissed it; tears fell upon this emblem of our glory, doubly sanctified by this noble baptism.

Here it becomes necessary to relate the remarkable events which had preceded this arrival of the 7th regiment of the line. I have spoken of the agitation which prevailed at Grenoble, and of the ill-will of the prefect, of General Marchand, and even of M. Renauldon, the mayor of the town, who controlled nothing, and therefore was good for nothing. Everything displayed a sinister aspect, as soon as the soldiers appeared, although with sadness, to prepare for the execution of their orders. Nevertheless, they feared, at the prefecture, that the troops would not fire, and, above all, there was a dread of civil war and its terrible scenes. In the midst of this agitation, the beat of a drum was heard on Monday, March 7th, about noon, and, directly after, a regiment was seen to march through the town, and draw up in order of battle on the *grande place*. This was the 7th, which had come from Chambéry; it was the finest regiment in France, whose colonel was one of the bravest and most singularly handsome men in the army. Labédoyère, at this epoch, was scarcely thirty years of age and as handsome as Renaud. His fair hair hung in clusters over his head, and gave an imposing effect to his ample and commanding brow; his eyes were blue, yet brilliant and full of fire; he was elegantly made, tall, active, and of the noblest presence. His devotion to the Emperor was a worship.

On reaching the *grande place* Labédoyère perceived that General de Villiers, commander of the department, had followed him; he was the bearer of orders from General Marchand. Labédoyère listened to them, and at first did not answer a word. Whilst the general was speaking,

murmurs arose from the ranks, and already everything presaged the scene about to follow. Suddenly their colonel commanded silence, and cried with a loud voice: "Soldiers, I am ordered to lead you to battle against your Emperor. Soldiers, I resign my command, and am no longer your colonel. I never will conduct you on the road of dishonour!" Cries immediately rose on every side of—"No! no!"—"Long live our colonel!"—"*Vive l'Empereur!*"—"Lead on, colonel!"—"You have my thanks," exclaimed Labédoyère; "but I cannot command you. The Emperor received my first oath, he claims me, and I must repair to him. Soldiers, my dear comrades, you can remain under your flag; for me, I return to him under whom I have always fought. Adieu, I hasten to the national flag—adieu!" The cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* became enthusiastic; the ranks were broken, the colonel surrounded. "Colonel," exclaimed an officer, "you cannot forsake men who love you—lead them to the Emperor!"—"Yes, yes!" was the cry; "to the Emperor, to the Emperor! *Vive notre colonel!*"

Labédoyère looked at them with emotion. Unfortunate young man! Heaven owed him these few hours of happiness as a counterpoise for the misfortunes in store for him. "Then, you will have it so, my friends," he exclaimed: "well, forward! *Let him who loves me follow me!*"—"We will all go," cried an old soldier, "and had you led us against the Emperor we would not have followed you. Colonel, look here!—Drummer!" Instantly the drummer tore open his drum and drew from it the eagle of the 7th, which had been thus preserved. He placed it in the hands of the colonel, who took it and kissed it with respectful joy. At the same moment the white flag was torn and trampled under foot, both by townsmen and soldiers; and immediately, as if by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, each soldier had a tricoloured cockade in his cap. The regiment forthwith began its march, drums beating, the band in front, and in quick time. More than six thousand persons left the town with them; it was a general madness.

To resume. Napoleon arrived before Grenoble, March 7th, at six in the evening. He had about fifteen thousand persons with him. The gates were closed, and the greatest confusion prevailed in the town. After the departure of the 7th, General Marchand held a review, harangued the soldiers, and endeavoured to raise the shout—*Vive le Roi!* The soldiery had remained dull and gloomy, and had not even lifted their eyes towards their leaders. General Marchand called a council of war, but no resolution was agreed upon, and the confusion increased at the approach of evening with the news of the Emperor's marching upon Grenoble. At the same time word was brought that the soldiers and officers of the 5th, who were confined to their barracks, were escaping through the windows and hurrying along the ramparts to join the Emperor.

It was at this moment that Napoleon entered the Faubourg St. Joseph, and arrived at the entrance called the Beaune gate, which is separated from the road by a ditch twenty-five feet in width. The guard had just been withdrawn, and as the inhabitants were thronging over the wooden bridge it could not be destroyed. Dr. Emery, who had until now remained actively employed, though concealed in Grenoble, came forth and made himself known to the Emperor, who pulled him by the ear to testify his joy at seeing him. "We have waited for you with impatience, Sire," said M. Emery. "Well," exclaimed one of the Emperor's suite, "we must force the gate."—"No, no," cried Napoleon, who discovered no uneasiness at the delay, but walked with folded arms and tranquil looks in the midst of the admiring multitudes who had followed him so far from their homes. It was night; the soldiers and others lighted a quantity of torches they had purchased in the Faubourg, and exhibited those picturesque features which would well become the pencil of Horace Vernet, the perpetuator of so many interesting facts. A cry was heard from the ramparts: "They are going to fire!" and, indeed, the young aide-de-camp of General Marchand was on the ramparts endeavouring to excite the soldiers. At last, exasperated at the inactivity of the troops, he seized

a match, and was about to fire a gun, when a woman threw herself upon him, and wresting the match from him, exclaimed: "Wretch, what are you about to do! Know ye not that our husbands and sons are with the Emperor? Besides, we will have the Emperor—*Vive l'Empereur!*" To this cry the name of the Emperor burst from a thousand tongues. However, so close was the Emperor to the battery, that M. Emery besought him to withdraw. "Come, come," said Napoleon, "what would you have happen to me? *A bullet may kill, but does not hurt.*" (His very words, which have been religiously preserved.)

At last it was known that General Marchand had quitted Grenoble and taken away the keys of the town—a poor revenge in so great a conjuncture. Immediately the inhabitants dashed open the gate of Beaune and saw a glorious spectacle. Thirty thousand persons lined the streets and the *grande place;* every house was illuminated, and the Emperor never experienced such a reception, even when at the height of his power. The townsmen lodged each a soldier, for they would not allow any one to invite two; all wished to share in what they called the festival of their city. The Emperor refused to repair to the prefecture; but, recollecting that one of his veterans of Egypt kept an inn at Grenoble, he insisted on going to the Three Dolphins; and scarcely was he there than a deputation from the people was introduced.

"Sire," said the spokesman, "we obeyed you when you ordered us not to burst the gates of our city; but if you will deign to turn to the window, your Majesty will perceive those very gates which we now lay at your feet, to prove that we did not take any part in the unworthy resistance that has been offered you;" and, throwing open the window, he pointed to the two gates, which were lying before the inn. The Emperor smiled at these testimonies of profound affection, when more violent cries than ever of *Vive l'Empereur*, seeming to proceed from twenty thousand men, were heard. This was from a battalion of the 5th which had forcibly returned to the city, led by Captain Pelaprat, and crying: "*Vive l'Empereur! down with the Bourbons!*"

Dumoulin and Emery, who had hitherto taken no rest, had just thrown themselves on a bed, when a friend came to summon the former to the Emperor. He rose, and repaired to the Three Dolphins. He was introduced by the grand-marshal, and the Emperor said, on seeing him: "I wish to testify to you, M. Dumoulin, my satisfaction at your noble conduct: you are a member of the Legion of Honour—you will follow me to Paris?"—"Ah, Sire! how can I acknowledge your kindness? and in what quality?" —"Brevet-officer. Come with me; my fortune will be yours; I attach you to my person;" and, tapping him on the shoulder as he was taking leave: "Wait," he said (opening a writing-desk, he took a cross out of it), "take this," he continued, "and to-morrow, early, begin your office near my person. Grand-marshal, here is a new officer of my household," he said, pulling the ear of the newly-made knight of the Legion of Honour. Thus did this man create his *séides*, and make himself adored.[1]

On leaving the room where the Emperor was, M. Dumoulin met M. Champollion Figeac, afterwards keeper of the manuscripts in the Royal Library at Paris, and brother of the famous Champollion. He was the second of the friends to whom the secret of the voyage from Elba

[1] A few words concerning M. Dumoulin, who played too conspicuous a part in 1815 to be omitted; but the truth is on record. None of Napoleon's officers was more devoted to him. When, in 1818, Dumoulin gained many millions by transactions in the stocks, he opened a negotiation with Lord Bathurst to be empowered to send 100,000 francs yearly to the Emperor at St. Helena. *He was arrested 809 times under the Restoration*, for attempts in favour of Napoleon; and, the 29th July 1830 he was the first to enter the Hôtel de Ville, dressed in his uniform as a household officer of the Emperor. As his reward, the provisional Government appointed him commandant of the Hôtel de Ville. Then, calling to mind his oath to the Emperor to die in his cause, he hastened to David, a printer in the Faubourg Poissonnière, and caused several thousand copies to be printed of a proclamation calling Napoleon II. to the throne of France, in conformity with the decree of the Chambers of the 21st of July 1815; and on the 30th of July, at nine in the morning, with the connivance of three members of the town council, *whose names I know*, they were about to proclaim Napoleon II. when Colonel Carbonel, partner of the money broker, Lombard, and secretary to Lafayette, informed M. Dumoulin that his general wished to speak with him, and, decoying him into a retired room, shut him up with two sentinels over him till seven in the evening. This is the second time that Lafayette was fatal to the imperial dynasty. M. de Lafayette was fatal to France under every regime. He wished, I think, to rule himself.

had been entrusted. He was going to undertake the office of secretary,—a post which he filled during the eight-and-forty hours the Emperor sojourned at Grenoble. The Emperor knew nothing of him, but, having asked Dumoulin for a *sure* man, the latter had recommended M. Champollion, who was devoted. I adduce this circumstance merely for the sake of still showing Napoleon in a new light. After thanking M. Champollion, he spoke to him of Egypt, and seemed to forget Grenoble, the island of Elba, and even Paris; he talked of his beloved Egypt, of the fourteen dynasties of the Lagides shut up in the pyramids, of the Arab people, of the isthmus of Suez. "What say they of the great works which I have directed respecting the translation of the Chinese dictionary, and the new French translation of Strabo? When I shall arrive at Paris I will require an account of these literary labours." The conversation prolonged itself thus until one o'clock in the morning. "Go to bed," said the Emperor to M. Champollion," and return to-morrow as early as you can."

Next day, the 8th March, at six o'clock in the morning, M. Champollion was in the bedchamber of the Emperor. He had risen an hour previously, and awaited him. "To work!" said he. At half-past eight an officer arrived, who came from Lyons in the name of General Brayer. He belonged to the general's staff, by name Molien de St. Yon, and came to assure the Emperor of the devotion of General Brayer. "Return immediately," said Napoleon, "and assure Brayer of my friendship." M. Molien assured the Emperor of the enthusiasm of the Lyonnais. Napoleon kept him a short time, and gave him a number of instructions. "Above all things," said he on parting, "tell Brayer that I will reach Paris without firing a shot."

From the morning of the 8th the Emperor was longed for and expected by the whole city; but he occupied himself meanwhile with important cares. "M. Fourrier has done justice to himself," said Napoleon, "in quitting Grenoble. But whom can I nominate Prefect?" A voice named M. Savoie Rollin, formerly prefect of Rouen. "Is Savoie Rollin here?" cried the Emperor. "And your

National Guard: it should be numerous. But he who commanded it yesterday for the Comte de Lille, cannot command it now. Mention the most worthy citizen of your town," added he, turning towards the inhabitants of Grenoble.

On seeking M. Savoie Rollin, he was found to be in the country. They offered to M. Alphonse Perrier or M. Adolphe (I am not sure which, but it was a brother of the minister) the command of the National Guard; but, as he was a friend of the Comte de Montal, he objected to supersede him. They offered to M. Didier, Sub-Prefect of the Isère, the vacant post of prefect: he was a timid man and refused. "Well," said the Emperor, "a counsellor of the prefecture can perform the functions of prefect." And to command the National Guard he named an old major of the imperial army.

It was at Grenoble also, on the 8th of March, that Napoleon dictated to M. Champollion his letter to the Emperor of Austria. As soon as the Emperor was visible, M. Simon, the bishop, presented himself at the head of his chapter and of the four curates of the city of Grenoble. He had, in fact, all his clergy, with the exception of his vicar-general, M. Bouchard. A curious incident took place at this audience. As the bishop presented the curates to the Emperor, designating them by their proper names, to the moment when he said: "I have the honour to present to your Majesty M. de la Grez——"—"Ah! it is you, M. le Curé," said Napoleon, "who spoke so injuriously of me every Sunday in your sermons to the cook-maids."—"Ah! *Mon Dieu!*" answered the troubled ecclesiastic, "I assure you, Sire——" —"Oh, I know you are a good priest! go on if it amuses you. I permit liberty of worship." The poor curate remained stupefied. Napoleon, seeing him so unhappy, said: "Come, think no more of it. Only be kind and charitable towards all. That is the true law of Jesus Christ."

The judges were also announced. The Emperor was marvellously great in this audience. He talked juris-

prudence like the most skilful amongst them, and, above all, mentioned the necessity of reforming several ill-constructed laws.—"I have long discussed in the Council of State," said he, "the necessity of repairing the civil code as well as the criminal. But what could I do? I had always to struggle against men who spoke only of giving the strong arm to power." His ideas flowed lucid, powerful, just, and precise. "We shall, I trust," pursued he, "find ourselves in more peaceable circumstances, and, working together, we shall construct a good work." But the most touching scene was to see the Emperor approached by the different officers. They seemed as if they had recovered a brother; they wept tears of joy, and trembled in speaking to him. "The Bourbons had repudiated your glories," said Napoleon. "In so doing they not only committed a fault but inflicted an insult on France."

After giving these audiences, the Emperor descended at length to pass in review the garrison, consisting of the 5th and 7th regiments of the line, some squadrons of the 4th hussars, some engineers, and two companies of artillery, all in good order, together with 1500 of the National Guard. He was carried on the shoulders of the people. A young girl approached him with a laurel branch in her hand, reciting some verses. "What can I do for you, my pretty girl?" said the Emperor. The maiden blushed; then lifting her eyes to Napoleon, answered: "I have nothing to ask of your Majesty; but you would render me very happy by embracing me." The Emperor kissed her. "I embrace in you all the ladies of Grenoble," said he aloud, turning his head on every side with a charming smile.

As he was advancing towards the place of the review it was discovered that there was no tricoloured flag. On the instant Dumoulin ran into a magazine of merinos, and selecting the proper colours—white, red, and blue—he stitched them together, and in a few minutes the flag was ready. Enthusiastic plaudits followed, and nothing could describe the delirium spread over the whole assembly when the military music struck up the Marseillaise hymn. After the review, a deputation of respectable citizens pre-

sented themselves bearing an address to be offered to the Emperor. It was in the first instance received by Marshal Bertrand who, having looked over it, observed that there was one line too strongly put, which it would be necessary to suppress. "The Emperor," said he, "with all his goodness, could not accord so much as you would here have him promise."—"Monsieur," replied M. Boissonet, an advocate and a man of energetic talent, "if we drive away these Bourbons, whom foreigners have imposed on us, it is liberty that we ask. We doubt not of possessing it with the Emperor; but we intend also to have it *without* him: we await, sir, your announcing us to His Majesty." This language, from a man of free principles, and of heart, should have made Napoleon aware that liberty had been only compromised by him; and his reflections might have still further impressed on him the proper course which opened itself on his return into the country.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Departure from Grenoble—Approach to Lyons—The old farrier, mayor, and orator—Appearance of resistance—Marshal Macdonald—The Comte d'Artois at Lyons—Napoleon enters Lyons—His address to the National Guard, and to the Lyonnais—The Duke of Orleans defeated by the Emperor's troops at Bourgoing—M. de Blacas—Sitting of the Chamber of Deputies—Oath of the princes to the constitutional charter—M. Dandre—Departure of Louis XVIII.—Melancholy impressions—Arrival of the Emperor in Paris—His reception by the people—Secret influence of Fouché—Sinister presentiments—The French marshals of 1815—Reverses—Waterloo—Conclusion.

ON the 8th of March, at four o'clock in the evening, Napoleon quitted Grenoble with all his staff, and slept at Bourgoing, a large town ten leagues distant. From the Gulf Juan to Grenoble he had constantly travelled either on horseback or on foot. At the latter place he purchased a carriage. Next morning, on approaching Lyons, the Emperor ordered Colonel Germanouski to take with him six men and push a reconnaissance on to La Guillotière. Scarcely had they perceived the Polish lancers when the entire population hastened to present themselves before the Emperor. The enthusiasm that prevailed during two days was, indeed, greater than that at Grenoble. At St. Denis de Brou, two stages before Lyons, Napoleon encountered the population of that city. Marshal Soult had not foreseen this when he said to the king on the 5th of March: "Bonaparte will remain this year in Dauphiné, and next year he will attempt to take Bourgoing."

Napoleon disembarked on the 1st of March with nine

hundred men. It was on the 9th of the same month that he entered Lyons with eight thousand men and thirty pieces of cannon. The road from Grenoble to Lyons is studded with villages, or rather small wealthy towns, the entire population of which surrounded the open carriage in which the Emperor travelled, and formed an enthusiastic *cortège*.

It was during the journey from Grenoble to Lyons, and not on his road from Cannes to Grenoble, that he was accosted by a respectable old man, who was at once the farrier, mayor, and orator of his village. He descended, together with all the inhabitants of his district, from their mountains, and presented themselves to the Emperor. On seeing this old man—his head covered with snowy hair, and his loins bound with a tricoloured sash,[1] while his leather apron had not been laid aside, Napoleon stopped his carriage, and beckoned him to approach. "Sire," said the aged spokesman, "you have re-entered France, and are proceeding to Paris! When you shall arrive there, forget not those who have opened to you the road. They are freemen, and determined to be so. We will have neither priests nor foreigners for our masters. We are ready to give you all you ask; but you must preserve our rights in their full integrity; recollect that we are poor, and are your children. Adieu, Sire! May God guide and protect you. Remember that you represent the people." This was an harangue very different from that of M. de Fontanes. Napoleon was silent at first; but after a while he replied: "Yes, I will never forget you, people of Dauphiné. You have recalled to my mind all those grand and noble sentiments which, twenty years ago, made me designate France as the *great nation*. She is so still, and will be always so. As to you, Mr. Mayor," said he to the old farrier, "you have spoken to my soul! Give me your hand." Then, suddenly, he leapt from his carriage, and embraced the old farrier heartily. I give this fact from the testimony of

[1] The mayors in France wear a sash as the insignia of office; the colour designates the Government in power.

an eyewitness, who told me that when the Emperor re-entered his carriage he spoke to no one, but remained in a profound reverie.

At Bourgoing the Emperor perceived the first marks of serious resistance he would have to encounter. The Comte d'Artois had arrived at Lyons, the second city in the kingdom. Macdonald, who commanded the troops, loved not the Emperor, and therefore nothing was to be expected from him. He was of the class of those republican generals who, for a single warlike act, had acquired a reputation which they had since failed to maintain. He was not, in fact, worthy to be the brother-in-arms of Napoleon; and he cherished a sentiment of fierce revenge against the Emperor because he had been only made a marshal in 1809. I have heard that when this officer returned from his audience of Louis XVIII. he expressed regret at going to fight the Emperor. I would believe this, but cannot. His influence with the troops was but slight. His name had, indeed, a little *éclât*, but it was of no avail in opposition to that of Napoleon. This was evident at a review which took place in presence of the Comte d'Artois. The 13th regiment of dragoons, at that period recently returned from Spain, was composed of old soldiers. The colonel, interrogated first by the marshal and then by the prince, replied: "Monseigneur, I will shed my blood for the cause of your Royal Highness;" and, drawing his sabre, he shouted: "*Vive le Roi!*" No voice echoed him. The regiment remained dull and stern. The prince then made a last effort; he approached a subaltern whose breast was adorned with the eagle. "Give me your hand, my brave comrade," said the Comte d'Artois, "and shout with me—*Vive le Roi!*"—"No, Monseigneur," firmly but respectfully answered the old veteran; "I honour your Royal Highness, but I cannot join in your cry. Mine is: '*Vive l'Empereur!*'" And, at the same instant, the whole regiment repeated this name, so cherished, so beloved. The prince at once retreated, and throwing himself into his carriage, exclaimed: "All is lost!"

And the chariot of the king's brother was not escorted to the gates of the town even by one of the yeomanry of the National Guard of Lyons. The 13th regiment, although it had refused to join the Comte d'Artois, was very indignant at this conduct, and furnished a small escort, which was joined by a single mounted National Guard; and I was assured at the time—I know not with what truth—that the Emperor bestowed on this young man the cross of the Legion of Honour. While the unfortunate prince fled before the Emperor, Marshal Macdonald occupied the bridge of La Guillotière; and there, with two battalions of infantry, made preparations to dispute the Emperor's passage; but as soon as his men perceived the red cloaks of the 4th hussar regiment, they raised one unanimous cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" I own I should like to have seen the marshal's physiognomy on hearing these cries, and when, a few minutes after, the Emperor himself traversed this bridge. He awaited His Majesty's approach, and they conversed together for a few minutes. Napoleon then bade him a friendly adieu. The marshal took immediately the road to Paris, and Napoleon entered Lyons without any obstacle.

What he said to the mounted National Guard of Lyons is well known. When they presented themselves, he addressed them as follows: "The original institution of the National Guard does not permit it to become cavalry. You have besides behaved ill to the Comte d'Artois: in his misfortune you have abandoned him. I will not accept your services."[1]

But it is not thus he spoke to his good city of Lyons at large. The address he uttered on quitting it was almost wholly written by himself, and merits to be exactly copied. It shows the Ossianic turn of his mind, and affords good materials for estimating him. "Lyonnais! at the moment of quitting your town to repair to my capital I feel that it behoves me to make known to you the sentiments with which you have

[1] Napoleon, it has often been observed, had a very peculiar faculty of replying in energetic terms, and was seldom known to hesitate.

inspired me. You have always occupied a first place in my affections. Upon the throne, and in exile, you have always shown towards me the same sentiments. The elevated character by which you are distinguished merits, indeed, all my esteem. In more tranquil moments I shall return and occupy myself respecting your city and its manufactures. People of Lyons, I love you!"

In this last simple phrase, placed as the termination of a speech equally simple, might be recognised a seal of affection between the sovereign and his people. The Lyonnais were in a delirium of joy the day the speech was delivered.

I confess I cannot comprehend what the ministry of M. de Blacas proposed by making an officer of the *garde-du-corps* appear at the balcony of the Tuileries, and announce officially that the Duc d'Orleans had completely defeated the Emperor in the environs of Bourgoing. I might amuse myself here by relating the several conversations, full of boasting, which some persons of the royal cause held with me after the publication of this verbal bulletin. But those events were too serious and grave. Alas! the enchantment was likewise too short! Next day came couriers from Monsieur, stating the real condition of things.

Louis XVIII. was not without talents for government; but he was unequal to these circumstances; and undoubtedly, but for the Allied Powers, would have lost his throne once more, never to regain it. His infatuation in employing M. de Blacas, a country squire, turned into a first gentleman of the court, was excessive. The impertinence of this man weighed on France as a plague, despised as he was by all the Allied Sovereigns, who saw in him nothing but a pernicious favourite of the court. He had no idea of the direction of public opinion in this crisis, and had conducted the monarchy to the brink of a precipice, whilst his creatures plied him with incense and flattery which effectually turned his weak head. Had Louis XVIII. but known what the Allied Princes said of him, or even seen them shrug their shoulders in

pity! M. de Blacas was no doubt very learned in some points; but what availed all his knowledge of the history of the Lower Empire, since he was ignorant of that of yesterday as regarded his own country? In the twelve months which preceded Napoleon's return I can trace nothing but an odious system of fraud and deception. Truth was never made manifest to the king until Napoleon arrived at Fontainebleau. Neither had any measures been taken to ensure the escape of the royal family, although from the 15th March the authorities were aware of the rapid advance of the Emperor. Was this the result of heedlessness or of treason? In truth, one knows not what name to give it.

I must here describe the scene, the memory of which will never fade from the minds of those who witnessed it. I allude to the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies on the 18th and 19th of March. The king made a speech, a good one doubtless; but nothing took effect like the exclamation of the Comte d'Artois: "Sire," cried he, "permit that I unite my voice, and that of all your family, with your own. Yes, Sire, it is in the name of honour that we swear fidelity to your Majesty and to the Constitutional Charter, which secures the happiness of the French!"

The Duc de Berry, the Duc d'Orleans, and the Prince de Condé, all exclaimed: "We swear it!"

It is difficult for any one but a witness of this remarkable scene to have a just idea of it. The solemn oath, taken in the midst of the tempest by the sovereign and his heir, had an august character which penetrated whilst it reassured. I confess that it made upon me a deep impression. They had talked of defending Paris with a *corps d'armée* commanded by the Duc de Berry; but this was a silly thought. In fact, if one could have laughed at all just then, it would have been at the men who surrounded Louis XVIII. The most absurd was M. Dandre. prefect of police, who was altogether a most singular personage. When he was at length convinced of what every body else had known long before, namely, that

Bonaparte had disembarked in France, he did nothing but repeat the fact. "How!" said he, rubbing his hands, "has he *dared* to come here? But so much the better; they will shoot him!"

Were time and place not wanting, one might recount strange things relating to this unhappy court. It had received a stigma too strongly marked to change. It was in 1815, as it had been in 1791, wrapped in complete blindness. M. de Blacas sought to persuade the king that Bonaparte's disembarkation was to his great advantage. Louis XVIII. said himself to an individual of my family who was greatly in his confidence: "This poor Blacas brought to my mind Olivarès announcing to Philip IV. the loss of Portugal, when he spoke to me of the good I should derive from the arrival of Bonaparte."

About midnight, on the 19th of March, Louis XVIII. quitted the *château* of the Tuileries, which he now inhabited after an exile of twenty-three years. He perhaps suffered at this moment more than formerly, for he was about to recommence a life of misfortune, and courage is exhausted by grief. He knew also the extent of the evil that his departure might occasion—the melancholy result of emigration was evident in 1791—of that court-spirit which had already produced such profound misfortunes, and was now in action again. The staircases, the courts, the avenues of the *château* were crowded with persons, all silent and in consternation. At the moment when his carriage, drawn by eight horses, drew up, there was an almost spontaneous movement of every eye towards the top of the grand staircase. The king descended slowly, for his infirmities pressed the more heavily on him in this agonizing hour. This departure of a decrepit prince in the middle of the night, quitting his capital as a fugitive, could not be otherwise than affecting—manifesting, as he did, throughout an elevated heart, and a soul capable of great things.

Twenty-four hours had not intervened ere this palace witnessed a scene of a very different nature—the return of the Emperor. He had arrived on the eve at Fontaine-

bleau with his brave grenadiers; and, upon hearing of the departure of the Bourbons, he rightly perceived that there must be no interregnum. He therefore hastened forward, desirous of reaching the capital without any delay; but the crowd assembled on the road impeding him at every step, it was not till nine o'clock P.M. that he entered Paris. What must have been his emotions on passing under the triumphal arch of the Tuileries! on finding himself borne thither by that faithful army which now conducted him, through the shades of night, to this royal residence so long his own?

But on arriving at Paris, Napoleon found, as has been remarked, a great difference as contrasted with the enthusiasm of Lyons and Dauphiné. The metropolis was, in fact, surprised. Paris is not like another city; it contains a swarming population, who know not how to direct their own emotions. And although its population thronged to behold Napoleon, the city presented on the evening of the 20th of March a triste and sullen aspect. The theatres were shut; and when the Emperor reached the gates of the Tuileries he found, indeed, an immense crowd; but the absence of many faces he expected to see was remarked by him with the greater bitterness, as the enthusiasm of the provinces had led him to anticipate very different things. The fact is, that Paris was secretly influenced by the faction at whose head was Fouché. I have related the strange circumstance that from fifty to sixty letters arrived at Grenoble on the morning of the 5th of March with the Paris postmark. The Emperor declared he had no knowledge of these letters. Who was at work, then? It has been said that the Duke of Otranto was an agent for the Duke of Orleans. I believe this to be probable enough; but it matters not. The vicinity of Murat, who came within twenty leagues of Paris, also excites in me strange suspicions. The Duke of Otranto stood well with the Queen of Naples — an intriguing woman, to whom France was always a point of aim and hope; she had then lost all.

However this might be, the state of Paris was through-

out forced and unnatural. The very spirit, nay, the love of change, seemed attached to the walls of the Tuileries; and Napoleon was subject to its influence when, on the 20th of March, he again crossed the threshold of the palace—on the 20th of March, that day which had, in the same mansion, witnessed Fortune's last smile upon him at the birth of the King of Rome. He desired to consecrate that event by a miraculous return. But by what thoughts was that return accompanied! what resolutions passed through his gigantic mind, now mastered by destiny! He perceived on the instant, unhappy man! that fate had reversed his chances; for that infant which, like a new Messiah, had spread peace and hope throughout his immense capital—the joy of whose population reverberated round his throne, and seemed calculated to sustain it—that infant was no longer in his power. Oh! who can divine what were the reflections which occupied the great soul of Napoleon when he placed his hand on the marble balustrade of that staircase which, but a few months before, so many kings had ascended and descended simply as his courtiers. Doubtless he imagined he should again see them crouch before him. His mistake was in forgetting that it was the people alone who had borne him on their arms to the Tuileries.

What were the marshals doing all this time? One of them (Marshal Ney) said to Louis XVIII.: "Sire, I will bring him to you like a wild beast in a iron cage." Another (Marshal Soult) issued a proclamation in which he designated Bonaparte a *villain;* while a third (either Macdonald or Mortier), made an arrangement to invest his property in an enemy's country; and these were the men who should have made for him a rampart with their bodies.

It was then that Napoleon, destitute of all the aid he should have received from these individuals (brave, doubtless, in themselves, but *illustrious* only through him), re-entered on the 20th of March the *château* of the Tuileries, while the fire lighted on the previous evening for the use of Louis XVIII. still burned in the principal kitchen. Napoleon did not well comprehend his position;

it was new to him, and he should therefore have employed new assistants. He believed the marshals less fickle, and regretted *his own men*, as he termed them. But these men were no longer *his*—they acted for *themselves*—and his error concerning them ruined him. He had formed plans, ill cemented together, to enable him to cross a bottomless abyss. He could but perish!

The 20th of March was perhaps the most important day in the life of Napoleon. It *might* have been a day of regeneration both for him and France; it *was* a day fatal to both.[1] Thus I regard the 20th of March 1815 as the termination of the grand military and political existence of Napoleon Bonaparte. Here we must stop, for his last great day was accomplished! Waterloo was the tomb of all that had escaped the sabre of the Cossacks and the cannon of the Austrians and Russians. Thus was engulfed our national honour, weighed down by infamous treasons. Waterloo came upon us like a flame kindled in hell, and destroyed our fortune, our glory, our all!—even hope. Oh, Waterloo! Waterloo! No! I will not dwell on that horrible day. I will not divulge that which I *know*. I will not publish the disgrace of a French name. I will not tell that the battle *might* have been gained, yet *was* not. In such a case silence is duty.

The 20th of March, then, is the day whereon, in these Memoirs, I quit Napoleon. I have conducted him, as it were, by the hand almost from his cradle to mature age, through the world, which rang with his marvellous deeds, and unto this day, when, more surprising than ever, he re-entered alone, at the head of a few brave men, the palace conquered by his sword; whence he issued to confront entire Europe, armed against him.

Let us pause awhile on the recollection of so many great actions—so many brilliant achievements. Even yet we may bow before a destiny not resembled by any other. I review it with a sentiment profoundly religious.

[1] For a very circumstantial and interesting narrative of the "Hundred Days," and of the subsequent events of Napoleon's life, we refer our readers to the 4th volume of Bourrienne's *Memoirs of Bonaparte* [London, 1836].

Napoleon was to France, from 1795 to 1814, a tutelary Providence—a light which will shine during ages to come. Under gilded ceilings or roofs of thatch this truth will always be proclaimed and recognised; and I am happy that my name should be attached to this relation of events designed to perpetuate the memory of that epoch.

[*This Appendix is not contained in the earlier editions of the work.*]

APPENDIX

MDCCCLXXXIII.

[As frequent reference is made in the course of the Work to persons indiscriminately by their names or titles, it has been thought that the following List may be of service to the reader.]

APPENDIX.

LIST OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL TITLES AND DIGNITIES CONFERRED BY THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I.[1]

THE KING OF SPAIN, 1808-1813 . Joseph Bonaparte, *b.* 1768, *d.* 1844.
THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, 1808-1813 . (Marie) Julie Clary, *b.* 1777, *d.* 1845.

THE KING OF HOLLAND, 1806-1810. Louis Bonaparte, *b.* 1778, *d.* 1846.
THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND, 1806-1810 Hortense Eugenie de Beauharnais, *b.* 1783, *d.* 1837.

THE KING OF WESTPHALIA, 1807-1813. Jerome Bonaparte, *b.* 1784, *d.* 1860.
THE QUEEN OF WESTPHALIA, 1807-1813. Frederica Catherine of Wurtemburg, *b.* 1783, *d.* 1835.

THE KING OF NAPLES, 1806-1808 . Joseph Bonaparte, *b.* 1768, *d.* 1844.
THE QUEEN OF NAPLES, 1806-1808 . (Marie) Julie Clary, *b.* 1777, *d.* 1845.

THE KING OF NAPLES, 1808-1815 . Joachim Murat, *b.* 1771, *d.* 1815.
THE QUEEN OF NAPLES, 1808-1815 . Caroline Bonaparte, *b.* 1782, *d.* 1839.

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[1] There are also a number of Titles which were practically given by Napoleon I., or were extensions of existing dignities when the Confederation of the Rhine was created by him. The most noticeable of these were :—

THE MARGRAVE OF BADEN. Made ELECTOR, 25th February 1803, by Recess of the German Empire.

THE ELECTOR OF BADEN. Made GRAND DUKE, July 1806, by Article 5 of the Confederation of the Rhine.

THE ELECTOR OF BAVARIA. Recognised as KING in the Treaty of Presburg, December 1805; proclaimed himself KING, 1st January 1806.

THE GRAND DUKE OF BERG AND CLEVES. Took title (from Duke) on joining the Confederation of the Rhine, July 1806.

THE LANDGRAVE OF HESSE-CASSEL. Made ELECTOR by Recess of the German Empire, 1803.

THE GRAND DUKE OF HESSE-DARMSTADT. Took this title on formation of the Confederation of the Rhine, July 1806.

List of some of the Principal Titles and Dignities conferred by the Emperor Napoleon I.[1]*—(continued).*

THE KING OF ROME, 1811-1814	Napoleon Francis Charles Joseph (NAPOLEON II.), *afterwards Duke of Reichstadt, b.* 1811, *d.* 1832.
THE KING OF ETRURIA, 1801-1803	Louis I., Prince of Parma, *b.* 17 , *d.* 1803.
THE KING OF ETRURIA, 1803-1807	(Charles) Louis II. (infant son of the preceding), *b.* 1799, living in 1878.
THE QUEEN OF ETRURIA, 1801-1803 THE QUEEN (REGENT) OF ETRURIA, 1803-1807	Marie Louise Josephine de Bourbon, *b.* 1782, *d.* 1824.
THE VICEROY OF ITALY, 1805-1814	Eugène Beauharnais, *b.* 1781, *d.* 1824.
THE DUKE OF GUASTALLA, 1806-1814.	Prince Camille Borghèse, *b.* 1775, *d.* 1832.

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THE GRAND DUKE OF FRANKFORT. Karl von Dalberg. Prince Primate of the Confederation of the Rhine, Ex-Archbishop of Mainz (Mayence), Ex-Chancellor of the German Empire, and Ex-Archbishop of Regensburg (Ratisbon), July 1806, on formation of the Confederation of the Rhine.

THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF FRANKFORT. Eugène Beauharnais, 1810.

THE PRINCE DE LEVEN. Took this title, 1806, from Count, on the formation of the Confederation of the Rhine.

THE DUKE OF NASSAU. Head of House of Nassau-Usingen. Took this title, 1806, on the formation of the Confederation of the Rhine.

THE ELECTOR OF SALZBURG. The Archduke Ferdinand (late Duke of Tuscany), in 1803, by Recess of the Empire, and under the Treaty of Luneville, until 26th December 1805, when by Treaty of Presburg he loses it. (*See* WURZBURG, below.)

THE KING OF SAXONY. Takes this title from Elector on joining the Confederation of the Rhine, 11th December 1806.

THE ELECTOR OF WURTEMBURG. Takes this title by Recess of the Empire, 1803, and is recognised as King under the Treaty of Presburg, December 1805; proclaims himself King, 1st January 1806.

THE GRAND DUCHY OF WURZBURG. Formed by the Treaty of Presburg, December 1805, for the Archduke Ferdinand, who is removed from Salzburg (which is given to Austria).

[1] The titles of Prince of Canino and Duke of Musignano were conferred upon Lucien Bonaparte by the Pope.

List of some of the Principal Titles and Dignities conferred by the Emperor Napoleon I.—(continued).

THE PRINCESS BORGHÈSE, 1803-1806	Pauline Bonaparte, *b.* 1780, *d.* 1825.
THE DUCHESS OF GUASTALLA, 1806-1814	
THE GRAND DUKE OF BERG AND CLEVES, 1806-1808.	Joachim Murat, *b.* 1771, *d.* 1815.
THE GRAND DUCHESS OF BERG AND CLEVES, 1806-1808.	Caroline Bonaparte, *b.* 1782, *d.* 1839.
THE GRAND DUKE OF BERG AND CLEVES, 1809-1814.	Charles Napoleon Louis, *b.* 1804, *d.* 1831.
THE GRAND DUCHESS OF TUSCANY, 1809-1814.	(Marie Anne) Elisa Bonaparte, *b.* 1773 or 1777, *d.* 1820.
THE PRINCE OF PIOMBINO AND LUCCA, 1805-1814.	Prince Félix Pascal Bacchiocchi, *b.* 1762, *d.* 1841.[1]
THE PRINCESS OF PIOMBINO AND LUCCA, 1805.	(Marie Anne) Elisa Bonaparte, *b.* 1773 or 1777, *d.* 1820.
THE PRINCE OF VENICE,[2] 1807 (*Title seldom employed.*)	Eugène Beauharnais, *b.* 1781, *d.* 1824.
THE PRINCESS OF BOLOGNA, 1807 (*Title seldom employed.*)	Josephine Beauharnais (eldest daughter of the preceding).
THE DUKE OF WARSAW, 1807-1813.	Frederick Augustus IV., King (and Elector) of Saxony.
THE ARCHBISHOP OF LYONS, 1802-1839.	Cardinal (Joseph) Fesch, *b.* 1763, *d.* 1839.
THE PRINCE OF BENEVENTO, 1806-1814.	Charles Maurice de TALLEYRAND Perigord, *b.* 1754, *d.* 1838.
*THE PRINCE OF ECKMÜHL, 1809	Louis Nicolas DAVOUST, *b.* 1770, *d.* 1823.
*THE PRINCE OF ESSLING, 1809	André MASSÉNA, *b.* 1758, *d.* 1817.
*THE PRINCE OF THE MOSKOWA, 1812.	Michel NEY, *b.* 1769, *d.* 1815.
*THE PRINCE OF NEUFCHÂTEL, 1806 (AND WAGRAM, 1809).	(Louis) Alexandre BERTHIER, *b.* 1753, *d.* 1815.

[1] "The Grand Duke of *Florence*," mentioned by Madame Junot (under a wrong title), would be Prince Bacchiocchi, the husband of the Grand Duchess of *Tuscany*.

[2] Eugène Beauharnais was also created, in later years, Duke of Leuchtenburg and Prince of Eichstadt by the King of Bavaria.

List of some of the Principal Titles and Dignities conferred by the Emperor Napoleon I.—(continued).

*THE PRINCE OF PONTE-CORVO, 1806.	Jean Baptiste BERNADOTTE, *b.* 1764, *d.* 1844 (*afterwards Charles XIV. of Sweden*).
THE DUKE DECRÉS, 18 . .	(Admiral) Denis DECRÉS, *b.* 1765, *d.* 1820.
THE DUKE OF ABRANTÈS, 1808	Andoche JUNOT, *b.* 1771, *d.* 1813.
*THE DUKE OF ALBUFERA DA VALENCIA, 1812	Louis Gabriel SUCHET, *b.* 1770, *d.* 1826.
*THE DUKE OF AUERSTADT, 1807	Louis Nicolas DAVOUST, *b.* 1770, *d.* 1823.
THE DUKE OF BASSANO, 1811	Hugues Bernard MARET, *b.* 1763, *d.* 1839.
*THE DUKE OF BELLUNO, 1810	Claude Perrin VICTOR, *b.* 1764, *d.* 1841.
THE DUKE OF CADORE, 1810.	Jean Baptiste Nompère de CHAMPAGNY, *b.* 1756, *d.* 1834.
*THE DUKE OF CASTIGLIONE, 1809	Pierre François Charles AUGEREAU, *b.* 1757, *d.* 1816.
*THE DUKE OF CONEGLIANO, 1807 (?)	Bon Adrien Jeannot de MONCEY, *b.* 1754, *d.* 1842.
THE DUKE OF DALBERG, 18	Emmeric von DALBERG (nephew of the Prince Primate of the Confederation of the Rhine), *b.* 1773, *d.* 1833.
*THE DUKE OF DALMATIA, 1807	Nicolas Jean de Dieu SOULT, *b.* 1769, *d.* 1851 or 1852.
*THE DUKE OF DANTZIG, 1807	François Joseph LEFEBVRE, *b.* 1755, *d.* 1820.
*THE DUKE OF ELCHINGEN, 1808	Michel NEY, *b.* 1769, *d.* 1815.
THE DUKE OF FELTRE, 1809.	Henry James William CLARKE, *b.* 1765, *d.* 1818.
THE DUKE OF FRIULI, 1809 (?)	Géraud Christophe Michel DUROC, *b.* 1772, *d.* 1813.
THE DUKE OF GAÈTA, 1809 .	Michel Charles GAUDIN, *b.* 1756, *d.* 1844.
*THE DUKE OF ISTRIA, 1809 .	Jean Baptiste BESSIÈRES, *b.* 1768, *d.* 1813.
THE DUKE OF LODI, 1807 .	Count Francesco of MELZI (d'Eril), *b.* 1753, *d.* 1816.

List of some of the Principal Titles and Dignities conferred by the Emperor Napoleon I.—(continued.)

THE DUKE OF MASSA, 1809 .	. Claude Antoine REGNIER, *b.* 1746 *d.* 1814.
*THE DUKE OF MONTEBELLO, 1808	Jean LANNES, *b.* 1769, *d.* 1809.
THE DUKE OF OTRANTO, 1809	. Joseph FOUCHÉ, *b.* 1754 or 1763, *d.* 1820.
THE DUKE OF PADUA, 1808 .	. Jean Toussaint ARRIGHI, *b.* 1773, *d.* 1853.
THE DUKE OF PARMA, 1806 .	. Jean Jacques Regis de CAMBACÉRÈS, *b.* 1753, *d.* 1824.
THE DUKE OF PIACENZA (PLAISANCE), 1806	Charles François LE BRUN, *b.* 1739, *d.* 1824.
*THE DUKE OF RAGUSA, 1807 .	. Auguste Fréderic Louis Viesse de MARMONT, *b.* 1774, *d.* 1852.
*THE DUKE OF REGGIO, 1809 .	. Nicolas Charles OUDINOT, *b.* 1767, *d.* 1847.
*THE DUKE OF RIVOLI, 1806 .	. André MASSÉNA, *b.* 1758, *d.* 1817.
THE DUKE OF ROVIGO, 1808 .	. Anne Jean Marie René SAVARY, *b.* 1774, *d.* 1833.
*THE DUKE OF TARENTO, 1809	. Etienne Jacques Joseph Alexandre MACDONALD, *b.* 1765, *d.* 1840.
*THE DUKE OF TREVISO, 1807	. Edouard Adolphe Casimir Joseph MORTIER, *b.* 1768, *d.* 1835.
*THE DUKE OF VALENGIN, 1806 (?)	(Louis) Alexandre BERTHIER, *b.* 1753, *d.* 1815.
*THE DUKE OF VALMY, 18 .	. François Christophe KELLERMANN, *b.* 1735, *d.* 1820. (Father of the Comte de Valmy, who distinguished himself at Marengo.)
THE DUKE OF VICENZA, 1808	. Armand Augustin Louis de CAULAINCOURT, *b.* 1773, *d.* 1827.

Also a long array of Counts and Barons.

The only Field-Marshals not Princes or Dukes were :—

Guillaume Marie Anne BRUNE, *b.* 1763, *d.* 1815.
Emmanuel GROUCHY, *b.* 1766, *d.* 1847.
Jean Baptiste JOURDAN, *b.* 1762, *d.* 1833.
Dominique Catherine PERIGNON, *b.* 1754, *d.* 1818.
Prince Jozef Anton PONIATOWSKI, *b.* 1762, *d.* 1813.
Laurent Gouvion SAINT-CYR, *b.* 1764, *d.* 1830.
Jaume Matthieu Philibert SÉRURIER, *b.* 1742, *d.* 1819.

The Princes and Dukes who were Field-Marshals ["Marshals of the Empire"] are indicated above by a star (*) prefixed to their names. [*See a List of the Marshals on the next page.*] It will be observed that the Duke of Abrantès was not a Field-Marshal, owing to his failure in Portugal. Napoleon had it also in contemplation at different times to give the *bâton* to Generals Clausel, Foy, Gerard, Lamarque, and Vandamme (some of whom became, with several other Napoleonic Generals, Field-Marshals ["Marshals of France"] in later years). Prince Poniatowski only enjoyed the rank for three days, his career being prematurely ended at Leipzig. After 1815 many of the Marshals and Generals published memoirs of the campaigns in which they had been engaged, some in reply to other works in which they were criticised.

*** *The above List has been compiled, for the convenience of the reader, from various sources, in many of which very discordant information is given. (To take one instance, four different dates are given for the creation of the Dukedom of Vicenza.) From this cause some of the dates above may be occasionally liable to correction, though they have been verified as far as possible in the absence of any similar list to compare with.*

It may perhaps be useful to append the titles of the Bonapartes when in retirement, viz.—

1815.	CAMPIGNANO, Countess of	. Elisa Bonaparte.
1814.	CANINO, Prince of .	. Lucien Bonaparte.
1814.	COLORNO, Duchess of .	. The ex-Empress Maria Louisa.
1816.	HARTZ, Count of .	. Jerôme Bonaparte.
1815.	LIPANO, Countess .	. Caroline Bonaparte.
1816.	MONTFORT, Count .	. Jerôme Bonaparte.
1814.	MUSIGNANO, Duke of .	. Lucien Bonaparte.
1810.	ST. LEU, Count of .	. Louis Bonaparte.
1814.	ST. LEU, Duchess of .	. Hortense Beauharnais.
1814.	SURVILLIERS, Count of .	. Joseph Bonaparte.

A LIST OF THE MARSHALS OF THE EMPIRE,

WITH THE DATES OF THEIR CREATION AS SUCH.

1804. KELLERMANN. Duke of Valmy (father of "the Marengo Kellermann." (*Honorary.*)
LEFEBVRE. Duke of Dantzig. (*Honorary.*)
PÉRIGNON. (*Honorary.*)
SÉRURIER. (*Honorary.*)

AUGEREAU. Duke of Castiglione.
BERNADOTTE. Prince of Ponte-Corvo (*and afterwards King of Sweden*).
BERTHIER. Prince of Neufchâtel, Duke of Valengin, and Prince of Wagram.
BESSIÈRES. Duke of Istria.
BRUNE.
DAVOUST. Duke of Auerstadt and Prince of Eckmühl.
JOURDAN. Count.
LANNES. Duke of Montebello.
MASSÉNA. Duke of Rivoli and Prince of Essling.
MONCEY. Duke of Conegliano.
MORTIER. Duke of Treviso.
MURAT. Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves, King of Naples.
NEY. Duke of Elchingen and Prince of the Moskowa.
SOULT. Duke of Dalmatia.
1807. VICTOR. Duke of Belluno.
1809. MACDONALD. Duke of Tarento.
MARMONT. Duke of Ragusa.
OUDINOT. Duke of Reggio.
1811. SUCHET. Duke of Albufera da Valencia.
1812. (GOUVION) SAINT CYR.
1813. Prince Joseph PONIATOWSKI. (Drowned three days later.)
1815. GROUCHY. Count.

*** *For further particulars of names and dates see the preceding pages. The titles are added above for convenience, but they were for the most part conferred at a later date than the bâton. The portraits of the various Marshals may be found in the Palace of the Legion of Honour in Paris.*

THE DIGNITARIES OF STATE.

THE ARCH-CHANCELLOR OF THE EMPIRE, 1804-14 . . . . . Cambacérès.
THE ARCH-CHANCELLOR OF STATE, 1805-14 . Eugène Beauharnais.
THE ARCH-TREASURER OF THE EMPIRE, 1804-14 . . . . . Le Brun.
THE CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, 1804-14 . . Louis Bonaparte.
THE HIGH ADMIRAL, 1805-14 . . . Murat.
THE GRAND ELECTOR, 1804-14 . . . Joseph Bonaparte.
THE VICE-CONSTABLE OF THE EMPIRE, 1807-14 . . . . . Berthier.
THE VICE-GRAND ELECTOR, 1807-14 . . Talleyrand.

THE GRAND ALMONER, 1804-14 . . . Cardinal Fesch.
THE GRAND CHAMBERLAIN { 1804-9 . . Talleyrand. / 1809-14 . . Anatole de Montesquoiu.
THE MASTER OF HORSE, 1804-14 . . . Caulaincourt.
THE GRAND JUDGE { 1802-13 . . . Regnier. / 1813-14 . . . Molé.
THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES, 1804-15 . Ségur.
THE MARSHAL OF THE PALACE { 1804-13 . Duroc. / 1813-21 . Bertrand.
THE GRAND HUNTSMAN, 1804-14 . . . Berthier.

THE VICEROY OF ITALY, 1805-14 . . . Eugène Beauharnais.
THE CHANCELLOR OF THE KINGDOM OF ITALY, 1805-14 . . . . . Melzi.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY CALENDAR.

THIS CALENDAR (DECREED NOVEMBER 24, 1793) COMMENCES FROM SEPTEMBER 22, 1792, THE FOUNDATION OF THE REPUBLIC.

The following Table will be found serviceable for approximate purposes, but the dates do not absolutely correspond, as shown below, on account of the English (Gregorian) leap year not coinciding with that of the Revolutionary Calendar.

Autumn Months.	DAYS.	*Extending* FROM	TO
VENDEMIAIRE (Vintage)	30	September 22	October 21
BRUMAIRE (Foggy) . .	30	October 22	November 20
FRIMAIRE (Sleety) . .	30	November 21	December 20
Winter Months.			
NIVOSE (Snowy) . .	30	December 21	January 19
PLUVIOSE (Rainy) . .	30	January 20	February 18
VENTOSE (Windy) . .	30	February 19	March 20
Spring Months.			
GERMINAL (Budding) .	30	March 21	April 19
FLOREAL (Blooming) .	30	April 20	May 19
PRAIRIAL (Pastoral) .	30	May 20	June 18
Summer Months.			
MESSIDOR (Harvest) .	30	June 19	July 18
THERMIDOR (Heat) . .	30	July 19	August 17
FRUCTIDOR (Fruit) . .	30	August 18	September 16

THE YEAR OF THE REPUBLIC.	A.D.
I.	1792-1793
II.	1793-1794
III.	1794-1795
IV.	1795-1796
V.	1796-1797
VI.	1797-1798
VII.	1798-1799
VIII.	1799-1800
IX.	1800-1801
X.	1801-1802
XI.	1802-1803
XII.	1803-1804
XIII.	1804-1805
XIV.	1805-

In 1806 the old Gregorian Calendar was reverted to.

The five days over ("sansculottides") were appropriated as follows :—

Sept. 17 The Festival of LE GENIE.
" 18 " LE TRAVAIL.
" 19 " LES BELLES ACTIONS.
" 20 " LES RECOMPENSES.
" 21 " L'OPINION.

Every fourth year ("every *Franciade*") a sixth festival was added, that of the Revolution.

Each month was divided into three decades of ten days each, which repeated themselves as follows :—

1 Primédi.	6. Sextidi.
2 Duodi.	7. Septidi.
3 Tridi.	8. Octidi.
4 Quartidi.	9. Nonidi.
5 Quintidi.	10. Decadi. *The day of rest.*

Each day was to have been divided into ten hours, and each hour again into ten parts; but it was found inconvenient to carry this out.

REPUBLICAN DATES.

IN contemporary Memoirs on the French Revolution, the reader of modern days is often puzzled by the French habit of referring to occurrences by date only, especially when the date is that of the Republican Calendar. The following table (for which the Editor is indebted to Colonel Phipps) will give some assistance in identifying the references:—

20 BRUMAIRE AN II.—10th November 1793.—The Feast of Reason. (The Worship of Reason was almost immediately abolished.)

4 GERMINAL AN II.—23d March 1794.—The "Hébertistes" or extreme revolutionary party; Hébert (editor of the *Père Duchesne* paper), Ronsin (general of the revolutionary army), Vincent, etc., are executed by the Comité de Salut Public.

10 GERMINAL AN II.—31st March 1794.—The Moderés or Indulgents; Danton, Camille Desmoulins (writer of *le Vieux Cordelier* paper), Lacroix, Phelippeaux, Hérault de Séchelles, etc., are arrested by the Comité de Salut Public, and are executed 16 Germinal—5th April 1794. The Cordelier party and club are practically broken up.

22 PRAIRIAL AN II.—10th June 1794.—Law of, increases the rapidity of proceeding of the revolutionary tribunal.

9 THERMIDOR AN II.—27th July 1794.—Overthrow of the Terrorists; Robespierre, Saint Just, Couthon, Henriot, etc., are arrested and executed next day by their colleagues of the Comité de Salut Public (Collot d'Herbois, Billaud Varennes, and Barère), assisted by Tallien, Barras, Legendre, Fréron, Merlin de Thionville, Thuriot, Bourdon de l'Oise, Dubois de Crancé, Lecointre de Versailles.

12 GERMINAL AN III.—1st April 1795.—The Jacobins invade the assembly, but are dispersed without bloodshed by General Pichegru. Remainder of old Comité de Salut Public; Barrére, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud Varennes are deported; other deputies of the Montagne sent to Ham, etc.

1 PRAIRIAL AN III.—20th May 1795.—The last insurrection of the Jacobins against Moderate party or Thermidoriens. The Jacobins seize the hall of the representatives, kill the deputy, Feraud, and present his head to the president, Boissy d'Anglas, who, unmoved, salutes it; but they are driven out, and on

4 PRAIRIAL AN III.—23d May 1795.—The Jacobins are disarmed by General Menou. Almost all the members of the old Comité de Salut Public, and of the Montagne, except Carnot, are arrested;

and the Montagne and the Jacobin party are completely broken up. Power falls into the hands of the Thermidoriens, Tallien, and the Girondists.

5 FRUCTIDOR AN III.—22d August 1795.—Convention decrees that instead of entirely free elections for the new Corps Législatif, two-thirds of both councils of the Ancients and of the Five Hundred must, the first year, be members of the then Convention. This and the following decree are intended to preserve the ascendency of the republican party, it being feared that the Royalist party may obtain a majority in the elections.

13 FRUCTIDOR AN III.—30th August 1795.—The convention decrees that two-thirds of the members of the old convention to serve in the new assembly, are to be selected by the electoral assemblies. These decrees of Fructidor drive the Royalist party to arms, and

13 VENDEMIAIRE AN IV.—4th October 1795.—"Jour des sections." The Royalists, anxious to get a majority in the new assembly about to be elected, and stopped by the decrees of 5 and 13 Fructidor (see above), revolt; they are put down by the forces of the convention directed by General Bonaparte, nominally under Barras.

3 BRUMAIRE AN IV.—24th October 1795.—Law of, exclusion of all *émigrés* and of their relations from all civil, municipal, and military functions, till the general peace. Permission granted to all who do not wish to live under the Republic to leave France, taking with them their property. Dismissal of all officers who have not served during the revolutionary period, *i.e.* since 10th August 1792 (Sack of Tuileries); many of whom had been restored by Aubry, a reactionary in charge of the War Office. This is gradually allowed to drop till 18 Fructidor—4th September 1797 (see on). Several decrees, actually passed on 4 Brumaire, are generally taken as part of those of 3 Brumaire (see next date).

4 BRUMAIRE AN IV.—25th October 1795.—Decrees of Punishment of death to be abolished after the general peace. The Place de la Revolution renamed Place de la Concorde. Amnesty for all acts connected with the Revolution, except for the 13 Vendemiaire —4th October 1795 (see above); this exception is repealed on 14 Frimaire—4th December 1796 (see below).

5 BRUMAIRE AN IV.—27th October 1795.—Constitution of An III. put in force.

20 FLOREAL AN IV.—9th May 1796.—The conspiracy of Babœuf (a Communistic and Jacobin one) is detected, and Babœuf, Vadier, Armar, etc., are arrested.

12 FRUCTIDOR AN IV.—29th August 1796.—Attempted rising of Jacobins and of the Babœuf party.

22 FRUCTIDOR AN IV.—8th September 1796.—Rising of the Jacobins and of the Babœuf party, which is easily put down.

14 FRIMAIRE AN V.—4th December 1796.—The amnesty of 3d Brumaire (October 1795), which excepted the acts of Vendémiaire, is now made complete.

18 FRUCTIDOR AN V.—4th September 1797.—"Second Emigration."—A strong Royalist party having been returned at the recent elections of one-third of the Councils, the majority (Barras, La Réveillère Lepeaux, and Rewbell) of the directors, supported by the Jacobins, place Augereau (hence called "Fructidor General") at the head of their forces, occupy the halls of the Councils, accuse many of the deputies, Pichegru, etc., of a Royalist conspiracy, get the Councils to vote the deportation, to Guiana, of Barthélemey, Pichegru, Willot, etc. (Carnot escapes to Switzerland); and to cancel the elections made by forty-eight departments. The law of 3 Brumaire is put in full force, and even extended, the *émigrés* who have returned having again to leave. The power of the directors over journals, priests, etc., is made fuller, and the staff of forty-two journals are sentenced to be deported.

22 FLOREAL AN VI.—11th May 1798.—The directors annul many of the elections of the "Patriotes" to the Councils.

30 PRAIRIAL AN VII.—18th June 1799.—The "Patriotes," or extreme party, discontented with the directorate, which has been discredited by the defeat of the Trebbia, etc., change by agitation the majority of the directors. Siéyes and Barras remain. The election of Le Tourneur is annulled; La Réveillère Lepeaux and Merlin de Douai are induced to resign; and Gohier, Roger-Ducos, and General Moulins replace them. A more vigorous prosecution of the war is intended, and more violent measures are adopted, such as the law of hostages, by which, on any disturbance in any district, the authorities may imprison relations of *émigrés* as hostages for order. This law was repealed in November 1799.

18 and 19 BRUMAIRE AN VIII.—8th and 9th November 1799.—Napoleon returned from Egypt, finding the country disgusted with the weakness and ill-success of the Directorial Government which has lost Italy, and, being supported by the party desiring a stronger and less democratic government, overthrows the directorate and the constitution of An III. Of the five directors, Siéyes and Roger-Ducos support him; Barras resigns; Gohier and Moulins only formally resist. Almost all the generals, except Augereau, Bernadotte, and Jourdan, support him, Moreau even guarding Gohier and Moulins. A "Consulat Provisoire" formed of Napoleon, Siéyes, and Roger-Ducos, which lasts till 25th December 1799, when the Constitution of An VIII. is in force, and the Consulate is composed of Napoleon, Cambacérès, and Lebrun.

28 PLUVIOSE AN VIII.—16th February 1800.—Law of, settling interior organisation of France. Prefet over each department, sous-prefet over each arrondissement or group of from sixty to a hundred communes, each with a council; while the prefet has a small legal tribunal, replacing the former smaller divisions.

27 VENTOSE AN VIII.—17th March 1800.—Law of, reforming the judicial organisation. Tribunal of first instance for each arrondissement and twenty-nine courts of appeal. The court of cassation, above all, to determine the sense of the law, not to re-try the cases.

18 VENDEMIAIRE AN IX.—10th October 1800.—Plot of Jacobins—Joseph Aréna, Cerrachi, Demerville, and Topino Lebrun—to assassinate Napoleon in his Opera-box. Betrayed by Harrel.

3 NIVOSE AN IX.—24th December 1800.—Infernal machine, or plot of Rue St. Nicaise; plot of Royalists—St. Réjant, Carbon, and Limoëlan—to assassinate Napoleon on his way to the Opera in his carriage. Machine explodes too late.

6 FLOREAL AN X.—26th April 1802.—Amnesty of emigrants by Napoleon.

THE CAMPAIGNS OF NAPOLEON I.

1796-7. The Campaign of Italy.
1798-9. The Campaign of Egypt.
1800. The Campaign of Marengo.
1805. The Campaign of Austerlitz.
1806. The Campaign of Jena.
1807. The Campaign of Eylau.
1808. The Campaign of Corunna.
1809. The Campaign of Wagram.
1812. The Campaign of Moscow.
1813. The Campaign of Leipsic.
1814. The Campaign of France.
1815. The Campaign of Waterloo.

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THE END.

A. M. P. & S

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